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LENIN'S *ANTIPOLITIK*
Paul Wilkinson

'PHENOMENA'
Lord Ogmore

RESETTLEMENT OF MAN
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Arnold de Montmorency

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Change of Editor

Miss Rosalind Wade has been appointed Editor with effect from this issue, upon the retirement of Mr. Gordon Godfrey. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Godfrey for his able and devoted Editorship since 1968 when, as a Director of the *Contemporary Review*, he undertook the task, insisting that it was on a temporary basis only.

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LENIN'S *ANTIPOLITIK*: A centenary re-appraisal of Lenin's impact on the world communist movement

by Paul Wilkinson

THE ongoing debates about Lenin's historical role, intensified by the current centenary celebration of his birth, have been constantly confused by distorted larger-than-life portrayals of the leader by both friends and enemies. Both extreme views, in very un-Marxian fashion, grossly overestimate the degree of personal control over events possessed by Lenin, the quality of his understanding of his times, and his consistency. Soviet communists have indulged in the hagiography of litanies, a temple of homage, and the retailing of a Leninist mythology to Little Octobrists and young Pioneers. Antagonists have portrayed him as, at best, a coldly cynical opportunist, and at worst as a paranoid megalomaniac only a shade below Stalin in a demonological hierarchy of Bolshevism. Further confusion has been caused by the endless debates among Marxists about the 'genuineness' of Lenin's Marxism. These arguments evince the bitterness, pettiness and sterility of mediaeval schoolmen's debates about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle.

The cardinal points to make clear about Lenin's theories and revolutionary practice are first, that Lenin was intellectually saturated in Marxist thought and assimilated its class and revolutionary concepts, and second, that he was forced to modify Marx's doctrines and to make elaborate extensions of them to meet the revolutionarily unpromising situation of pre-1917 Russia which Marx could not possibly have anticipated. It is in this sense that it is accurate to describe Lenin as a champion of Marxist orthodoxy, for Marx himself eschewed the rigidities and constraints of doctrinal orthodoxy and declared that he was not a Marxist.

Lenin, however, to an even greater extent than Marx, was the victim of the contradictions between Marx's revolutionary eschatology and the realities of his revolutionary situation. Lenin's response to these contradictions was to attempt to abolish them *by fiat*, and to impose his passionate and destructive will on the Russian situation through the chosen instrument of the Bolshevik party dictatorship. The reaction and the instrument have shaped the post-revolutionary situation inherited by contemporary world communism. There is a clear and important causal link between Leninism, Stalinism and post-Stalinism which underlines the decisiveness of the Leninist contribution.

Marx resolved his own contradictions essentially by holding back, by remaining, as Lenin could not be, primarily a library revolutionary. The revolution would come soon, but Marx and Engels never felt the moment had arrived when they should leap to the barricades. But whereas Marx and Engels were preoccupied mainly with the task of explaining why capitalism had not collapsed by the 1880s, or why the proletarian revolution had not taken place, Lenin's dilemmas were more intractable. How could one justify a Marxist revolutionary programme and an attempted seizure of power in a backward, predominantly peasant nation with no prolonged experience of capitalistic economic development, and no history of rule by a capitalist bourgeoisie? Furthermore, how could a genuinely proletarian revolutionary consciousness emerge among the masses when the majority of the population were illiterate peasants who had not even experienced the conditions which Marx insisted upon regarding as essential prerequisites for 'ripeness for revolution'?

These revolutionary contradictions could never be satisfactorily intellectually resolved within the terms of the pre-1917 Russian political tradition. The necessary techniques for reformist political action in the embryo parliamentary democracy of the Duma period would have been the gauging of political realities, expedient and patient (though often reluctant) collaboration with established parties, willingness to tolerate dissent and patiently to seek improvements through compromise, and flexible, responsible participation in government. These arts, so vital in a nascent parliamentary assembly, were of no real interest to Lenin, who regarded parliamentary constitutionalism with scathing contempt. It was directly against this tradition that Lenin pitted the strategy of illegality, the methods of a determined and experienced conspirator who had developed a passionate and destructive revolutionary *antipolitik*. Astonishingly the Provisional Government did not awaken early enough to the Leninist danger: indeed they allowed him to use the occasion of a hero's welcome at Finland Station to declare war on the Provisional Government, and afforded him the use of an armoured car to make his explosive case to the Petrograd crowds!

Lenin's *antipolitik* was in part the expression of the true populist yearnings of Russia. He gave clear and ringing voice to the grievances, despairs and hopes of the toiling, suffering, increasingly alienated masses of Russian peasants and soldiers, for Lenin genuinely knew and sympathised with the plight of the poor and oppressed in Russia. One has only to read his

speeches and writings to become convinced of this: (there is therefore nothing incongruous about U.N.E.S.C.O. publishing a tribute to his humanitarianism). In this sense (as well as in his revolutionary strategy and tactics), Lenin was closer to the Russian revolutionary tradition of Bakunin, Nechâev and Chernyshevsky than Soviet Marxists care to admit.

Lenin's populist humanitarianism became harnessed to the fierce Talmudic moralism of Marx's revolutionary theory. Marx provided Lenin with both revolutionary explanations and identifiable targets for destruction. Those directly responsible for the misery and exploitation of the poor were identified with confident certainty; the reactionary autocracy, the landowners, and the irredeemably corrupt, rotten and selfish bourgeoisie and their whole social system. Destroy these, went the corollary, and socialist utopia could be built. Only technical difficulties stood between the masses and their achievement of social justice and abundance. The capitalist and autocratic systems could not be healed. They had to be destroyed.

The irresistible attraction of Lenin's *antipolitik* for revolutionaries in 1917 Russia was its furious destructive passion. To the pent-up anger of workers denied bread, to soldiers demoralised by humiliating and hopeless defeat, to peasants desperate for land, Lenin offered simple, radical solutions. Lenin alone promised to destroy the Provisional Government and give power to the Soviets; he alone promised to sue for immediate peace; he alone was prepared to endorse the *de facto* peasant land seizures.

Remarkably, even these promises were not enough by themselves to bring the Bolsheviks to power, though they did serve to consolidate concentrated and decisive revolutionary forces readily manipulable by Bolshevik leaders, in Petrograd and Moscow. The vital agency of Lenin's will and leadership was the Bolshevik Party proper which Lenin developed in theory and practice as the instrument of his *antipolitik*. His model conspiratorial élite party of dedicated professional revolutionaries was certainly closer to Russian Blanquist and Jacobin precedents than to Marx's concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Its main principles are laid down in Lenin's *What Is To Be Done*? (The title was deliberately borrowed from Chernyshevsky's pamphlet of that name.) The Party is to be the enlightened vanguard of the revolutionary classes, the bearer of the truth, correct historical understanding, and the correct policies or party lines, which, in turn, are dictated to the Party by the Party leadership. It is a major task of this élite to *induce* the correct revolutionary consciousness from above rather than await the spontaneous emergence of revolutionary consciousness among the masses.

The price of Lenin's perfect revolutionary and destructive instrument was the elimination of political democracy, or at any rate the foreclosure of the possibility of its development. The Party was to be organised as a military command structure with strict discipline and severe punishment for infringement of Party rules insisted upon from the beginning. As if anticipating the arguments of the formidable Rosa Luxemburg to the effect that he was imposing a new form of Tsarist despotic centralism on Russia through the Party, Lenin tried to pretend that somehow intra-party democracy would be preserved. In *What Is To Be Done*? he claimed that 'to

concentrate all secret functions in the hands of as small a number of professional revolutionists as possible, does not mean that the latter "will do the thinking for all" and that the crowd will not take an active part in the movement'.

It would be easy, but possibly misleading, to assume that Lenin was here deliberately deceiving himself and his readers. By 'democracy' and 'participation', Lenin appears to have meant nothing more or less than a movement concerned with the political manipulation of the masses, mass action, mass agitation, mass strikes. A democratic movement, as Lenin conceived it, was one claiming to act on behalf of and in the name of the proletarian and peasant masses. There is a passage, for instance, in *The State and Revolution*, which reveals that Lenin had no real conception of the nature of political democracy and the kinds of guarantees, such as free elections, an independent judiciary, and guaranteed civil liberties, which are necessary to preserve it. He writes: '. . . at a certain stage in the development of democracy, it first welds together the class that wages a revolutionary struggle against capitalism—the proletariat, and enables it to crush, smash to atoms, wipe off the face of the earth the bourgeois, even the republican bourgeois, state machine, the standing army, the police and the bureaucracy, and to substitute for them a *more* democratic state machine, but a state machine nevertheless, in the shape of the armed masses of workers who develop into a militia in which the entire population takes part.' Lenin sees nothing incongruous in describing an armed militia organisation as 'more democratic' than a constitutionalist political régime. He seriously suggests this armed militia will be a logical step which, followed by 'factory' discipline, will lead to the ultimate withering away of the political state. It hardly needs stating that the Leninist Party model, far from leading to an anarchist millenium for the Soviet masses, has imposed more total and severe political controls upon them than the Tsars were ever capable of.

In another revealing passage in 'On Co-operation' (*Selected Works*, Vol. II), Lenin, writing at the height of the New Economic Policy period, argues that, as the state power is in the hands of the working class, 'the only task that really remains for us to perform is to organise the population in co-operative societies'. He asks, 'Is this not all that is necessary for the purpose of building a complete socialist society?' Leaving aside the point that the Party later reversed its policy on co-operatives several times, is there not a staggeringly naïve assumption here? Just as 'democracy' and 'mass participation' could be manufactured to order, so could 'co-operation'. But even if collectivisation is enforced a spirit of co-operation cannot be guaranteed. If co-operation means anything at all it must be freely and voluntarily given by individuals. If democracy is to flourish in political terms it must surely permit withholding support for a Party, group, or individual. For Lenin, mass literacy and mass enthusiasm for the Party and Party tasks were sufficient criteria of 'democracy'. He did not understand or seek political democracy, as such, in any sense.

The Party became, under Lenin, a hypodermic which succeeded in para-

lysing Russian political development and creativity. Despite enormous technological and economic improvements, it has remained a source of political paralysis ever since. Under Stalin it was used to silence the last whimpers of criticism, and even *potential* sources of dissent. This is a real and tragic cost of Lenin's ambiguous legacy of humanitarian passion and destructive *antipolitik*.

The sad, spaniel-eyed figures of the last Tsar and his family, later murdered by the revolutionaries, and the flock of Russian emigrés so memorably described by the Polish poet Herbert[1] were only the marginal human wreckage of the revolution. Of infinitely greater and more enduring importance are the institutional destructions; the snuffing out of the last fleeting chance of parliamentary democracy when Lenin disbanded the Constituent Assembly; the persecution and near extinction of the Christian Churches in Russia and the concerted attack on religious freedoms and values; the massacre of innocent sailors who had served the revolution at Kronstadt; the miseries of the enforced collectivisation programme; the Stalinist purges and mass incarcerations; Hungary 1956; Czechoslovakia 1968; the repressive censorship in the U.S.S.R. and the barbaric treatment meted out to those who challenge its controls. The list of well-documented authentic cases of repression and stultification, for which the C.P.S.U. Lenin created has been responsible, makes a long and depressing catalogue. Yet when we come to consider the impact and consequences of the Leninist *antipolitik* it is a catalogue we are morally compelled to compile.

For the political and spiritual destructiveness of Leninism was not an 'inevitable price' that somehow had to be paid for Russia's industrialisation or the modernisation of her agriculture, or the improvement of her living standards. Dictatorship does not ineluctably accompany economic modernisation.

The success of Lenin's *antipolitik* as a technique of revolutionary *coup d'état* has become both an inspiration and a source of tactics and techniques for later imitations. Yet just because it was fashioned in the peculiar circumstances of pre-1917 Russia, and because it was the special product of Russian revolutionary experience transfused by Marxism, the model has not proved ideal or effective for Communist revolutions elsewhere unless it has been severely modified. So far I have considered the impact of Leninism on Soviet communism itself and have argued that the tragic irony of Lenin's *antipolitik* was that it succeeded in utterly destroying one absolutism only to substitute for it another ruling in the name of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The doctrines and the Party that Lenin created thus provided the essential foundation for the full-scale structure of the Stalinist totalitarian party dictatorship. It is therefore a sad fact that the only effective export of Leninism has taken place in the form of the fully developed Stalinist C.P.S.U. model which was imposed at bayonet point upon Stalin's newly acquired sphere of influence in Eastern Europe after 1945.

In China, Mao Tse-Tung and the C.C.P. leadership gained tremendous stimulus from Lenin's emphasis on Marxist-Leninism as an instrument for

the rapid modernisation and industrialisation of the largely agrarian and economically backward asian masses. Leninist claims to provide a spearhead for the anti-imperialist movements of colonial emancipation were treated with more reserve in view of Chinese sensitivity to the continuing pressure of Soviet strategic consolidation in Mongolia and Manchuria which closely resembled recent Tsarist expansion.

Strong Chinese interest in the revolutionary theory of Lenin, and endorsement of Lenin's modifications of Marx's ideas is not, however, to be equated with the successful transplanting of the Leninist model professional conspiratorial party to Chinese conditions. For from almost the very beginning, the C.C.P. had to develop, *de novo*, a body of military strategy and tactics appropriate for a protracted revolutionary guerrilla war, for the defence of their base territory of Yenan, and ultimately for their civil war struggle to drive the Nationalists into the sea.

Moreover the initial tension between the two major elements of Leninism, its disruptive populist mass revolutionism and a centralised party apparatus of control, has never been decisively resolved for Chinese communism. The stability achieved by the bureaucratic planning machinery for the economic development and the heavy industry programme of the first five-year plan was suddenly shattered in 1958 by Mao's personal intervention in promoting the policy of the Great Leap Forward. This almost millenialist programme was supposed to transform China into an industrial nation overnight. Small rural production units were set up in the hope that they could, without any adequate training or industrial experience, suddenly turn into pig-iron and steel producers. 750,000 Collective Farms were subjected to a rationalisation programme and the remaining 26,000 communes were given absurdly high production targets. This violent push on the revolutionary pedal created widespread economic dislocation, and in the early 1960s there was a swing back to the pre-1958 pattern of Party control, backed up with small incentives to the peasants. The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, 1965-69, was a further desperate effort by Mao to recapture personal control of the Chinese revolution. Mao's declared aim was to act against 'persons in authority within the Party taking the Capitalist Road', that is to purge some individuals opposed to Mao. In practice it appears to have been aimed at a far wider target. The new white-hot participatory mass revolutionism Mao's Red Guards unleashed was aimed at nothing less than the rejuvenation of the revolutionary spirit. Youth was encouraged to wage revolution at grass-roots level in order to prevent the crystallisation of Leninist Party élite into what Djilas termed a 'New Class', ruling through the Party bureaucracy. It remains to be seen whether the rise of a new mass revolutionary religion, based upon the charisma and thought of Mao, can succeed in preventing the Leninist *antipolitik* from running its full course in China.

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[1] 'but when the lights of the ball were extinguished, helpless people remained', *Parable of the Russian Emigrés*.

RESETTLEMENT OF MAN

by Aba B. Pant
High Commissioner for India in London

Address, abridged, as delivered at the University of Sussex on February 16 1970, *to inaugurate the annual Kingsley Martin Memorial Lectures.*

IT is, indeed, a great privilege for me to be the first one to offer homage to the memory of Kingsley Martin by participating in these memorial lectures at Sussex University. Kingsley became increasingly concerned about the world in which he lived. He felt sad during the past few years at the turn of events in many parts of the world.

Last time, we met in Cairo, he, Dorothy, Nalini and I spoke about the problem of the 'Resettlement of Man'. Man is today 'unsettled'—physically, mentally, intellectually and spiritually. Too many things, too rapidly, have been happening around him. He seems, as a result to have lost his bearings, the perspective as well as purpose of action. That was the trend of our talk in February, 1969, in a sunlit garden on the banks of the Nile in Egypt.

What is the kind of world in which we find ourselves, one year after the death of Kingsley Martin? Is it a world of complete disorientation, dislocation, confusions and conflicts? Is the state of restless bewilderment, unforeseen sudden tensions, superficial sorrows and deep fears, of drifting without control, common to people in communities and countries in all parts of the world? Or, is it really that, somehow or other, unknown and in spite of ourselves, or even *against* our contrary and futile activity, *a new world order* is being born? Is it that the outmoded, unscientific, unintelligent, methods of our existence in small national groups are somehow out of context?

It appears that a large part of the confusion and conflict is due to the too sudden, indiscriminate, indigestible 'progress' or haphazard application of modern science and technology to our life. The abrupt environmental changes, pollutions and exploitation of nature and resulting imbalances are creating physical, nervous, psychological and sociological tensions. The purpose for which modern inventions, methods of production, organisation and distribution have been brought in to change our environment have in their turn affected the relationship between man and man, man and society and man and the machinery of Government.

Often these changes are haphazard, *ad hoc*, unscientific, illogical and incomplete. Hence the tensions and conflicts. Modern science and technology have brought enormous 'power' to man the individual, and to man in a group. New methods of production have not only made available 'profits' that can purchase a whole range of new and ever varied sensations giving an illusion of happiness (alas! never to be satisfied, never leading to contentment) to some to begin with, and many more because the others will not allow the few alone to enjoy these illusions of happiness, but also

power. Power to an individual, or a group. And with 'power' is involved, and is a part of, the phenomenon of violence that we see all around. Power is deified, as it is supposed to satisfy an inner craving of the human mind, and violence becomes the natural concomitant of it. The national press, radio, television, novels, all glorify power and violence. Power seems to please, and violence is the expression of power. Thus, the mind of man geared to the pursuit of power has no alternative but to be involved in violence. Modern science and technology have brought improved production methods and greater wealth, created chiefly with a profit motive, conditioned by greed and controlled by the so called 'self-interest' of persons who are concerned. This profit motive becomes linked with the process of building up a new status, a 'new power' for a group we call a nation and becomes difficult to control, as 'power' by itself, without even the incentive of profit or the enjoyment that it can purchase, is a very satisfying, fufilling phenomenon for a community. The use of science and technology is becoming more and more geared to profit and power motives. This leads to wrong priorities. Welfare, harmony, happiness, beauty do not come much into the picture, if at all.

To be 'powerful and glorious', you must be today not only rich, but have an army, an air force and a navy. The poorer you are the bigger the army you require to look, feel powerful. And there are many who will sell or even lend you the wherewithal of power, because they have to dispose of the surplus stocks. It follows that one of the many causes of man's disorientation is the necessity for a community, i.e. a nation, a State, of which he is a member, to produce weapons of destruction, not for self-defence but for sale, like any other commodity, to keep up its prosperity and stability and enlarge or enhance it. Many nations today are thus 'involved', have a stake in, the perpetuation of tension and conflicts in, say, Afro-Asia, Latin America, or between themselves, just because the armament industries support hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of their 'citizens', and because, without the production of these types of goods, employment will not be available. Apart from the mere 'power and glory' aspect, modern armament production has become an integral part of our economic systems and thus has a vested interest in keeping up continuing tensions and conflicts.

Surely this is not a normal, natural state of existence for man. The sorrow and suffering from it, to him and others, is inevitable. When man lived in smaller self-enclosed communities, in tribal or feudal patterns of life, defence or even conquest had relevance to the life of man and at times, together with a great deal of misery and suffering, brought a source of satisfaction or fulfilment, however temporary, to him and to the community in which he lived. Thus conflict, tension, wars, unjust or 'just', were to the man of yesterday, not a matter of *total* involvement. They happened around him. He was affected, took part in them, but his livelihood and standard of life, the basis of his socio-economic existence, did not depend on conflict and tensions being kept apart. He did not have a 'vested interest' in the destruction of man by war, or by the continuing threat of it.

In the context of science and technology necessitating world-wide organ-

isations or an integrated plan of development and of production of wealth, defence by, or aggression against, one group or another, seems so utterly illogical, unscientific and ludicrous, unless it is all meant to keep up the prestige or the status, or the power, of one group in face of, or in contradiction to, the other. Thus, if it is the urge or desire to supersede, or be superiorr to, and not really defence that is the real cause of this conflict and confusion, we have to get rid of this urge to be superior to others.

But we all seem to be so concerned to upset 'Balances of Power'. What a mad game! No one seems to be at all interested in stability or peace. Will this game of balance of power, or terror, grouping of big nations or small, set in a precarious, triangular or quadrilateral, balance or imbalance, ever lead to a state of equilibrium and harmony? In this game of balance of tensions smaller nations, especially the so called 'Third World', have an increasing feeling of futility. Some talk of the 'power' of the 'middle powers' to bring about a better balance and create a harmony. Middle powers seem to be powerless today to make any serious difference. They continue to react to a situation created by this power-game of great powers and are powerless to act on their own or take any initiative. In this state of affairs, can there be any sense of 'purpose', feeling of inspiration (adventure to the moon seems to have lost its glowing attraction all too soon!) or a feeling of satisfaction for any one? There seems to be only a total mental and physical exhaustion, and a spiritual vacuum in front of us.

How unfortunate, in this context, that in developing countries also this dependence upon, in whatever small manner it may be, or 'defence establishment' for employment and for status, is increasingly vitiating the process of development. One does not really know how to dismantle this dependence on defence industries, or defence employment in the developing world. More and more countries continue either from prestige or fear, or, as a good employment potential, to build up arms or armament industries, keep going the confusion rather than allow men to become settled.

Let us look at the scene in the so-called 'third' or 'developing' world where old tribal, feudal, ritualistic patterns of life gave a feeling of security, purpose for living to the individual. Human relationships based on tradition, a family life that existed for thousands of years, seem no longer to satisfy a restless urge to take part in this change that is bringing a feeling of vital, vigorous activity to communities and nations elsewhere. Modern life seems to be so free, so enjoyable as compared with the dull routine of duties and responsibilities of the feudal age. To enjoy, to have a 'good time', seems to be the urge, the lure in the 'old world'. Besides, a new identity, that of belonging to a community with the symbols of power and equality, promises a purposeful existence in a utopia, though in fact, it may lead to not even the glitter and glamour of western cities, but to slums and a stark life of utter de-personalisation.

I wonder whether, anywhere on earth, one can find such despair, misery, as in the new capital towns cropping up all over the world as status symbols among the 'New Nations'. The so called road to power and glory in the developing world leads, as often as not, to mere concentration of

power in fewer and fewer hands with a continual struggle to keep it there, and therefore, privileges for a new class, and for the rest to an existence of being one of the faceless millions.

In spite of all the *ad hoc*, often haphazard, sometimes planned and unplanned moves towards utilisation of modern science and technology for better life in a totally different environment, growing population pressures in cities and towns, depredation of the country-side, deserted villages make the re-settlement of man, in towns and country-side, more and more difficult and complicated.

Another factor leads to conflict and 'de-personalisation' of man in modern society. Science and technology for profit and for power require larger and larger units of operation. Gigantism is everywhere the rule of the day; in petro-chemicals, steel, transport, armaments, research, atomic energy, computers—even in production of newspapers or radio and television programmes which have become just another industry for making profit. In finance and banking this has been so for some time. It is not only control over the many by the few, loss of personality, lack of purpose for creative action, a feeling one is contributing nothing worthwhile, that life is just a *repetitive* existence, leading nowhere, that is the more serious problem. Man feels, therefore, unsettled, belonging to no one in particular. In many societies this leads to a new atavism, a throw-back towards new 'religious', tribal or linguistic rituals, to new or old groupings, with new or old symbols to assert an identity, an individualism apart from, as he cannot be a part of, the Organisation, the Establishment. In many parts of the world, tribal, parochial, linguistic 'nationalism' come violently to the surface. Man resists this loss of identity in huge, impersonal organisations, whether industrial, political or semi-religious—whatever the 'new rituals' may be, they evoke the same response from an individual.

How are people to harmonise these two contradictory urges and forces? Firstly towards a larger unit of existence, a world pattern of life in which, with all the barriers down, production of wealth and its distribution could be carried on, perhaps successfuly, for 'human welfare'—provided we can get out of the vicious circle of 'Profit and Power' for one group or nation, and think, feel and act as living in *One World;*—and secondly to maintain the identity, freedom, essence of man's humanity and his valid, vital, creative, purposeful relation with fellow-beings, and the creation around him.

This conflict, between wanting to lose one's identity, surrendering the 'ego' to a larger entity, and being a part, and not apart from existence, of life and, at the same time, frightened of losing it, is a constant experience of each individual consciousness. To understand the true nature, the profundity, of this conflict and thus go beyond it, is to reach a new dimension of consciousness and experience the truth of existence, which is unique, self-evident, spontaneous unity of all that exists. But so long as this conflict exists in the mind of man, it will lead to a state of tension of the limited 'ego', with its environment. Without self-realisation, the rehabilitation of the self, and action that will lead to harmony and happiness around him, is impossible.

How do we begin to break this vicious circle and create a new, 'virtuous' one? Few care to think of, and reorganise fully, if at all, the 'power' of good thought and good actions. Too long have we taken it for granted that the world would be like this always and that nothing can be changed. Those with a 'power urge', energy for action, are allowed freely to play havoc with our environment, our lives and even our souls. Constructive forces, and the simple power of the good have neither been recognised nor organised.

Can the current political organisations, institutions, modes of operation and range of thinking exert any real pressure, and bring about a change in this situation? Can those very people, you and I for example, whether scientists, organisers, administrators, politicians or workers, rebel against or 'opt out' of a system which helps them to maintain a 'comfortable' life physically, emotionally, even intellectually, and to benefit from this state of confusion and conflict around us? Can this formula of life even be changed? Can people, as individuals, bring adequate pressure to bear upon 'the system' from which they profit, receive their security, identity and a definition of their duties and of actions? Governments, nations as nations, or present institutions have only a limited range of action. They are incompetent to act and bring about their own transformation. They are not constituted, whether they be of one sort or another, to bring about radical, total change. It seems that only people as individuals, and not as belonging to one group, nation, race or religion, can exert any pressure to bring about a change.

It seems that such popular pressures, through independent individual action from time to time are, indeed, brought to bear upon governments and establishments in many parts of the world. But, they seem to be, at best, haphazard and short-lived. Individual action will have to find, if it is to be effective, a more regular expression as continuous, critical, creative, pressure on Establishment.

The tragedy is that thinkers, so-called intellectuals, the philosophers, who should be capable of the necessary courage and clarity of thought for action, seem not to be over-exercised, over-concerned, about these problems. Even those who can 'opt out' and refuse to co-operate in adding to this misery and confusion get carried away by the current, and feel satisfied in doing work which contributes to it. 'Intellectuals' and 'wise men' seem not even fully aware of the true dimensions of the problem. It is as if the present system, as it grows, concentrates more and more power in fewer and fewer hands, creates a feeling of utter helplessness among not only the common man, but even those who are intelligent, or often powerless, because they are not power-hungry. Some of us, a few of us, being secure in a narrow field of existence—at the mercy of propaganda machines which we have created ourselves but over which, in large areas of the world, we have now lost control—however unhappy, do not seem to have enough urge even to revolt. There is lassitude, tiredness. Among those other millions, the majority who do not even have security, the three-fourths of this world, their revolt or protest is an expression of futility, and a testimony of confusion.

And yet, at the same time, all over the world, man as an individual is *wanting* to resist. He feels helpless, but at the same times does not accept all that is happening around him. He is not always taken in. He feels more and more restless and wants to find a way out. His spirit is not destroyed though it may be dominated for the time. Even under the most controlled of all systems, or systems where there is no control and where he has to face a constant process of new conditioning, he not only survives but retaliates. Increasingly, he is becoming aware that the security and comfort offered him, when and if it is offered, is a make-shift arrangement, an illusion, of a kind of an equilibrium, a peace that is neither satisfying nor creative. In the restless area of the developing world no equilibrium, or any 'balance of tensions', is even offered or possible to the hungry millions. In any case, a prospect of a 'balance of tensions', *ad infinitum*, fails to evoke any feeling of enthusiasm or joy or acceptance anywhere in the world.

The question has to be asked again: can individuals revolt effectively, constructively, under these conditions? Without falling into the trap of the 'vicious circle' of anger, hate, violence, can individual action bring about a total revolution, a new outlook?

To enable individual action to become operative, effective, in the present state of affairs, it appears essential that *first* there should be the widest possible dissemination of information of the true state of affairs. People, individuals, simply do not know. They do not know how involuntarily they take part in exploitation and misery, and perpetuate a system that brings no security to them or to others. If people, individuals, could know, they could respond and act in a positive way. The technique of dissemination of information, therefore, is important as media are changing rapidly, and communications become more and more complicated and controlled. Information and education about the true state of affairs will have to be organised on a more intelligent, scientific and practical basis from schools to open universities and from homes to community centres. The objectives must be made clear: the freedom of man, and his resettlement, in harmony with his environment.

How to bring this about? Is there enough money? Who will spend it? What element of private or public initiative could be brought in? Again, what organisation? Will such an organisation get involved in the same vicious circle? These are the questions to be posed, analysed and answered. A continuous, open dialogue at all levels, people to people, on a world-wide basis through seminars, discussions, must be organised. People must learn, be taught to 'opt out', to refuse to co-operate with acts and policies that add to confusion and disorientation. People, individuals, must realise fully that the 'vicious circle' of anger, hate, pride, fear can be broken only through action that is not a result of these. Real, radical transformation can come about only by action that is the result of a new understanding by man of his relationship with his environment.

Secondly, we must examine if the group, the community, as well as the unit of production and administration can be made smaller. In fact, dis-

mantle the huge industrial-military complexes and decentralise these mighty, inhuman concentrations of power. Many intelligent individuals living under the system are getting sick of it. Those who will again build such a system elsewhere must be stopped from doing so with a workable alternative. Therefore we must examine how production methods, the whole present technology which necessarily leads to centralisation, can be reorganised for decentralised production, so that the individual can find a more easily recognisable, livable definition of his identity, know his place in, and his duty to, his environment.

Development of this new technology, and its efficient utilisation in smaller communities, would require a great deal of research and experimentation. Areas in the developing world, as in India, are available for experiments of building better integrated, smaller communities. In Bihar, for example, under the inspiration of Vinobe Bhave, a new attitude towards ownership of property, towards Government, and of individual responsibility, is developing. Here, with better technology, a new socio-economic structure could be stabilised. There are many areas in the developing world where the process of centralisation has not yet taken deep roots and it should not be difficult to begin building up such communities based on efficient but decentralised systems of production. Smaller, privately or publicly owned industries, farms, community services, could bring to an individual a totally different feeling of belonging and participating in the adventure of creating prosperity, beauty and harmony around him. Thousands of successful communities in the developing world can reverse the present current of history that is leading man towards more and more centralisation, and his further enslavement.

Is it impossible, then, to visualise the present 128-Member United Nations growing to include many more groups or communities, which today form part of a huge techno-economic-military complex, its number being raised to 500, or even a 1,000? Would this 'World Congress of Peoples' be more realistic, more capable of answering human needs? Will this congress be effective in eliminating petty or big power struggles?

How long can we go on suffering under this myth that keeping the world in order is the prerogative of only 'Big Powers', who are in fact themselves caught up in a maze? They are seemingly interested in being 'big' and keeping power to themselves. Would successful decentralisation of economic and political power lead to a world order of a more democratic pattern of collective responsibility, and bring forth a creative effort for progress and peace without getting lost in the 'Power and Glory' game?

Resettlement of man may be easier and certainly worthwhile in these circumstances.

Thirdly, this revolution for a new world order has to begin in the mind of man. With all the physical, emotional and intellectual tensions that we face in modern civilization, it appears that we have not sufficient time or energy to give thought to the problem. In his normal, natural condition man wants to exist without tensions in an atmosphere of friendship, of happiness, of co-operation, of compassion and of love, with his fellow-beings

and his surroundings. Confused and bewildered, stimulated and exhausted by the variety and multifarious range of constant sensations, demands and tensions, his mind has no time for relaxation or silence, wherein it can feel rejuvenated through the experience of unity with its surroundings and environment.

It is this lack of 'direct' and creative contact with his surroundings, with trees, rivers, birds, flowers, the sky, the moon, the stars, which is the basic cause of his conflict and confusion. Any action that originates in a tense, confused mind full of conflicts, of anger, hate or despair, will lead to furthering these emotions. It is essential, therefore, in this modern world of technology, of science, of tremendous power available to man that his mind be trained and educated to reach the silent centre within him, at least for a few minutes every day. From that silence will arise an experience of enormous energy, of intelligence, of compassion and of unity with all that exists around him. Then and only then, action, any action, all action, will lead to the creation around him of a new harmony, beauty and happiness.

Thus, through proper and right information and education, through a deliberate well-planned decentralisation and establishment of small communities within a framework of well integrated economic, social and cultural pattern of 'One World', and through the training of the mind to live on a dimension of awareness where it will be not in conflict but in harmony, man's vicious circle could be broken and a 'virtuous' one begun of right thinking, right feeling and right action.

As long as man allows himself to function only on the superficial level of consciousness made up of conflicting sensations and tensions, the fact of his 'enslavement' remains. In the context of the speed and variety of modern developments in all spheres of his existence, it is necessary that a new dimension to man's capacity to know, to understand, is developed. This new understanding is the understanding of the true nature of existence itself. This understanding alone will be able to transform all human action. At its superficial level, consciousness is shallow and crude. Action originating at this level will lead inevitably to conflicts, as at this level the mind of man is in constant turmoil, troubled by anger, hate, pride, fear, greed. To live in a world that is physically, technologically one, the mind of man must reach a deeper, more subtle state of awareness. Otherwise, man with the power that is available to him will destroy himself both physically and spiritually.

This is what we were thinking, feeling, experiencing that February day in Cairo, on the banks of the river Nile in the company of Kingsley Martin.

[Ambassador Pant, one of India's leading thinkers, studied at the Universities of Bombay and Oxford; he is a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn. His Excellency held diplomatic posts in Sikkim, Bhutan and Tibet, before becoming Head of Mission in East Africa, and in the key capitals of Indonesia and the United Arab Republic.]

'PHENOMENA'

by Lord Ogmore

THE important articles in *The Times* of May 2 and 3, 1969, on psychical phenomena by the Right Reverend Mervyn Stockwood, Bishop of Southwark have, as I informed him, emboldened me to set down some experiences of my own in this field. There is a slight connection between Dr. Stockwood and myself. We were both born in Bridgend, Glamorgan, a market town on the River Ogmore, where his father, who was killed in the First World War, practised as a solicitor. In Dr. Stockwood's family firm, Messrs. Stockwood & Williams, I commenced my legal career as a law student some 46 years ago.

May I make my position clear theologically? I am a Christian and a Protestant. In my Church into which I was baptised as a baby and of which I am a Member, we acknowledge one God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit within whose Covenant of Grace we stand. We believe, following the teaching of Jesus that 'The spirit alone gives life; the flesh is of no avail' (John 6: 63), and that, as Jesus said, 'In truth in very truth I tell you, the believer possesses eternal life' (John 6: 47). We thus differ from atheists, agnostics, humanists and materialists generally who seem to believe that man at his beginning and at his end is no more than dust. Dr. Arnold Toynbee in *Experiences* (Oxford University Press 1969) writes 'Religion itself—as contrasted with its historic outward forms—is an intrinsic faculty of human nature', and also 'First hand evidence has convinced me that extra-sensory perception is a reality'.

I have always believed in God and in the Spirit that gives life. I have never, however, desired to investigate or to be concerned in psychical phenomena, parapsychology, extra-sensory perception, spiritualism, animism, black magic, witchcraft, necromancy or occultism of any kind. I have never sought out such phenomena but as will be seen some such phenomena have sought out me. I believe that for uninformed people to dabble in such subjects may involve considerable dangers. I agree with Dr. Stockwood when he writes in the articles I have mentioned 'There are depraved personalities in every sphere of existence who are always ready to destroy us. If we seek them we shall find them—on both sides of the grave. There are enough evil-intentioned people in this world without seeking out their counterparts, perhaps potentially more dangerous, in the next.' Nevertheless, there has lately been considerable and growing interest in clerical and scientific circles in extra-sensory and other phenomena. Just recently the distinguished Minister, the Reverend Dr. Leslie D. Weatherhead, author of *The Christian Agnostic, Life Begins at Death* (Denholm House Press) and many other works, has written 'If only one tenth of the money and effort spent on space exploration had been devoted to psychical research we would have a new heaven and earth and it would have been a death blow to materialism.'

One rather strange circumstance is that although I lived for some years in

Malaya and have travelled and worked in Borneo, Burma and East and West Africa, all of them reputedly ridden by spirits and witch-craft, and although I was born and brought up in Wales, by tradition a land where fairies and their wicked counterparts once flourished, yet in spite of the fact that I heard at second hand of a great number of psychical phenomena, I experienced none of them myself in any of these countries. The times when I have experienced psychical phenomena have all been in England; in staid, matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon England.

I must here differentiate between my experiences. The first group consists of three cases of psychical phenomena; the second I can only call spiritual levitation but by whatever name it is called there have come to light several cases of it elsewhere; the third group consists of cases of extra-sensory perception. I will describe these experiences in this order.

The first in time was in 1934. My wife, our child and I had recently returned from Penang and I had temporarily rented a cottage in Farnham, Surrey, in the grounds of a house of some friends. The cottage had two floors; the lower consisted of a dining room and the kitchen, the upper of two bedrooms with between them a sitting room. Just after Christmas, leaving my wife and son to complete their holiday in Cardiff, I returned to the cottage. On two nights after I had gone to bed, with the cottage doors securely locked and bolted, the sitting room was visited by a poltergeist or 'racketing spirit'. In the cottage besides myself there was only one other person, a maid-servant we had brought up from Wales, aged about eighteen. From the sitting room came a most infernal noise, banging of furniture and clanging of fire-irons. On the second night, being upset by the uproar which was particularly bad, I sat with the light on, holding in my hand for comfort in an illogical way my heavy hunting whip with its long thong. As I waited there was a banging on the locked bedroom door and, looking at it, I saw to my amazement and horror the door-handle slowly turn.

The second experience was in a large country house in Gloucestershire in January, 1940. I was commanding a Welsh Anti-Aircraft unit and my previous headquarters building had been badly damaged by fire. It was necessary to move headquarters so I picked on a large, empty country mansion in an isolated part of the country on the edge of the Forest of Dean. On the evening before the move was due to take place I drove to the mansion to sleep the night there so as to be on the spot when the move started next day. There was no electric light working, there were no carpets on the stairs or corridors and there were comparatively few pieces of furniture left by the owners who used the house only for luncheon parties on shooting days. My Batman-driver (a Lance Bombardier) and I groped around the house with candles before I retired to rest in a large bedroom off the main corridor on the first floor, and the Lance Bombardier disappeared into the recesses of one of the wings. Outside my bedroom door, as a mild concession to army fire precautions, the Lance Bombardier had placed an army bucket filled with water. At 01.10 hours, or in civilian language ten minutes past one a.m. precisely, I heard footsteps mounting the wide staircase, turn

into the main corridor, and stop outside my door, after which the handle of the bucket was rattled. I jumped out of bed, lit my candle and fearing an intruder had entered the house I pulled open my bedroom door and went out into the corridor, the candle making a feeble illumination in the darkness. I called to the Lance Bombardier but there was no answer. Thinking perhaps that he had heard some noise and had come to the main corridor to investigate, I questioned him next day but he had not left his bedroom during the night and had heard nothing. He was a very reliable man and I had every confidence in him.

During my stay in this house I heard the footsteps on several mornings at 01.10 hours. At first I would rise from bed and shine a torch into the corridor but after a while, if I were awakened and found it was 01.10 hours, I would return to sleep confident that it was no human intruder but only our old acquaintance. In March, 1940, I was posted to command a new Battery elsewhere but so used had I become to our nocturnal visitor that I omitted to mention it to my successor, an Englishman not given to flights of fancy. On the first night after his arrival, I having handed over to him, he went to bed and at the usual time heard the footsteps mount the stairs and move along the corridor. Fearing an instruder had entered the headquarters, he rushed into the corridor and then went to his office and turned out the secret documents to check them and make certain that no one had tampered with them. When he mentioned the incident to me at breakfast I explained the position to him so far as it could be explained.

The third case occurred when I was Member of Parliament for South Croydon, in Surrey. It was in 1947 and I was dictating letters to my secretary in my study. My wife called me to luncheon and so I walked out of the study across the passage into the breakfast room. As I crossed the corridor I caught sight of the back of an elderly woman, bent forward as she mounted the stairs, dressed in a light brown skirt of rough material; she was just leaving the little landing half way up the stairs which there turned sharply out of my sight. The landing window was open at the bottom and the curtains were blowing in the breeze. I went into the breakfast room and said to my wife: 'I thought that Miss Hughes' (our housekeeper, an elderly Welshwoman), 'was away today'. 'She is away,' replied my wife. 'Then, who,' I asked, 'is the elderly woman I have just seen going up the stairs?' 'There is no such person in the house,' answered my wife. We searched all over the house. The outer doors were locked and there was no one in the house except my wife, my secretary, who was a young woman, and myself. The landing window was shut and fastened and the curtains hung motionless.

My experience of what for want of a better name I call spiritual levitation came in 1915. My father, who was on the Officers' Reserve of the Territorial Force, had left his practice in Bridgend and was attached to the Welsh Horse. The stables behind our home, Garth House, were therefore empty. Outside the stables, between them and the house, was a roofed-in space with one side open. In this space, in the happy days of peace, my father's groom, William Perry, had been accustomed to wash the governess cart and, after some time in 1913, our first motor car. Being a venturesome

boy I placed a long ladder against one of the sides of the washing space in order to remove a bird's nest from near the roof. I climbed towards the top of the ladder but, just before I reached it, the ladder slipped on the concrete floor and I fell heavily on my face. I felt myself soar outside the washing space to a height near the top of it; I saw the ladder slip and watched myself falling from the ladder on to the ground and lie there motionless; I then saw my mother, followed by a maidservant, come running out of the house; my mother turned me over and picked me up. After that I knew no more but later was conscious of being in a hot bath, attended by the district nurse. I am told that our long-suffering family doctor, Dr. Edmund Thomas, was also sent for and came in a hurry. My teeth had gone through the portion of my face under the lower lip, the mark of which I bear to this day. The doctor said that if I had fallen on the back of my head instead of my face I should have been killed.

The third class of experiences has been of those relating to extra sensory perception. I will give two examples. I do not include among them answers to my prayers, although I believe they have been answered on many occasions. The first refers to an event in 1942. Suddenly, in December, I experienced a strong and persistent urge to send a sum of money as a present to a little boy. He was a distant relative of mine in that our latest common ancestor was Morgan David of Dwrvol near Bridgend who was born in 1789. I had seen little of the child since he was a baby and his mother was a widow residing at Bridgend. As an army officer living primarily on an army officer's wartime meagre pay with a wife and three young children to support and mess bills to pay, I resisted the impulse as long as I could and argued with myself that it would be absurd to send, out of the blue, money to the little boy. Perhaps his mother would look upon it, quite wrongly, as charity and be offended? In any case, if I had any money to spare it ought to go to my own children. It was no use. The urge became too strong for me and I could get no peace. In the end I sent his mother £5 for the little boy, a sum of much greater purchasing power then than now. She wrote me a letter in reply expressing her gratitude and that of her son. It appeared, so she wrote, that he had set his heart on buying a scout's outfit and I have no doubt that he had prayed for it. Now the little boy could purchase the scout's outfit upon which he had set his heart.

The other case was that of a brother officer in the Royal Artillery. It was early in 1943 and he had lately transferred to the Commandos and was awaiting posting. A few nights before he left we were with several others sitting in the Officer's Mess when the subject, I do not remember how, came around as to whether it was possible to foretell the future. The officer asked me to read his hand. I demurred, but he pressed me to do so. This was odd because he was by no means a person who would normally concern himself with such matters. He was a powerfully built man, a keen rugby football forward, a businessman in civilian life, in the middle thirties and therefore rather old, I should have thought, for his rank in the Commandos. He was a married man but had fallen in love with an A.T.S. Officer. He was cheerful normally, of an equable temperament and one of

the best types of Englishmen; I liked him very much. I took his hand, looked at his life line and knew, as it were instinctively, that before long he would be dead. I said nothing. However, he remarked quietly, 'You see my death soon, don't you?' I replied that it was all nonsense and that I did not believe in palm reading and that sort of thing but he pressed me and reluctantly I admitted that I did feel that he was going to be killed soon. He said that he had been told the same thing elsewhere. Shortly afterwards he was killed while out on a raid.

It may be suggested that all the incidents I have described were imagined by me; they were not; they happened as I have described them. It may be inferred that I had had too much to drink when they took place; this was not so; on no single occasion was I under the influence of alcohol.

What then was the explanation of these phenomena? No doubt theories can be propounded but I have no wish to propound them. My answer to this question is that I do not know what is the explanation of these phenomena, and I am perfectly certain that no living person in this world knows the answer any more than I do.

Richard Whittington-Egan writes:

One of the difficulties, the prime difficulty in fact, of psychical research is the securing of reliable information upon which to base one's investigations. Phenomena will not occur to order, and so often it is a case of having to study them at second hand—and that means studying and assessing the probity of the percipient.

Here, however, we have in Lord Ogmore a percipient whose training, academic status, unquestionable psychological soundness and undoubted veracity, invest his reported experiences with an unusual degree of authenticity. He is reporting objectively, unpretentiously, certain seemingly paranormal occurrences which have, over a period of thirty-two years, come, unsolicited as it were, into the ambit of his direct experience.

Case One: This is a classical poltergeistic infestation associated with the presence of a girl in adolescence.

Case Two: This is a haunting in an isolated locus, in which auditory phenomena of a fairly typical nature are described with economy and conviction.

Case Three: This is a good example of the manifestation of a visual phenomenon. Like the two preceding cases, it belongs to the class of spontaneous phenomena.

Case Four: A most interesting account of an 'out-of-body' experience. Richard Church has described similar sensations in his autobiographical volumes.

Case Five: Telepathy, which, it would seem, arose out of a very strong desire in a little boy, to which Lord Ogmore was sensitive.

Case Six: A precognitive experience—i.e. the rationally inexplicable foreknowledge of the death of another.

Lord Ogmore, very sensibly in my view, does not pretend to understand,

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REFORM OF THE MACHINERY OF JUSTICE

by Arnold de Montmorency

THE machinery of justice in England and Wales has been creaking more and more since the 1939-1945 war. It has been kept going, albeit quite inadequately, by minor modifications; but now the stage is reached when a newly designed apparatus is required to avoid ultimate collapse.

In our legal system, there has always been a fairly rigid demarcation between the criminal and civil jurisdictions. For example, it is only by statute in 1967 that a criminal conviction can be accepted in a civil court as evidence of the crime committed. The two systems have been kept administratively apart, although by various devices judges frequently sit in both courts.

Criminal courts themselves are, of course, divided broadly into two main classes. Magistrates' courts try summary offences and commit defendants to higher courts for trial by jury on indictment, or for sentence. These higher courts are themselves in two categories, Assize courts and courts of Quarter Sessions. The Assize courts derive directly from the itinerant justices of Henry II and are part of the circuit system. England and Wales are divided into seven territorial areas or circuits, namely the South-Eastern, Western, Wales and Chester, Northern, North-Eastern and the central Midland and Oxford circuits. Each is administered independently by a Clerk of Assize, with a small staff, who moves from town to town during the period of the circuit, usually three or four times a year. The judges are High Court judges, or special Commissioners of Assize, all appointed by virtue of the Queen's Commission.

Less serious cases are tried at Quarter Sessions which also have a long history, stretching back into the fourteenth century. County magistrates met quarterly to conduct administrative as well as judicial business. The former is almost gone, and there have been modifications in their legal jurisdiction. Today they sit usually much more frequently and are presided over by legally qualified part-time chairmen or deputy chairmen. They are usually practising barristers and number some 395; but they do not all sit regularly, and some only for a few days a year. Apart from trying jury cases, Quarter Sessions also sentence defendants committed for that purpose by the magistrates' courts. In addition they are an appellate tribunal from the justices.

Borough Quarter Sessions have a similar jurisdiction, but are presided over by the town's Recorder who sits as sole judge. Recorders also are mainly part-time appointments numbering less than a hundred and consisting of barristers. There is also a number of ad hoc appointments to assist the Recorder when necessary.

There is an overlapping jurisdiction between the Assizes and Quarter Sessions; and magistrates in suitable cases have a choice of committal for trial to either court. Outside London, however, most of these courts sit

intermittently and are independent of each other. There is no centralised co-ordination to provide an overall even flow of court work in a particular area, or to make the best use of judicial time. In London, the position is somewhat different. The Central Criminal Court, more commonly known as the Old Bailey, is in effect a continuously sitting Assize court for London. It is made up of the Recorder of London, the Common Serjeant and ten other full-time judges. The most serious cases are, however, tried by visiting High Court judges. There are also continuously sitting courts of Quarter Sessions in various parts of the capital.

In 1956, a new system was introduced in Liverpool and Manchester to cope with the increasing criminal work. In each city a new hybrid court, known as the Crown Court, was set up comprising both Assize and Quarter Sessions jurisdiction, and sitting full time. It is presided over by the full-time Recorder and assisted by other judges brought in as necessary, including County Court judges. As at the Old Bailey, the most serious crimes are tried by a visiting High Court judge. The success of this system has no doubt greatly influenced the recommendations of the Royal Commission.

Running parallel with, but distinct from, the criminal courts is the tier system of civil jurisdiction. The High Court in London is the centre of major civil business, and is divided into three divisions, namely Chancery, Queen's Bench concerned mainly with common law cases, and Probate, Divorce and Admiralty. The Queen's Bench judges divide their time between London and travelling on circuit where they try crimes and also civil actions, including defended divorce cases, prepared locally. Divorce judges also go circuit and mainly try civil actions, including divorce suits. Below the High Court comes the County Court, set up by statute in 1846 to try small claims. The claim jurisdiction has been gradually increased over the years, and now the limit of £500 has just been raised to £750. Apart from ordinary claims for damages, the court exercises a great amount of specialised jurisdiction; for example, under the Rent Act, the Hire Purchase legislation and since 1968 in undefended divorce suits. About 94 per cent of all divorce cases are undefended.

Divorce jurisdiction has had a curious and complicated career since Sir Alan Herbert's divorce reform Act of 1937. With, inter alia, desertion and cruelty added to adultery as grounds for dissolution, the floodgates were opened. After the war, with the introduction of legal aid, the flow grew to a torrent. In 1938, 6,092 decrees had been granted. In 1966 the figure had risen to 38,352 and a year later to 42,378. To cope with the post-war rush, facilitated by legal aid, County Court judges were brought in to assist and try undefended and short defended cases. The status of marriage was then considered of such importance that only the High Court should grant decrees of dissolution. Accordingly, County Court judges were appointed Commissioners of the High Court, when sitting in divorce. Two years ago, however, Parliament gave outright jurisdiction to the County Court as such to try undefended cases. Is this just another example of the decline in the reputation of the marriage tie? Next year a new surge in matrimonial proceedings will start with the introduction of, inter alia, divorce after five

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years' separation. The courts are then likely to become mostly concerned with financial questions of maintenance.

This enormous increase in the number of divorce cases was made possible, as mentioned above, by the Legal Aid and Advice Act, 1949. This act at first applied only in connexion with civil proceedings in the High Court; but in due course it covered County Court proceedings. Full legal aid in criminal cases was also introduced, replacing the old Poor Prisoners Defence Act, 1930. This was somewhat restricted and provided little more than nominal remuneration for the legal profession.

The post-war crime waves have vastly increased the number of criminal cases at Assizes and Quarter Sessions. The figure of 22,935 for 1957 increased to a peak of 34,324 for 1961. There was a decline to 24,369 in 1964; but since then the figures have steadily risen to 32,347 in 1968. Of these there were 4,850 acquittals. Since at Assizes criminal work always takes priority, it follows that long delays are created in trying civil actions. Patchwork remedies, including the appointment of more judges and part-time deputy chairmen of Quarter Sessions, have served only to stave off the ultimate breakdown.

It was not, therefore, surprising that in 1966 the government appointed the Royal Commission on Assizes and Quarter Sessions, under the chairmanship of Lord Beeching. It eventually reported on the 4th September, 1969. In analysing the situation, the Commission points to 'the growth and concentration of population during the last century or so, the sharp rise in the crime rate and the effect of legal aid'. 'We are in no doubt that the recent overloading of the courts is, to a large extent, the result of greatly extended legal aid, one effect of which has been to increase the proportion of fought criminal cases, which our survey has shown take about ten times as long as pleas of guilty.' About 70 per cent of trials were legally aided in 1967, and the percentage probably grows.

The Commission has published some remarkable figures of delays between committal for trial by the magistrates and the conclusion of the trial, for 1967. On Assize, for example, 23 per cent of all persons in custody had to wait more than sixty days. At the Old Bailey in London the comparable figure was 36 per cent. It is also necessary to remember that in cases at all complicated there may be a long prior period in custody between arrest and committal for trial. There have been some recent glaring examples of this. In some cases magistrates might well take a firmer hand in obliging the prosecution to be more expeditious. The court should assume that the police have obtained the evidence they want to prosecute their case when the charge was made. In many foreign countries delays are often, and as a matter of course, infinitely longer; but they are not acceptable in Britain.

The priority given properly to the despatch of criminal trials on Assize tends inevitably under existing conditions to put back the trial of civil actions and divorce suits. The average waiting time is five months for an action to come on.

It need hardly be stressed that delays, and the inaccessibility of courts, cause widespread hardship and inconvenience, both in business and per-

sonally, including the parties, witnesses, jurors and the lawyers concerned. At the same time there is a big waste of judicial time.

The Royal Commission started on the premise that 'the overall requirement of a good system must be to make high quality justice conveniently available at low cost'. In many parts of the country court accommodation is still quite inadequate or badly located for modern needs. Courts must be sited in proper catchment areas, usually in the centre of large urban populations. However, as the Report says, this is not always possible, as for example in large thinly populated areas as in Wales. The Report points out:

> 'If courts are located to best advantage in relation to population and the associated transport facilities without regard to other factors which affected location in the past, a very good solution can be provided for at least 80 per cent of the population, and a better solution than at present for most of the remainder.'

The restricting factor is the heavy cost of a building programme. However this quite rightly does not affect the Commission's long term recommendations, which are bound to take some years to complete. Meanwhile the Commission has short term proposals for court centres.

A more restricting factor, according to the Report, is the capacity of the Bar. The Bar consists of approximately 2,500 practising barristers, from whom are appointed exclusively all judges in the County Court, High Court and above. Although solicitors are eligible for appointment as Chairmen and Deputy Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, in practice the great majority of these part-time judgeships are barristers. Recorders are also drawn from the Bar. 'The present potential of the Bar', concludes the Report, 'sets a limit to the possibility of increasing judge power without sacrificing judicial quality, and without denuding the Bar of its leading members'. The Commission is unanimously opposed to opening the higher judiciary to solicitors. On the other hand, by a majority, it recommends that solicitors be eligible for appointment to the proposed new category of Circuit judges: in that solicitors already appear as advocates in the County Court, this is a logical proposal. However, there is not likely to be a great demand for appointment by solicitors, since their leading practitioners are usually too busy to take on advocacy themselves.

The Commission's main recommendations are a blend of tradition and radical change. The circuits are to remain, though reduced by one. The area of the Oxford circuit is to be distributed among the adjoining circuits. On the other hand, all Quarter Sessions are to be abolished, and new Crown Court created. This court is to become a Division of the High Court and take over all criminal jurisdiction now exercised by the Assizes and Quarter Sessions. It will 'consist of High Court judges and a new bench of judges to be called Circuit judges, supported by a limited number of part-time appointments'.

The Crown Court will be located at suitable centres within each circuit. The main centres will be manned by visiting High Court judges and local Circuit judges, who will together try all criminal cases, the most serious being reserved to the High Court judges. There will be other Crown Court centres where Circuit judges will sit to hear less important crimes, pro-

bably roughly equivalent to the present Quarter Sessions jurisdiction. Circuit judges are to be assisted by approximately 120 part-time Recorders, who will have to undertake to sit for at least one month a year and have the same jurisdiction as Circuit judges. The new Recorder is no longer to be associated with a particular borough; and without doubt there will be strong opposition to the abolition of this historic borough office. This break in tradition is really unnecessary. A Recorder could be designated Recorder of a particular borough, although not necessarily trying cases in that particular town. At the same time he could continue to exercise his traditional and formal non-judicial functions in that borough.

High Court civil actions, started locally, would continue to be tried on circuit, at the main centres. The High Court judge would be entitled to delegate certain classes of High Court civil actions, for trial to the Circuit judge.

There are no radical changes proposed in relation to County Courts, except in the increase in jurisdiction, already dealt with. County courts have their own circuits, and, generally speaking are well distributed over the country. Administration is centralised in the Lord Chancellor's department. The Commission proposes that all County Court judges be Circuit judges and take part in the criminal work of the Crown Court. This envisages about 40 new appointments. This criminal jurisdiction will not be foreign to many County Court judges who already assist at Quarter Sessions. It is widely accepted that, apart from certain very highly specialised jurisdictions, judges are more efficient with experience of both criminal and civil work. The purely criminal judge, in particular, can become stale, insensitive and orientated.

The Commission's administrative recommendations are an integral and essential part of the new system, indeed perhaps the most important. The Report proposes that the Lord Chancellor be responsible for the administration of all the higher courts as well as the County Courts. Fears that this is the first step towards the creation of a Ministry of Justice are unfounded. The Lord Chancellor will have nothing to do with public order or the institution or conduct of prosecutions. Under him, each circuit will have a highly paid Circuit Administrator who 'shall exercise firm managerial control over all matters affecting the smooth running of the courts other than those which have a direct bearing upon the discharge of judicial functions'. His first duty 'will be to see that criminal and civil business is disposed of promptly', and he will be answerable to the Lord Chancellor. The Commission stresses the importance of a 'common administration at circuit level', so that

> there can be a planned interchange of both upper and lower tier judges between criminal and civil work, a rational use of limited court space and facilities within the circuit, a levelling of the load for the Bar serving the different courts, and flexible use of the available administrative manpower.

The Commission recognises the constitutional importance of safeguarding the position of the judges on circuit. For this purpose, every circuit will have the benefit of two Presiding High Court judges who, in turn, will have a general responsibility for the circuit, to which the Administrator will be subject. We shall have to wait and see how this operates in practice. A

great deal will depend on any guiding lines laid down by the Lord Chancellor and the personalities of the various judges and Circuit Administrators concerned. Already both have been appointed, and a great deal should be learnt during the preparatory phase. No doubt during this period much can be done to meet local needs and interests, to smooth the rough edges and finally to put fully into effect a far more efficient system than now exists. In May, the House of Commons gave general all-party support to the Report. Unfortunately, of those who spoke in the debate only two were non-lawyers; and one of these was a J.P. It is remarkable how little interest the average member of the public takes in the machinery of justice unless and until he is personally caught up in the toils of the legal process; and yet this is at the heart of our democracy.

'PHENOMENA' by Lord Ogmore *Continued from page 19*

Richard Whittington-Egan writes:

or endeavour to explain, these six mysterious events. Although each is unique from his point of view, each, measured against the accumulated psychic experience of individual percipients over the years, falls within one or other of the categories of known types of psychic or ESP phenomena.

Such details as Lord Ogmore has set down here are of the greatest interest, but I do hope that he has lodged, or will lodge, considerably fuller statements of the events and the surrounding circumstances, personalities and such veridical data as are available, in the archives of an authoritative body such as the Society for Psychical Research—for it is only by the scientific collection and expert assaying of such testimony that the goal of truth and the landfall of understanding will be achieved.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE CULT OF WOMEN: From Damozel to Demon

by Derek Stanford

SINCE 1945, academic study, fashion and taste have much concerned themselves with the second part of the nineteenth century—a period previously despised or neglected. Much of this attention was fixed on the Pre-Raphaelites and the *fin-de-siècle* artists of the 'Nineties but it was, in general, the Pre-Raphaelites who profited first from this rehabilitation. In 1948 the Phaidon Press brought out their splendid *Pre-Raphaelite Painters* edited by Robin Ironside and J. Gere. This was followed in the Sixties by imposing exhibitions in London and Liverpool: Ford Madox Brown in 1964, John Everett Millais in 1967, and William Holman Hunt in 1969. In the same year Lord David Cecil presented his sensitive study of Edward Burne-Jones in his book *Visionary and Dreamer*.

Historically and culturally it was right that focus on the Pre-Raphaelites should precede that on the decade of the 'Nineties since—as John Dixon Hunt showed in his book *The Pre-Raphaelite Imagination* 1848-1900 (1968) —it was largely from the former group of artists that such latter trends as Aestheticism, Symbolism and the Decadent Movement sprang. An earlier attitude in art- and literary-history had been to regard the last two of these movements and, in part, Aestheticism as pre-dominantly French-inspired. More and more we see today, however, how English (and, to some extent, Irish) figures and elements fed these last three movements, and how their sometimes common source lay in Pre-Raphaelite art and painting. (For example, Elizabeth Aslin's handsome volume *The Aesthetic Movement* (1969), though it deals chiefly with the applied arts, traces a line of growth and taste from Pre-Raphaelitism to Art Nouveau.)

Aubrey Beardsley was, of course, the outstanding figure in the world of graphic art who was 're-discovered' in the Sixties. The monumental exhibition of Beardsley's drawings and association-items at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1966 created a fervid vogue for his work, particularly among the young, and sparked off a spate of publications around him.

It is, naturally, easy enough to relate our new-found interest in Beardsley, with his piquantly erotic suggestions, to the spirit of permissiveness which so marked the decade of the Sixties. What is harder to trace is the connection between the new cult of Beardsley and the re-awakening of feeling for the Pre-Raphaelite Movement which was, initially, an earlier phenomenon. In order to accomplish this, I must ask the reader to accompany me back into the nineteenth century. The sociological factors involved in the acceptance and recognition of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement have seldom been considered. We know that, by 1863, Rossetti 'now society's pet as a painter, was making £4,000 a year', and Professor Graham Hough in his book *The Last Romantics* (1947) tells us that 'Rossetti, Hunt and their fellows sold their pictures to the new business magnates,' particularly in

the industrial towns of the Midlands and the North. He notes, too, that such transactions make for 'an excellent illustration of the paradoxical nature of the movement—for pre-Raphaelitism was in part a protest against towns like Liverpool, yet it was gladly welcomed by them.'[1]

Quentin Bell, in his Slade Lectures at Oxford, observed that 'the "hard-edge" school of Pre-Raphaelitism had become well established and was exerting a powerful influence upon British painting by 1860,'[2] and that, three years earlier, Rossetti had launched a second wave of the movement when decorating the Oxford Union—a more exotic variation of the original P.R.B. *putsch* and one even more financially remunerative.

An assessment which interestingly summarises the social-economic causes of this success was made by the contemporary critic F. H. W. Myers on the occasion of a posthumous exhibition of Rossetti's pictures at Burlington House in 1883. His essay 'Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty'[3]—'written from a point of view of by no means exclusive sympathy with the movement'—begins by admitting to 'a new strain of thought and emotion within the pale of our artistic orthodoxy'. Myers agrees that though 'many critics, whose ethical point of view demands respect, continue to find in Rossetti's works an enigma not worth the pains of solution, and to decry them as obscure, fantastic, or even as grossly immoral in tendency', 'assuredly the "aesthetic movement" is not a mere fashion of the day—the modish pastime of nincompoops and charlatans'. Myers' testimony is the more of importance because it is delivered from a position which is neither that of the *Punch*-drunk Philistine nor the posturing 'greenery-yallery' *avant-garde*. Myers is in line with the moral-approach-to-art mid-Victorian critics, and exemplifies the uneasiness of the largely traditional humanists when confronted with the new art-for-art's-sake phenomenon.

He considers, first, the changes in society making for a new popularity of art. 'We have . . . only,' he tells us, 'to look around . . . to perceive that—whether or not the conditions of the modern world are favourable to artistic *excellence*—all the main forces of civilisation are tending towards artistic *activity*. The increase of wealth, the diffusion of education, the gradual decline of the military, the hieratic, the aristocratic ideals—each of these causes removes some obstacles from the artist's path or offers some fresh prize to his endeavours. Art has outlived both the Puritans and the Inquisition; she is no longer deadened by the spirit of self-mortification, nor enslaved by a jealous orthodoxy. The increased wealth of the world makes the artist's life stable and secure, while it sets free a surplus income so large that an increasing share of it must almost necessarily be diverted to some form of aesthetic expenditure.'

Myers notes that, here, but more particularly in America, 'a need is felt of some kind of social distinction—some new aristocracy—based on differences other than those of birth and wealth'. He believes that the artist and the art-nourished minority may come to form this 'new aristocracy'—an '*optimacy* of passion and genius . . . which is coming into existence as a cosmopolitan gentility among the confused and fading class-distinctions of the past.'

All this strikingly, reflectively, corroborates what Max Beerbohm had so casually chronicled in his picture of society in 1880: 'It was felt that the aristocracy could not live by good-breeding alone. The old delights seemed vapid, waxen. Something vivid was desired. And so the sphere of fashion converged with the sphere of art, and revolution was the result.'[4]

The essence of Pre-Raphaelite appeal, however, lay in the nourishment it offered to the forces of feminism. 'In this renaissance,' noted Max, 'the keenest students of the exquisite were women.'[5] Rossetti's art—both in painting and poetry—coincided with, and assisted at, the birth of a new feminine type: sensitive, cultivated, very largely leisured, and educated as never before. 'The steady rise in the status of women', observed Myers, 'that constant deepening and complication of the commerce between the sexes which is one of the signs of progressive civilisation; all this is perpetually teaching and preaching . . . the powers of womanhood to all sections of the community.'[6] Not unnaturally, this new womanhood welcomed an art which showed her in its mirror as an infinitely interesting being: elusive, intense, mysterious, the subject of a worshipping cult.

Myers rightly describes Rossetti's paintings as 'the sacred pictures of a new religion; forms and faces which bear the same relation to that mystical worship of beauty . . . as the forms and faces of a Francia or a Leonardo bear to the mediaeval mysteries of the worship of Mary or of Christ'.[7] These esoteric icons of a subtle feminism, created by a desirous male mind, fascinated numerous women, who thereupon set about the task of reproducing in their own persons the charm which confronted them on the painter's canvas. As Myers observed of Rossetti's picture-types: 'All . . . have something in common, some union of strange and puissant physical loveliness with depth and remoteness of gaze. They range from demon to angel—as such names may be interpreted in a Religion of Beauty—from Lilith, whose beauty is destruction, and Astarte, throned between the Sun and the Moon in her sinister splendour, to the *Blessed Damozel* and the maiden "pre-elect type", type of the love whose look regenerates and whose assumption lifts to heaven. But all have the look—characteristic of Rossetti's faces as the mystic smile of Leonardo's—the look which bids the spectator murmur—

> What netherworld gulf-whispers does she hear,
> In answering echoes from the planisphere,
> Along the wind, along the estuary?'[8]

In this passage, one is given the two grounds of appeal which Rossetti's feminine images possessed: first, a distinctive physical comeliness stamped with no obvious 'come-hither' allure; and, secondly, a supra-physical characteristic—the suggestion of commerce with 'the other world' whether of angels or of demons. Such a portrayal of feminine power and appeal naturally enough flattered the women who felt the dimension of the self, their armoury of means, increased by such study.

The impact of 'the Pre-Raphaelite women' on a young distinguished stranger to these shores is beautifully described in the following passage of a letter from Henry James, newly arrived in London, to his sister Alice. He had been with friends to visit William Morris and his wife in Queen's

Square, Bloomsbury:

> Oh, ma chère, such a wife! *Je n'en reviens pas*—she haunts me still. A figure cut out of a missal—out of one of Rossetti's or Hunt's pictures—to say this gives but a faint idea of her, because when such an image puts on flesh and blood, it is an apparition of fearful and wonderful intensity. It's hard to say whether she's a grand synthesis of all the pre-Raphaelite pictures ever made—or they a 'keen analysis' of her—whether she's an original or a copy. In either case she is a wonder. Imagine a tall lean woman in a long dress of some dead purple stuff, guiltless of hoops (or of anything else, I should say) with a mass of crisp black hair heaped into great wavy projections on each of her temples, a thin pale face, a pair of strange sad, deep, dark Swinburnian eyes, with great thick black oblique brows, joined in the middle and tucking themselves away under her hair, a mouth like the 'Oriana' in our illustrated Tennyson, a long neck, without any collar, and in lieu thereof some dozen strings of outlandish beads—in fine complete. On the wall was a nearly full-length portrait of her by Rossetti, so strange and unreal that if you hadn't seen her you'd pronounce it a distempered vision, but in fact an extremely good likeness.[9]

As Myers observed, one explanation of 'the mystery which attaches to the female form' in Rossetti is that it is 'in some way a transformation of sexual passion.'[10] The women who admired Rossetti's pictures recognised this readily. They saw their glamour, their market-value, their marriage-ability heightened by this art, and accordingly subscribed gladly to the cult.

But although 'the delight in beauty alloyed with appetite and strengthened by that alloy'[11] was clearly the starting-point of Rossetti's painting of women, another element was present there which gave the feminine spectator a fuller interest in herself, a higher respect for the range of her effects. To Rossetti, remarks Myers, 'his beloved seems not as herself alone, "but as the meaning of all things that are," her voice recalls a prenatal memory, and her eyes "dream against a distant goal".'[12] To the strong but refined sexual attraction, which Rossetti's female appreciators discovered in his painting of their likenesses, there was added this rarer appeal—the sense of woman as a vehicle of the divine; a creature affording man the means of identification with the cosmos. Rossetti's paintings thus constituted a splendid advertisement for woman. To employ the language of the cinema, this was a double-feature programme.

Physically, Rossetti's women were 'stunners' (the current Pre-Raphaelite slang), their sensuous attributes rendered with a haunting tactile fascination by Rossetti. As Edward Lucie-Smith tells us 'His picture "The Blue Bower" was praised by a critic in *The Athenaeum* for "the marvellous fleshliness of the flesh!" Swinburne described "Sibylla Palmfera" as "ripe and firm of flesh", and used very similar language, for that matter, about Rossetti's poetry, saying of it that "no nakedness could be more harmonious, more consummate in its fleshly sculpture".'[13] Psychologically, his women were enigmas; ideally intriguing, not the least to their own sex. The common assumption has been that they were the nineteenth-century counterparts of Dante's Beatrice—loving guides through the inner purgatory up towards the mountain-top of light; and it is certainly the Italian poet's *Vita Nuova* which provided Rossetti with the basis of his iconography, both in painting and in verse. Quentin Bell, in his Oxford Slade Lectures, has wittily refuted this assumption, however. He considers Rossetti, at first, as 'essen-

tially decorative and liturgical'. About the second term he admits to having misgivings ' "Devotional",' he writes, 'might have been better but Rossetti is not exactly devout. He believes in nothing and yet he is altogether enchanted by the act of worship. . . . Rossetti looks for a shrine on which he can lavish all his art and all his ingenuity, the deity of which, Mary, Beatrice, Guinevere, Astarte Syriaca, is so protean as to be non-existent. He is not religious but he is profoundly mythophiliac. His cult makes no demands either on faith or on morality, it implies no articles of belief and no rules of conduct. It is the religion of a man who wants something passionately and can only express his wants by way of incantation. What Rossetti wanted, to put it crudely, was girls.'[14]

Having performed a Strachey-like autopsy on the legend of Rossetti's spirituality, Quentin Bell presses on, beyond the stage of debunking, to reach some more subtle truth on the far side. 'But that [the fact he "wanted girls"] is to put much too crudely, for in Rossetti the hearty commonsensical carnality which leads him to find such names as Guggums and Jumbo for his various "stunners", is balanced by an apposite tendency to relegate them to the "Gold Bar of Heaven"—in some of his drawings they seem almost sexless, almost ghostlike, it is the face not the body, that captures our attention.'[15]

Strange as it may seem, this interpretation of the attitude behind the paintings explains, not why Rossetti failed, but why he succeeded with the art-loving public. The Victorians did *not* want fresh versions of Beatrician love on the Dantean model. They *did* want, however, in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies, an *erotic* passion romantically expressed. They were quite prepared that this should bear all the appearance of a 'religion of beauty spiritualised into a beatific dream',[16] provided that the beatitude proved upon examination to be the envelope of physical bliss. Rossetti's paintings solved the dilemma: how to be sensual *and* refined.

The intention of Myers in writing his essay on *Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty* was to exorcise the Movement—to sprinkle all its visually amorous totems with the holy water of Platonic humanism. About this task, he was not quite happy. 'This aesthetic paradise of the well-to-do might,' he conceded, prove impermanent, 'something to be convulsed by an invasion from the rough world without' (a conjecture which the Boer Wars showed to be correct). *Fin-de-siècle* aestheticism died to such jingoistic strains as 'Good-bye Dolly' and Kipling's 'The Absent-minded Beggar'. (He had already knocked aestheticism hard—hard, that is, by philistine standards—in 'The Mary Gloster' in 1894. The dying self-made ship-owner is speaking to his son:

> The things I knew was proper you wouldn't thank me to give,
> And the things I knew was rotten you said was the way to live.
> For you muddled with books and pictures, an' china an' etchin's and fans;
> And your rooms at college was beastly—more like a whore's than a man's.)

Again, Myers was not certain 'what encouragement the moralist can find in this counter-wave of art and mysticism'.[17] Place Rossetti's poems beside those of Sidney or Lovelace, and, he declared, they 'seem the expression of a century which is refining itself into quietism and mellowing into decay'.

But if Myers was troubled with doubts and suspicions, he also proved unperceptive. 'There is,' he wrote of Rossetti's work, 'no trace in him of this deliberate worship of Baal and Ashtoreth; no touch of the cruelty which is the characteristic note of natures in which the sexual instincts have become haunting and dominant.'[18] This is certainly to see only what one wishes; for nothing is clearer in Rossetti's painting than the change which occurs in the female image. It is a transition from docility (*Ecce Ancilla Domine*, 1850), from beatific exaltation (*Beata Beatrix*, 1863), from wistful sadness (*The Bower Meadow*, finished 1872), to baleful beauty (*Astarte Syriaca*, 1877), and sultry narcissism (*The Bower Meadow*, 1883).

Arthur Symons, in his easy on *The Rossettis*,[19] noticed the change which came over the painter. 'As his intentions overpower him,' he wrote, 'as he became the slave and no longer the master of his dreams [steeped in chloryl, Symons might have added], his pictures became no longer symbolic. They became idols. Venus growing more and more Asiatic as the moon's crescent begins to glitter above her head, and her name changes from Aphrodite into Astarte, loses all the freshness of the waves from which she was born, and her own sorcery hardens into a wooden image painted to be the object of savage worship.' Rossetti's dreams, concludes Symons, 'are no longer content to be turned into waking realities . . . but . . . remain lunar, spectral, a dark and unintelligible menace.'

For Symons, with the smallest store of self-knowledge and his own 'fatal initiation'[20] into madness, the 'menace might well seem unintelligible'. For our own post-Freudian ear, however, the menace is quite lucidly located. To the guilty and remorseful middle-ageing amorist, eroticism and the feminine image are becoming synonymous with danger and destruction. All of Rossetti's visual indications meet in the unfinished poem *The Orchard Pit*—a poem which carries forward the *femme fatale-vampire-succubus* presence of Keats' *La Belle Dame* and Coleridge's *Christabel*, details from which appear in *The Orchard Pit*. The significant images, however, establish a clear connection between the notion of woman and death. This is how Rossetti describes the siren who sings to him from 'the screening apple-branch' above the pit in the orchard:

> Life's eyes are gleaming from her forehead fair,
> And from her breasts the ravishing eyes of Death.

and this is how he envisages the destructive-erotic process:

> My love I call her, and she loves me well;
> But I love her as in the maelstrom's cup
> The whirled stone loves the leaf inseparable
> That clings to it round all the circling swell
> And that the last same eddy swallows up.

What we find in Rossetti's work is the emergence of a *darkling Venus*—a feminine image moving from the benign to the malign, the submissive to the devouring. Nor was this developing image one which was personal to Rossetti alone. 'The second generation of Pre-Raphaelites is haunted by a female figure—by a feminine principle,' Quentin Bell remarks '—which dominates Rossetti's work and the work of his disciple Burne-Jones, and through them their followers,' who included Simeon Solomon and Aubrey

Beardsley.

Quentin Bell has commented on the paradox in Burne-Jones' work. On the one hand, its high-mindedness: on the other, its 'repulsive' and 'shockingly indecent' characteristics. The *Pygmalion* sequence of frescoes in Birmingham, he describes as 'a kind of hymn to sexuality in art. The sculptor creates an image of marble, he adores it and the goddess turns it into a real live women—made of soap. Pygmalion is also made of soap and one recoils at the idea of their sad, cold, slimy, saponaceous embraces . . . Burne-Jones's purity is negative, he is so horribly anxious *not* to be impure, he is determined that everything shall be kept on the elevated plane of High Art and it is precisely this anxiety which produces an overwhelmingly prurient effect.'[21]

This nullifying contradiction in Burne-Jones's work (a desire to express beauty in terms of the erotic negated by an insistence on ladylike gentility) is described by Quentin Bell as 'one of the diseases of the century, particularly of the mid-century'. Another way of putting this would be to say that Burne-Jones resisted the sensibility of his time. The most effective artists working within the convention of second-wave Pre-Raphaelitism succumbed to an image of *the darkling Venus*. It is the explicit or sensed presence of this which gives to their productions a psychological unity, an atmospheric haunting. In rejecting the call of Venus Pandemos, Burne-Jones—for all his technical talents—emasculated and nullified his expression.

No such negation bound, for long, the more sensitised imagination of Beardsley. The more fully he yields up his fancy to portraying a darkling Venus, the more his art gains in malefic charm and power. As I noted on another occasion, 'Looking through his work one sees the seraphic Burne-Jones type of woman, deriving from Botticelli, in the process of becoming, via Rossetti, the satanic. One can trace this development from the early *Adoremus Te*, with its dark-haired angel-creature with a zither, through the *Head with a Wreath of Grapes and Vine Leaves* with the large half-closed eyes and puffy lower lids, its well-shaped but carnal nose, and full bottom lip, to *The Snare of Vintage*, where the women with their towering grape-decked coiffures, eager and predatory, have caught their startled male victims; *Messalina returning from the Bath*, the study of a heavy-thewed maenad with a lowering look of pent-up lust on her face, completes the stages of feminine sensuality,'[22] as portrayed in this artist's work.

The darkling Venus is an image discovered readily in the drama, fiction and poetry of the 'Eighties and 'Nineties. Wilde's Salome ('daughter of Sodom', 'daughter of an incestuous mother'), with her obsessive and repetitive refrain 'I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan, I will kiss thy mouth', represents the darkling Venus to perfection. The erotic chimera in Wilde's poem *The Sphinx* (1894)—'half woman and half animal'—is another, even more fantastic symbol of the same presence. The short stories of Ella D'Arcy and George Egerton both abound in figures of the destructive woman.[23] In George Moore's first experimental autobiography she features as 'the Lilith of old', 'a terrible malady', 'the woman of thirty'. Of the

relationship of this being with 'the young man of refined mien', Moore concludes, 'she shall haunt his wife's face and words (should he seek to rid himself of her by marriage), a bitter-sweet, a half-welcome enchantment; she shall consume and destroy the strength and spirit of his life, leaving it desolation, a barren landscape, burnt out and faintly scented with the sea. Fame and wealth shall slip like sand from him. She may be set aside for the cadence of a rhyme, for the flowing line of a limb, but when the passion of art has raged itself out she shall return to blight the peace of the worker.'[24]

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1 *Ibid.*
2 *Victorian Artists*, 1967.
3 *Essays: Modern* by F. H. W Myers, 1897.
4 '1880' (*Works*).
5 *Ibid.*
6 *Essays: Modern.*
7 *Ibid.*
8 *Ibid.*
9 To Miss Alice Fanes, March 10, 1869. *The Letters of Henry James*, selected and edited by Percy Lubbock, 1920.
10 *Essays: Modern.*
11 *Essays: Modern.*
12 *Ibid.*
13 *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* by Edward Lucie-Smith (*The Listener*, June 15, 1967).
14 *Victorian Artists.*
15 *Ibid.*
16 *Ibid.*
17 'Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty' (*Essays: Modern*).
18 *Ibid.*
19 *Dramatic Personae*, 1923, U.S.
20 *Arthur Symons: A critical Biography by Roger Lhombreaud.*
21 *Victorian Artists.*
22 *Aubrey Beardsley's Erotic Universe* with an Introduction and illustrations selected by Derek Stanford, 1967 .
23 *Short Stories of the 'Nineties: A Biographical Anthology* edited by Derek Stanford, 1968.
24 *Confessions of a Young Man*, 1888.

[Derek Stanford, poet and journalist, is the author of a number of critical studies; subjects include Dylan Thomas, Christopher Fry, John Betjeman and Muriel Spark. Editor of several anthologies: *The Poets of the 'Nineties* and *Stories of the 'Nineties. Critics of the 'Nineties* will be published by John Baker in October.]

LUNCH AT ILYA EHRENBURG'S MOSCOW FLAT

by Stowers Johnson

IN the ever-recurring turmoil of controversy over the persecution of Russian writers, it is strange to look back upon one who always survived, a writer who in the sunset of his life cherished the dream that things were really improving, that criticism was good, attack was better, and that talent in Russia would always triumph. When I met Ehrenburg the occasion had limitations; for it was arranged and supervised by the Secretary of the Moscow Friendship Society, Valerian Nesterov, and also attended by Reginald Davis-Poynter, manager of Messrs. Macgibbon & Kee, who published the English translations of Ehrenburg and also the Soviet-approved works in translation of such writers as Kuznetsov was when living in the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, Valerian Nesterov's tact and urbanity made the occurrence a truly memorable one.

I joined Reginald Davis-Poynter and Valerian Nesterov at the Ukraine Hotel. We took a taxi and drove off to keep the luncheon appointment with Ilya Ehrenburg. The snow was fast thawing in that courtyard when we sent away the taxi. We picked our way along the badly-swept pavement towards a very ordinary block of flats and a dilapidated doorway. We went up in an old-fashioned lift, through which blew odours of cooking and that peculiar over-ripe melon smell which seems to haunt over-populated Slavonic places. We rang the bell again on a landing several floors up. A housekeeper opened the door and invited us in. She was a typical Russian woman from the bygone century and so, dressed in blouse and long skirt with hair in a bun brushed straight back from her kindly, wrinkled features, she had the pleasant Russian smile that seems to originate from the nose as much as the mouth.

As we hung up our coats Ilya Ehrenburg came forward, and introductions began. He seemed frail and short, almost tiny beside his housekeeper, but his voice had that refinement of intonation I had learned to listen for from my old professor, the beauty of the language, the delicacy of old St. Petersburg, now rare to find in the more aggressive Moscow diction. He closed the door of the apartment and looked at the locks—instinctively, as I thought. We moved into the lounge and sat down to make and receive speeches of welcome.

Davis-Poynter, as the English publisher of his volumes of memoirs, touched on matters connected with the publication of the latest volume in translation, and I made the suggestion that perhaps Ilya Ehrenburg would agree to my publishing an account of our meeting. I had expected some definition of limitation with regard to this and was pleasantly surprised by the easy smile and '*Konechno*' ('Of course') with which he gave permission. Valerian Nesterov looked a little more serious, perhaps feeling the responsibility.

'I have to apologise for Comrade Surkov,' he began. 'He has asked me

to say how much he would have wished to come today, but it is not possible. He has trouble with his feet and is in hospital and will be there for some weeks.'

In a whispered aside it was explained how Surkov had this trouble from the war years owing to frost bite and often at this time of year became incapacitated. Ilya Ehrenburg said nothing. For my part I was glad, knowing how Surkov, as one of the censor-dictators of the Writers' Union, would have kept the conversation along dreary official channels or castrated it to tea-time talk. Nesterov turned the conversation to sympathy for Ehrenburg's wife, who was also in hospital recovering from her illness. Ehrenburg had come in from his country house in order to visit her.

'I was surprised to hear you so ready to agree to public talk,' began Davis-Poynter, glancing at me rather severely. 'We know you have been under attack recently, and no doubt you have to be careful.'

Valerian Nesterov translated quite literally.

'Attack!' began Ilya Ehrenburg scornfully, passing his hand across the thinning grey hair that went straight back from his forehead. 'Attack! That is nothing new for me! And Ilychov, speaking for the Central Committe of the C.P.S.U., takes it upon himself to say my views are my own! Very clever, that remark, in case others should be thought to think as I do!' He laughed. 'But I have always been a non-party man, a declared non-party man. And as for art—who can be afraid of my views on art?'

'I know you have been accused of not being a communist, and we are supposed to have hidden it in our book,' continued Davis-Poynter. (Nesterov translated this as 'not following the party line', as if unwilling to admit to himself that Ehrenburg was not a double-dyed member of the C.P.S.U.)

'If you mean what Meyerhold said,' remarked Ehrenburg curtly, 'that is a thing of the past. It was not relevant. I have always said I am not a party man.'

There was an awkward pause. Ilychov had in 1963, in his attack, as it were one of the turning points against Krushchev's tolerances, accused Ehrenburg of suppressing from a quoted letter Meyerhold's accusation: 'You definitely refused to put into practice communist policies, calling attention to your distrust of the Socialist Revolution and your deep-rooted pessimism.' This was something everybody knew. Only when spoken by a party official and put into print had it become serious.

I noticed Ehrenburg's brown-grey complexion grow dull as he thought a moment, but Davis-Poynter, catching Nesterov's embarrassment as he translated, changed the subject. 'Your views on art, they attack,' he said, brightly. 'And not surprising, with these pictures. They must be worth a million.'

Ilya Ehrenburg laughed triumphantly. 'They cannot dispute their worth, nor what the capitalist world would pay for them. But they are all gifts and will be given again to the nation when I go.'

We were sitting in his rather small library. Books and pictures went from floor to ceiling. Between them a table and chairs filled the room completely. A large picture of a nude woman, painted by some Russian artist

of the new school who had visited him here, dominated the other works: these were still lifes, an artist riding upon a fiery horse, a self-portrait by Picasso and smaller works and drawings by Picasso—all gifts.

'I have thirty-five paintings by my friend Picasso,' he said quietly, 'for our friendship began in my early Paris days before the 1914-18 War.'

A glow of collector's pride came over him for a moment as he showed his picture by Ortega and mentioned his time as a correspondent in the Spanish Revolutionary War, but he was also emphatic about his Russian paintings by Chagall, Lentulov, Markhov and Tyshler. A large and vivid carpet, a present from Poland, hung down before some bookshelves, and a fine piece of Byzantine carving was propped against the wall.

The housekeeper announced lunch was ready, and we moved into the next room, where the table, spread with a white cloth, was also surrounded by crowded bookshelves. As among the pictures, there was a dominant French interest there, but I felt it improper to comment, although in both rooms I noticed entire absence of communist or political works. Not even eye-service was paid to such, and they had no place on the shelves. Here was a writer, living on the intellectual best of the world, drawing his income from a public that was pounded with literary drugs he himself did not consume, though he might prescribe. The books with which the State bombarded its people obviously he neither bought nor read. I thought of Sergei Esenin's reaction:

> Attention, Sergei, sit down quietly to Marx
> Sniff some wisdom out of those boring pages.

Davis-Poynter quoted the famous condemnation of Krushchev for pictures that were 'the creation of donkey's tails'. But Ehrenburg became deadly serious, especially when I mentioned French influence on art.

'We have our own influence!' he declared. 'And it was an influence that was powerful in Paris when I was young. And it was the New School—the Futurists and the Cubists—who were on Red Square in 1917. Bunin and Repin went abroad. The experts in today's "Soviet Realism" were not there —they did not put a foot in Red Square.' His lips grew very tight. He almost waved away the housekeeper who was helping to pour the soup. 'Our art history is as great,' he declared, 'but the links are cut away from the chain of history. This is the cowardice of our culture. The artists, Bolsheviks as they were of the twenties—Malevich, Tatlin, Popova and Roganova—they are in the museums. Their successors, left-wing art, are bought by the museums, but not exhibited. They are "down in hell", underneath in the cellars, their faces to the wall. And how can our young painters learn now? They have to go to France, to the 1920s, to begin there, when it has all been done in Russia.'

Two or three years ago, he recollected, he had visited Picasso when he was painting his new work *The Rape of the Sabines*. They had discussed this and also Falk and the *Jack of Diamonds* Group. Falk had come back to Moscow in 1937 with his pictures when he could have had wealth and recognition abroad. And still he was 'in hell' in the cellars or facing the wall. Now he was dead, they were beginning to think, and the Armenian and the Moscow Exhibitions would reveal him to the young.

There were fine field mushrooms in that soup, and the rich cabbage flavour was over them. We were listening like children to this wiry little man, whose ambivalence, journalistic skill and linguistic ability had made him so necessary to Russia, such a popular 'non-party' hero of press and public as to survive all the régimes and be their 'window on the west' to teach them how they should react to the sunset of capitalism. Some attribute this to his faculty for 'double-crossing', others to his capacity for being out of the country at critical times. 'Like the fox, Ehrenburg knows when to go to ground,' a Russian in London had said to me years ago.

Certain it is that his French connections made him of the utmost value to his country. Of middle-class Jewish family, born at Kiev in 1891, he was arrested as a revolutionary at 16 years of age, but emigrated to Paris, and from 1909 until 1917 lived in that literary world and even today was president of the U.S.S.R.-France Friendship Society. His friends, like his colleagues in the Spanish War, the talented Mikhail Koltsov, were exterminated in the Stalinist purges. The Jewish writers, yes, and artists too, who came up for execution in the fifties went to their deaths without a word from him. He had found it easy to start writing his novels of communist persuasion; *The Second Day*, 1933, pushed enthusiasm for the Five Year Plan, and *Without a Breathing Spell* and *Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears* followed. He had a brush with the censors over his masterpiece, *The Fall of Paris*, 1942, rose on the tide of anti-German feeling, damped it down in the post-war years, always shrewdly surviving, and, finding it easy to lift up his hands in the blessing of tolerance in Krushchev's day, he had written *The Thaw* in 1954 and in 1956 *Spring*.

He was older now, I could not but reflect, as I saw his hand shake with the soup spoon. How would he survive this hardening that had come with Krushchev's exit in 1964?

'We are thinking in England about the two writers,' I began, 'and what will happen about them.'

'It's nothing,' Ehrenburg dismissed the subject. 'They can be published in the Soviet Union just as I can. If they have merit they will be published. They know the regulations. Change them if they are useless. If, instead of changing them, they first break them, there will be trouble. And there is trouble for them. But it is nothing. About twelve years ago, in *Znamya*[1], I called to stop these controls in literature, and they are becoming better. And they are easier today, much easier than it was for me.'

Valerian Nesterov looked surprised, but Ehrenburg went on, 'It is not what people think, but what some think they ought to think. And who decides? Everyone is afraid to decide! Who can decide? Look what they have done to Mayakovsky!' he said, personally to me without waiting for Nesterov to translate for Davis-Poynter. 'You will see him in the Square, a bronze block, standing still, dull and thick. That is not my Mayakovsky. He was not an elephant with an elephant's skin. He would faint before a cut finger. Most sensitive of men, he did not even have a human skin! But that is how they decide he should be thought of!'

He spoke of Konstantin Paustovsky, with whom he had become friends

in recent years, though he had always admired him as a writer. Now he had to admire him as a man, noble and generous and gifted with courage. He began on a discussion of *Novi Mir* and A. Tvardovsky, its chief editor and also a member of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U., declaring that, progressive as its prose might be, its poetry continued reactionary and was pressed back into the style of Nekrassov.

Talking so much, Ilya Ehrenburg had not been able to keep pace with us and we delayed the conversation waiting for him to finish his soup. I praised the mushrooms and mentioned how I had read of Tolstoy's enthusiasm for the different methods of using them. Ehrenburg valued them as a background to vodka. He described the traditional ways of pickling and serving, but each acted to make the vodka better. He filled our glasses and challenged us to drink a toast to test that taste. I commented that there was orange in the bottle.

'That is the point!' cried Ehrenburg. 'Outside Russia, they think vodka is vodka and nothing more. They just do not understand. Vodka is like many other things in life. By itself it is crude. With something to offset it—orange, fruit juice, anything with flavour will do—the unpleasantness is gone, but the power remains, and you will see the mushrooms are different now.'

'I notice the mushrooms are not alone. You are still including your chicory,' commented Davis-Poynter.

'Ah! You know the story?'

'Not really,' he confessed. 'I have only heard how they would not accept your proposal to grow it.'

'Nonsense! They did accept. And that is how these stories began,' asserted Ilya Ehrenburg testily. 'I will tell you the truth of the matter. Krushchev came up to me after he had attended a meeting of the Praesidium, and in conversation I asked him, "Why has nothing been done about my article, *'Chicory with Mushrooms'*?" He looked evasive. "Have you read it?" I challenged. "Yes, I have read it twice," he answered. "Then why are you not planting chicory?" I demanded. "Planting it?" he said incredulously, "I thought that was a political article! All you said about the second crop! I was trying to see whom you were getting at. But when I read it the second time, I thought it could not be me you were attacking, so I did not bother. Were you serious with this chicory?" "Shall I send you some to prove it?" "Yes, you can do that," Krushchev said, laughing. He came up to me some weeks later and said at once, "This chicory! I like it. It makes the mushrooms better. We must put it into production. They are asking how much for the seed and suggesting 40 tons." '

We all laughed.

'You see how things are done! They have no idea!' Ehrenburg continued. 'At last, after many meetings and decisions, they obtained the seeds from Belgium. But they took no notice of my article. Someone else was going to claim the credit from this agricultural programme. They had forgotten me entirely. So the plants were pulled in summer when green. They had an awful taste. No one would have it. Only in Latvia did they con-

tinue to grow and produce it successfully.'

'And Krushchev?' I asked.

'He never spoke about it. He was too busy with other things to take the blame for that!'

'You tell the story like a parable,' I commented. But parable as a translation word gave Nesterov difficulty, and I could not provide the French equivalent. (Ehrenburg was often drifting into French during these talks, though Nesterov tried to keep things within his Russian grip.) Ehrenburg saw the purpose, however, without the word for it.

'Yes,' he agreed. 'Other things are like that. Book production is held up by paper shortages, and these are due to the Committee for Allocations. The paper-making difficulty is due to cellulose shortages controlled by another committee. Immediate sales of books are hindered by these allocations or the lack of them. Because of other committees, unwanted, unsaleable books can come on the market and not be sold, and still continue to come on the market, while works by well-known authors can sell out and become rare. The surest black market in Russia is in these books, for students operate it. They know the number of copies in the editions and can estimate the demand. So good books go right off the bookstalls before the public have seen even their covers!'

The housekeeper, like a guardian angel, brought in another course. Ehrenburg uncorked some rich Bulgarian wine, red and heavy, a present from the Minister of Agriculture for Bulgaria. I was glad, for I had been to the place where it was produced and could now speak with authority and monopolise attention for a while in praise of things Bulgarian. The choice wine, the broiled lamb, more mushrooms and vodka together had their heartening effect on Ehrenburg, as upon us all. Davis-Poynter looked through his papers, congratulating Ehrenburg again on looking so well 'under attack', and trusting the next volume of his memoirs would be well received.

'Attack?' laughed Ehrenburg, seeming to grow larger as he spoke. 'The sales of a book depend on attack. Reputations depend upon it, and if it is good, the reputation not only of the book but of the attacker. Yevtushenko was attacked. So everyone buys him, everyone reads him. Otherwise he would be one of a crowd, perhaps unknown. The good critics know whom to attack and when. There are many who are searching and looking around to do just that.' He laughed rather cynically. 'But that is just what they cannot do! They choose the wrong books because they are not good critics. They attack and they make fools of themselves. Yet an attack can be the making of a young writer.'

Davis-Poynter brought the discussion down to a practical query on the index to the English edition of the famous memoirs—*Men, Years—Life*. Ehrenburg had no sympathy with indexes. They did without them in Russia. Let the reader read the book if he wanted information; lists and pages were no use. If there were to be names at the end, let them be attached to biographies—some sort of brief summary to explain each person, otherwise the writer gets no profit from making the index, and he, Ehrenburg, would say 'Cut it out. Do without it. It is nothing!'

In vain Davis-Poynter tried to show Ehrenburg our use for indexing. It was extra work for the writer—an insult to him if readers were only going to read to a numbered page, and no profit either. Ivor Montague was his literary agent and attorney in England. He could decide. He also declined to discuss his full collected edition, referring it to the same direction. After another glass or two of vodka he was still in this dogged mood when International P.E.N., and the prospect of Soviet writers taking part in the international congresses came up.

'Only second-rate writers have any part in those societies and committees. It does not matter!' he declared, quoting names of writers who did not belong, the English ones being noted communists who had expressed to me several times bitter hostility to P.E.N. There was a need for Soviet writers, I suggested, to get their own share of international influence to balance the Western.

'Who was at that International Conference at Bled, Yugoslavia?' he asked.

'Alexei Surkov,' I replied.

At the name of the secretary of the Russian Society of Writers, Ehrenburg shrugged his shoulders. The discussion dropped. Fortunately his long-haired dachshund came in just then and diverted the conversation, for its long body was in perfect condition, and the lovely coat glowed with colour and vitality. Davis-Poynter had dogs in England. I talked of badgers and hounds, and told my favourite bloodhound story. (I have kept two bloodhounds myself, one from Mrs. Michael Sadleir's famous murderer-hunting stock.) But the English bloodhound was unknown to both Ehrenburg and Nesterov, and as far as they could tell me, unknown in the Soviet Union, and I am afraid my praise of this breed's gentle nature contrasted so much with its employment as to make them doubt my veracity.

The housekeeper now almost overwhelmed the table with a huge mushroom pie, mushroom casserole and cold fish served with accessories. Davis-Poynter tried to draw Ehrenburg to express some thoughts on the theatre, but he declared that since Meyerhold's death the great days were done, and all the glory gone in imitation of these achievements. As for the post-war years until now, he recognised only a theatre of decadence. I suggested salvation in satire and mentioned the Miniature Theatre, with the playwright and producer defending their work before the audience, and we discussed our own English Royal Court Theatre and the theatre clubs, whether they depended merely on *succès de scandale* with docile English audiences.

We drank the cool Russian mineral water that assuaged the fire of vodka. He talked of his pictures and, as Davis-Poynter estimated their value in the Western world, repeated that they were promised to museums. There was a Chagall which had cost only 150 roubles. Unsigned, it had been exhibited in Japan and at many exhibitions. Now Chagall had signed it for him, and it was priceless. He had too many pictures, all of them gifts, he insisted, showing us the other room. I felt bound to remark on his balanced arrangement, a compliment he acknowledged, confessing that he had been called a 'master of formation'. It was obvious Ilya Ehrenburg did not share the

Russian traditional fear of the nude in art. Laughing, we congratulated him on this, but he grew serious and denied this fear of the naked as truly Russian, instancing it as a lack of freedom of spirit derived from religious inhibitions. I questioned this, quoting the nakedness on the newly-restored Kremlin icons, but he seemed incredulous, and I understood he had not seen them. He had also carvings and small statuary from all over the world in his crowded bookcases, some little things being perched on shelves before the books.

But there was one object especially that I carried away in my memory, an arrival probably from one of the French islands in Polynesia; the dark red mask of carved tropical wood, showing a black face and glaring eyes and big white teeth. Larger than life it was and cynical, yet not tragic nor sinister but like the face of a cunning clown that would play a reckless joke and then escape. It hung on the wall opposite where I sat and seemed to take life sometimes, particularly after the lights were switched on and they fell upon the whites of those rolling eyes.

We drank our black coffee, that seemed so refreshing as a finale to that Russian repast. Davis-Poynter brought out of his brief-case the object Ehrenburg had most desired of him and which he had brought over specially; a big English seed catalogue of flowers and coloured illustrations. The delight of the old man was wonderful as he flicked over the picture pages and talked of gardens and flowers, and how to get those seeds.

As we rose to go, he turned to me and, half admonishing, half in exhortations, briefly referring to the talk there had been about the persecutions of the Stalin era. 'I hope you will have been able to understand things now,' he pressed. 'There is a new atmosphere, an emerging tolerance and humanity, not only among intellectuals, but among the young, and this new spirit which is growing up, if it is strong, will not let the clock be put back.'

We shook hands at the door and presented our good wishes for his wife's recovery, so that they could be once again together in the country. As we expressed our gratitude to his housekeeper she suddenly adopted that half-oriental but truly Slavonic grace of disacknowledging thanks as undeserved, yet accepting with a smile and a little old-fashioned bow. In the narrow passage before the lift, away from his possessions, Ilya Ehrenburg had suddenly become small and frail. We were a strange group: myself—poet and information seeker; Davis-Poynter—publisher with commercial motives; Nesterov—interpreter and watcher for International Friendship in the interest of Soviet Authority; and the little Jewish journalist, who had survived like a cork at the top of every Soviet tide, the unpurged non-party man, whose last task was to explain it all in his many-volumed testament, *People—Years—Life*, and cause the critics to debate his ambivalence and his sincerity.

The puzzle of his friendship with his fellow iconoclast, Mayakovsky, and with Fadeyev, both suicides, bewildered me as we went down in the lift. I would have wished to have asked him to talk about his friend, Fadeyev, secretary of the Union of Writers until his suicide in 1956, a man who was to blame for executing the most terrible literary purges after Zhdanov's

accusations. How would Ehrenburg have rated him with his successor Surkov, the next secretary, who had taken up Ehrenburg's own anti-German revenge motif in the post-war years; and how have equated those suicides, not of Fadayev alone, but of Esenin, of Mayakovsky and so many others, against his own persuasive survival? But I could not, an invited guest, have asked questions that would have been insults in themselves. And yet I thought, as we stepped out into the courtyard and the snow, just how would the pleasant lunch have gone if I, delegate, and Reginald Davis-Poynter, publisher, had been invited to Fadeyev's luncheon in Stalin's time or gone to Surkov's home.

'I feel this is an historic occasion,' Nesterov was saying. 'And I am glad to have had the privilege, for he is 75 years of age, and he has known everybody, everybody.' And privilege it surely was, for Ilya Ehrenburg died on 31st August 1967 after a long illness and, friend of France, was buried on the Lenin Hills beside the poet Ogarev (1813-1877), refugee in England whom they had brought back from Greenwich the year before.

'People say you have a complicated character. How do you consider yourself?' the *Novosti* correspondent asked him just before his death.

'What do you mean by "complicated?" I think I simply have a bad character. This bad character, however, did not prevent me doing a few good things.' He could scarcely have devised a more effective epitaph!

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[1] *Znamya*, October, 1953.

[Stowers Johnson has for many years made a special study of affairs behind the Iron Curtain. He speaks several Slavonic languages and has travelled widely in the Balkans and Eastern Europe. A recent tour took him to Tashkent and Uzbekistan. He is a former Editor of the Anglo-Soviet journal. Recent publications include *Two Faces of Russia* and *Turkish Panorama*.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

A Winter in the Hills by John Wain (Macmillan 38s.); *Elegy* by Doreen Wallace (Collins 25s.); *The Hide* by Barry Unsworth (Gollancz 32s); *Real People* by Alison Lurie (Heinemann 25s); *The Listeners* by Monica Dickens (Heinemann 30s.); *The Sinners* by R. C. Sherman (Cassell 30s.); *Naked Came the Stranger* by Penelope Ashe (Barrie Jenkins 30s.); *Middle Ground* by Ursula Zillinsky (Longmans 30s.); *A Most Benevolent Gentleman* by Brenda Rattray (Macdonald 30s.); *Crown and Mitre* by Robert Neill (Hutchinson 30s.); *Kill the Stuart* by Ronald Bassett (Barrie Jenkins 30s.); *The Meddlers* by Claire Rayner (Cassell 35s.).

IN 1953 John Wain, then a young University lecturer and poet, launched upon the literary scene his first novel, *Hurry on Down*, forerunner of a department of novel writing later to be classified as 'the Movement' with which the names of Iris Murdoch and Kingsley Amis soon became associated. Some fresh directive at the time was much needed since the immediate post-war period appeared to have put forth no new branches and the novel still lingered uneasily in the form and *genre* of the 'thirties. *Hurry on Down* cut fresh ground in that it was irresistibly humorous while at the same time offering timely comment on a newly emerging Society. It was, as Michael Sadleir commented, 'a bustling kaleidoscope of a book, keenly observant and occasionally probing the heart of darkness'.

Now Mr. Wain has harnessed all his powers of observation and narrative experience in a long, capacious novel. *A Winter in the Hills* (Macmillan 38s.), which is bound to prove one of the major successes of the Summer publishing season. It is as though the farcical characters of his early novels have grown to maturity, deepening in the process to embrace subtle comedy and, on occasion, pathos.

Thus, when the central character, Roger Furnival, a young middle-aged lecturer in philology, 'borrows' a bus to escape from the rain-lashed mountain side—a picaresque episode reminiscent of similar escapades in earlier novels—the incident serves to set in motion the complex happenings which comprise this intricate story of local power politics.

Roger Furnival, having suffered deeply from the death of an invalid brother and an abortive love affair, migrates to an inconspicuous 'resort' on the Northern Welsh coast ostensibly to study the Welsh language. He is ripe for involvement in a situation of graft and intimidation which may be seen as a microcosm of much that takes place in the world today. For this reason, as much as because he is bored and lonely, he constitutes himself champion of the oppressed. *A Winter in the Hills*, being longer than many current publications, allows room for development of the many characters and for the building up of scenes and situations. From the redoubtable Mrs.

Awkwright, courageously airing her grievances at being obliged to carry her own dustbins, to the Welsh 'bard' with mixed allegiances, all are portrayed in depth and with racy humour. Interiors of shops, pubs and modest dwellings emerge sharply. But all the action is not confined behind bricks and mortar. Much of it takes place on beaches and amid the untamed mountains which tower above the town. The awareness of passing seasons and the boundless seascape serves as bold contrast to a setting which could easily have become drab and monotonous. Fights, ambushes and general rough play organised by Roger and his supporters ensure the triumph of 'right' over oppression although only temporarily.

The theme of an outsider who becomes fortuitously involved in the affairs of lesser intellects than his own has been treated before; yet seldom with more insight and originality. Gareth, the hunchback owner of the 'borrowed' bus, living high up on the mountain side with his blind mother in a hovel anachronistically lit by electricity from the striding pylons below, is a truly memorable creation. Less happy is the intervention of 'love' interest. Roger Furnival requires a woman in his life as urgently as he relishes the occasional square meal. But did he not merit a more interesting companion than the incompatibly married Jenny Twyford? Jenny promises to become tedious in domesticity once her marital problems have been sorted out; and even graphic descriptions of her sexual prowess fail to make the 'romance' convincing. But *A Winter in the Hills* is important for matters other than Roger Furnival's love life.

The temptation to cast a novel in the form of a personal confession is a strong one. Unfortunately the technique poses problems equal to its advantages. The voice of the 'narrator', unless successfully modulated, tends to become either shrill or monotonous. In *Elegy* (Collins 25s.) Doreen Wallace uses not one voice but three for her brief story of two generations resident in the Glasgow area. The characters modestly believe themslves to be of no particular account and the reader needs little persuasion to accept this estimation. It is beside the point that the Craig family is unattractive—although in her Foreword Doreen Wallace boldly declares her own partiality for them—because insufficient elbow-room has been permitted for their development. Much depends upon the reader's acceptance of young Walter Craig as a 'musical genius'. Alas, the sensitive reaction of a successful composer is not discernible in the sottish youth. It is never easy for the novelist to be convincing about exceptional talent. Possibly most people prefer their fictional heroes to remain on the border-line of failure, and so put up subconscious resistance to a saga of success?

That the voice of the 'narrator' can reveal effective undertones when skilfully employed is shown to excellent effect in *The Hide* (Gollancz 32s.). Barry Unsworth, a new young writer who has already published two novels, is as incisive and compelling with his use of the interior monologue as Fannie Hurst once was with her portrayal of the hapless 'Lummox'. Every thought and nuance of mood experienced by the two main characters, Josh and Simon, are faithfully recorded through the 'stream of consciousness'. Josh is a gypsy type whose utterances are crude and instinctive. He takes un-

easily to the role of 'gardener' at a large estate and spends much time stalking his female employer and indulging in lewd throughts about her. Like the two men, this woman is firmly drawn and her very ordinariness becomes amusing. She provides excellent cover for her brother, Simon's eccentric passion for burrowing out an elaborate system of tunnels in the uncultivated section of the garden. Much of the story is told in the present tense which contributes a useful sense of immediacy. The dialogue is sprinkled with coarse language and acute observation. The description of commonplace objects and situations resembles a bright light being switched on in a curtained room. 'I began to . . . move forward away from voices through patterns of sunlight and shadow, breaking without violence those shadows, sensing their immediate reforming behind me, the resumption of precise, inviolate rays. . . .'

A muted voice, clear as a tinkling bell, conveys Alison Lurie's slender story in *Real People* (Heinemann 25s.). A dozen or so American writers and free-lance journalists converge upon 'Illyria', a dignified though decaying mansion converted into a 'sanctuary for the nerve-torn intellectual'. All appear to be suffering from varying degrees of neurosis or frustration and it is scarcely surprising if the 'muse' is frequently neglected for more personal considerations. Moreover, 'Illyria' is run on the lines of a detention centre and irksome rules must be observed under threat of expulsion. True, the scenery is delightful and the food attractive—yet the reader is left wondering whether writers are not better off in their own homes where the strident intrusion of the mundane world may well provide a stimulus more effective than the cloistered atmosphere of an 'Illyria'. As a group, the characters scarcely seem to be up to the standard of 'creative' writers. Yet possibly these standards are non existent and, taken in a crowd, authors are not noticeably superior to the most randomly assembled collection of mediocrities? Alison Lurie's writing has a translucent quality. She has published three earlier novels, all dealing with similar themes. Much of *Real People* is written in the present tense; while dialogues are presented in the form of a TV playscript. Through these and other modern techniques the motley, tarnished players become startlingly alive as they quarrel, fall in and out of love and begin short stories or novels destined only to be thrust aside. . . .

Very different in style and content is *The Listeners* by Monica Dickens (Heinemann 30s.). This is a 'group' novel providing a multi-view of an unlovely provincial town, and the effect is brittle, jabbing and intensely successful in reader-involvement. The society known as the 'good Samaritans', nicknamed 'the listeners', is manned by dedicated men and women who wait by the telephone twenty-four hours round the clock to receive S.O.S. calls from people in the direst mental distress. The responsibility is tremendous. Self-destruction and crime may follow if the appeal is not promptly met. Understandably the human flotsam thus contacted is not attractive. Neither, for that matter, are the 'listeners' themselves above reproach, for inevitably their motives are suspect and they may well be working out some private therapy of their own. The numerous sub-sec-

tions, offering varied glimpses of public and domestic life, might have become disjointed but instead shake down into a vividly observed pattern.

Taken in general, the characters are no more endearing than their 'small town' background. Paul Hammond, a dedicated teacher and one of the 'listeners', is perhaps the most sympathetic. Through numerous small vignettes of his squalid home he stands out head and shoulders above the others. Monica Dickens is brilliant at smiles which prod the reader into constant wakefulness. . . . 'The house in Darley Street tilted backwards into the clouded sky; . . . its round chimney pots like sawn off arms. . . .' She also excels in dialogue, which is frank, naturalistic and often downright vulgar. She knows everything relevant and irrelevant about her men and women. Those readers who wish to wear rose-tinted spectacles will wish that she knew rather less!

Mr. R. C. Sherman, on the other hand, seems to understand very little about the complex motivation of the human heart. His new novel, *The Sinners* (Cassell 30s.), is concerned only with action and pretty incredible action at that. Almost from the first paragraph his characters are presented as mere puppets. The randomly assembled group, five men and one woman, are lured to an uninhabited island by an insane tycoon-cum-crook for his own nefarious ends. He then proceeds to play tricks on his victims by prompting complicated personal relationships. At gun-point, he soon has them hopping around naked, like baboons, their sexual instincts aroused by acts of senseless violence. The coincidence that one of the party is a priest serves to emphasise the general obscenity. Unfortunately, these excesses produce a nullifying effect. The blows, the strippings and the shootings somehow become irrelevant. What matters in this novel is the fine descriptive writings which brings into view a fabulously beautiful island of the Seychelles Archipelago.

Something of the same nullifying effect is experienced after reading *Naked Came the Stranger* by Penelope Ashe (Barrie Jenkins 30s.). Curiosity is battered into indifference by repetitive descriptions of Gillian Blake's sexual conquests. Each of the fourteen sub-sections is devoted to a different 'encounter', recorded in detail and with a startling disregard for reticence. Gillian is happily married and enjoys fame as a TV personality. Yet for her these outlets are insufficient. She embarks upon new love affairs almost daily and indulges her desires in the most unlikely situations.

Fortunately the reader need not feel unduly concerned over her lack of scruple. A hint on the dust-jacket reveals that *Naked Came the Stranger* is the work of a 'team' of writers and not to be taken seriously. This 'scorching' novel, enhanced by the picture of a purely beautiful nude on the cover, has recently topped the sales lists in America.

Utterly different yet inducing much the same sensation of surfeit is *Middle Ground* (Longmans 30s.) the second published novel of German-born Ursula Zilinsky. Here the setting is a German concentration camp and the bestialities are faithfully recorded in unvarnished passages of description and dialogue. Strangely, the mellower incidents of appeasement and graft seem even more repulsive than the brutalities. Detention centres such as Heili-

gendorf have been embalmed for all time—and rightly—in many novels and plays previous to the publication of this novel in which nothing new or different seems to have been stated. Yet perhaps it is a manifestation of post-war complacency that the reader tends to resist permanent involvement with this hideous reminder of the recent past?

The record of man's inhumanity to man is no less disquieting when considered as a part of our historical background; although the writer may experience more difficulty in convincing us of its relevance. In *A Most Benevolent Gentleman* (Macdonald 30s.) Brenda Rattray has chosen an original subject for her first full-length novel—an account of Thomas Day, eighteenth-century author and disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The full story of this unusual man has not previously been told in fictional form and he tends to hover dimly in public recognition as a confidant of Richard Edgeworth and the poetess Anna Seward rather than as a social reformer who sought to put Rousseau's educational theories to practical test. What strikes us today is Thomas Day's ruthless domination of his victim's mind and heart, together with distaste for the blind bullying which resulted from a rigid disciplinary code. Even more shocking is the ease with which an orphan girl could be acquired for the type of educational experiment so faithfully described in Rousseau's famous novel 'Emile'. Rousseau preached tolerance and liberalism and could never have intended mental cruelty to contribute to the grooming of a balanced personality and 'perfect matrimonial partner'. This aspect of the undertaking is far more shocking than the crudities of the eighteenth century, which are adequately and effectively sketched in as background to an arresting human story. It is a 'corner' of history, seen in pale colouring, of period interiors and the bleak 'Midlands' setting. Eventually Thomas Day married an heiress, having deserted his humble protegée, and became well known as the author of 'Sandford' and other moral tales—but that is another story!

Crown and Mitre by Robert Neill (Hutchinson 30s.) presents on a broad canvas a vivid account of one of the most exciting periods of English history —the Restoration of the monarchy in 1660. Temporarily at any rate, significance and variety had returned to English life—providing the last real link with Elizabethan and Mediaeval England before two centuries of the Georges and Queen Victoria all but obliterated the views and customs of our romantic forbears. *Crown and Mitre* is the first of a series of novels in which national events will be related to the lives of ordinary seventeenth and eighteenth century citizens.

Kill the Stuart by Robert Bassett (Barrie Jenkins 30s.) follows this formula even more faithfully. Inevitably the historical novelist is faced with the alternative of recording fully documented events as straight history or interpreting these incidents through the filter of human psychology. Mr. Bassett, in a vigorous story of the 'seventeen-forties' set in the Scottish Highlands, has chosen the latter course.

What would the seventeenth century apologists for a non-scientific world have made of the space-age discoveries described in *The Meddlers* by Claire Rayner? (Cassell 35s.). This is the story of the conception and rearing of a

'test-tube' baby. Claire Rayner, ex-nurse and contributor to medical journals, presents the hypothesis as a definite possibility. Yet her concern is not for the clinical exploitation of those scientists who contribute to such experiments but for the personal dilemma of men and women who serve as robots in the cause of progress. Dr. Briant, the doctor in charge, is a crude individual who has himself failed to achieve satisfactory family relationships. His wife, neurotic and alcoholic, cannot have assisted him towards self-adjustment. Their son emerges as brash and unco-operative. Tenderness and credibility creep into this devastatingly up-to-the-minute novel through Isobel, the attendant to the artificially-sired infant. The tragedy which finally overtakes them both is seen to be inevitable—even desirable. This long, involved novel, efficiently covering aspects of Fleet Street journalism, life in a teaching hospital, and national politics, is handled throughout with brisk competence. It speaks with a harsh authoritative voice and makes absorbing reading.

ALSO RECEIVED

Leopard in the Garden by Nathaniel Burt (Murray 30s.). A vivid day-to-day account of a summer spent in the South of France seen through the eyes of a young boy. Acute observation and appreciation of the trials of adolescence contribute to the effect of a dramatic climax.

Three excellent novels for junior readers: *The Mirrored Shield* by Violet Bibby (Longmans Young Books 30s.) the story of a twelve-year-old boy in Medieval times.

A Kind of Secret Weapon by Elliott Arnold (Longmans Young Books 18s.). Exciting and authentic account of Nazi-occupied Denmark based on the author's first-hand experience.

The Drummer Boy by Leon Garfield (Longmans Young Books 30s.). A vivid tale of youth and shattered ideals during the wars with France.

Detection stories: *Wobble to Death* by Peter Lovesey (Macmillan 21s.). An unusual mystery novel, set in the late nineteenth century, about the gruesome 'wobble' contests which were once popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Winner of the Panther/Macmillan crime novel competition. *A Game for Heroes* by James Graham (Macmillan 25s.). Interesting Channel Islands setting and unusual poet-novelist-soldier hero. *Deadly Nightshade* by James Fraser (Herbert Kenkins 25s.). James Fraser is 'Alan White's' new pseudonym—author of two successful war novels. This novel is one of the Detective Inspector Bill Aveyard series and is concerned with crime in a remote Midlands village.

The Fifth Ghost Book edited by Rosemary Timperley (Barrie and Rockcliff 30s.). Eighteen new stories of which 'The Shadow on the Wall' by L. P. Hartley and 'Nothing' by Winifred Wilkinson are the most impressive. This collection continues the series originally founded by Lady Cynthia Asquith.

JULIAN HUXLEY'S MEMOIRS

Memories. Julian Huxley. Allen and Unwin. 63s.

Julian has always been a joy for those privileged to know him and a permanent problem to himself, which he frankly admits in this fascinating book of Memories. The book is personal and anecdotal, but a pattern can be

discerned in these sixty years from the age of four to sixty-four, when he became Director-General of UNESCO. A description of these later years is reserved for a second volume.

In his own preface the author writes: 'Looking back, I seem to have been possessed by a demon, driving me into every sort of activity and impatient to finish anything I have begun . . . I have been accused of dissipating my energies in too many directions, yet it was assuredly this diversity of interest that made me what I am.' What an accurate self-observation! It is perhaps, the interlacing of personal recollections and observations of scientific phenomena which makes the book so readable and at times exciting. Huxley can never be accused of dullness. In a book entitled 'Memories' he is entitled to choose the moments and events, which helped to create the man Julian Huxley, who in his time has become known for and stood the test for 'a point of view'. A discerning critic must, sooner or later, declare whether Huxley has contributed anything new or lasting to history. Anyway it is too early to deliver such judgements. But there are many who value his intellectual honesty and have been moved by, for example, his introduction to Tielhard de Chardin.

Of course Julian Huxley is inseparable from his own ancestors, more particularly his grandfather and his marvellous mother. He adored his brother Aldous and was blessed by his wife Juliette. As he writes 'her love has helped me to acquire an inner peace and understanding and has given me a refuge through our fifty years of married life'.

I met Julian first at Oxford, when I was an undergraduate and he a don. He was a welcome guest at a party given by me as the first Labour President of the Oxford Union. Later we met in PEP and elsewhere. His memory of PEP is not always accurate, but who cares? Committee work and administration were never his favourite hobbies, and politics bored him. But still it can be said of him 'nihil tetigit quod non ornavit'. Perhaps due to his mother's link with Matthew Arnold, he had a considerable knowledge of English literature and indeed of the classics. He won the Newdigate Prize for a poem on Holyrood. Perhaps he was himself a 'Scholar Gypsy'.

I am in no position to comment on his scientific eminence, but he attained distinction after his First Class at Oxford, held important posts, contributed a stream of books and became a leading authority on the Behaviour of Birds, Genetics and Evolution.

Perhaps he will be remembered as one of the great popularisers of Science, especially as Chapter XII illustrates in conjunction with H. G. Wells. He belongs to an interesting and now demoded world of families, which include the Darwins, Haldanes, Wedgwoods, Trevelyans, etc., who combined high scholarship with civilised living and public service. They sprang from the Victorian environment, but they were sensitive and civilised rebels against the prevailing philistinism.

KENNETH LINDSAY

NELSON'S DAUGHTER—HORATIA

Horatia Nelson. Winifred Gérin. Oxford University Press. 65s.

The public has waited long for a detailed and authoritative account of the life of Horatia Nelson, daughter of Admiral Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. It is almost 90 years since she died and yet this is the first biography to be attempted. Middle class respectability and the feelings of the Nelson family have been among the causes of this neglect, but in this day and age these factors

are no longer applicable. 'The fear of damaging the image of a national hero that prompted the late Victorians to leave Nelson's daughter uncommented and unsung, need no longer deter the modern biographer from directing the light onto a subject which is so little detrimental to his fame; Nelson is not lessened by the facts of his daughter's life. He is, surprisingly, seen to greater advantage in his role of father than ever before.'

More than half the book is devoted to Horatia's childhood because the author considers it of the highest importance to show her 'in the known context of her parents' lives'. Many happy episodes are recorded of life at Merton House, the attractive home purchased by Nelson for Lady Hamilton and Horatia. But with the death of Sir William Hamilton and Nelson, hard times lay ahead. Lady Hamilton was constantly in debt, compelled to sell Merton House, and spent her last few years in one London boarding house after another, finally taking refuge in France to avoid her creditors. Horatia, suffering and neglected, was with her to the end; she was 14 when her mother died in Calais on January 15, 1815. It was then that the Nelson family came to the rescue. Horatia became the ward of Mrs. Matcham, Nelson's younger sister, and shared the life of the Matchams at their beautiful Sussex home, Ashfold Lodge. When the Matcham family moved abroad Horatia went to live with the Boltons in Norfolk. Mrs. Bolton was the other sister of Nelson. There she met the Rev. Philip Ward whom she married.

Horatia's warm welcome into the Nelson family completely transformed the tenor of her life, and this is reflected in the character of the book. It now becomes a narration of the hundred and one incidents of everyday country life, the births, marriages, and deaths of the very large Nelson clan with its preponderance of clergymen, a day at the sea, a visit to the provincial theatre, a country ball; almost reminiscent of a Jane Austen novel. And as the story unfolds one begins to appreciate what a fine person Horatia was, as a child, as a parson's wife, and as a mother. She brought up a large family—six boys and three girls—and it is evident that they all loved her. Indeed family life with Phillp and the children is one of the outstanding features of her life. The author describes vividly the many residences and towns where Horatia at one time lived—the tranquil beauty of Ashfold Lodge, the equally peaceful countryside of Norfolk, Tenterden, and lastly Pinner where she died at the age of eighty.

The book is scholarly but there are no *longueurs* and will undoubtedly have a great appeal to the average reader. Its value is further enhanced by the inclusion of many finely reproduced illustrations. Miss Gérin has used well her sources which are abundant, and done full justice to this remarkable and eminently likeable daughter of Nelson about whom history has so long remained silent. She has at least found a place in the hearts of the English people.

S. F. WOOLLEY

ROBERT McALMON'S MEMOIRS INTERPOLATED

Being Geniuses Together 1920-1930. Robert McAlmon. Revised and with supplementary chapters by Kay Boyle. Michael Joseph, 60s.

There are many accounts of the lost generation of expatriate writers and artists who turned the Paris of the Twenties into a literary Mecca particularly enticing and productive for American novelists and poets. Gertrude Stein's *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, Morley Callaghan's *That Summer in Paris*,

Sylvia Beach's *Shakespeare and Company*, and Ernest Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast* all describe that legendary milieu and decade.

Robert McAlmon, an American writer, all of whose books are now out of print, and who died in 1956, published his memoirs in 1938. They were lively, readable and irreverent, with a kind of determined inconoclasm. Now, Kay Boyle, a prolific American author, who was his close friend, has edited his memoirs, and, by a curious transplant operation, interpolated her own chapters of autobiography and reminiscences. This either rounds the picture, or produces an unhappy hybrid according to the reader's level of tolerance.

What surely matters more, is the value of their joint impressions, and the quality of the anecdotes. Miss Boyle by far outwrites McAlmon; her prose can have the sensuous intensity of Anais Nin—she transfers a cat to her poor and colourless room, 'as one transfers a bright decalcomania to the faded paper on a wall. That room without a window, without a rug, without a comfortable chair, was marvellously embellished by the cat's presence'.

McAlmon, less artistic, gallops through his stories of others with a somewhat endearing brazenness. If he is not careful he sounds like Frank Harris at his worst: accounts of meetings, exchanges, interactions, in the setting of a café society can, in retrospect, seem only too fugitive. Indeed, his description of Frank Harris may well serve as an example—'He was short and stocky and looked to me as though his hair were dyed in black tea, as was that of an old professor in my childhood days. His drooping moustache was tobacco-stained, and he could have passed for a race-track bookie on his uppers, and his conversation did not eradicate that impression'.

Nonetheless, McAlmon was a most important publisher: James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, Norman Douglas, Ford Maddox Ford, Havelock Ellis and William Carlos Williams were all his—sometimes for the first time in print—with his Contact Publishing Company in Paris.

What will be the most eagerly read, or re-read, passages will be the material relating to the major writers, especially to James Joyce. McAlmon actually typed the last fifty pages of *Ulysses*—the Molly Bloom interior monologue—and, in so doing altered the intended order of various insertions, thinking 'Molly might just as well think this or that a page or two later, or not at all'. Years later, he asked Joyce 'if he had noticed that I'd altered the mystic arrangement of Molly's thought, and he said that he had, but agreed with my viewpoint'. This is McAlmon at his driest and his most informative.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A SYMPOSIUM ON HERBERT READ

Herbert Read: A Memorial Symposium. Edited by Robin Skelton. Methuen 50s.

In this centenary year, it is fitting that the Wordsworthian, Sir Herbert Read, should be honoured in this commemorative volume, which, as a model of its kind, apart from some of the slightnesses of its genre, certainly gives a rounded picture of its subject's intellectual life.

All his rôles are here—Herbert Read's influential teaching of the importance of education through art; his bland anarchism, closely analogous to that of Morris; his psychoanalytical period; his poetry; his criticism; and his function as a friend an inspirer. He complains, while yet perpetuating the situation, of lack of time for his own creative work, but since it is not yet customary for a memorial work to contain a psychological assessment, interpretations of his state of mind must remain wanting.

Kathleen Raine's outstanding essay on 'Herbert Read as a Literary Critic' makes the best analysis of his intellectual positions, seeing that 'his affirmation of a vital imaginative principle throughout a protean sequence of changes of theoretical ground, was his greatest contribution'.

His exchange of letters with the gifted American writer, Edward Dahlberg, is the liveliest part of the volume. Was there ever such a fruitful absence of agreement, such an uneasy skirmishing on areas of common ground, as Dahlberg's extraordinary pyrotechnics hammer away at Read's explications and anxieties? Dahlberg complains, "it distresses me deeply that with all your understanding you cannot see that (Henry) James could not write'. He thinks that Wordsworth 'was a mediocre poet'. Of Read himself, however, he memorably observes, 'As a stylist you are a lissom deer'.

Herbert Reed always attempted the wider world-view—'I see no future for poetry or the novel, or for drama, except in so far as these forms are embodied in the philosophy of a new humanism'. As an individual, however, his view is a finely aesthetic one; as he expresses in some of his best poetry, dying is made bearable if

I could see some perfect form
It might be this fern at my feet
Or a sparrow flickering past my window....

Like Wordsworth, he had, basically, an intense love of nature springing from his boyhood as a farmer's son in Yorkshire. As it was, too, for Ruskin, whom he also admired, nature was a stepping-stone to universal truths in the body politic.

MOLLY TIBBS

MAKING LOVE—AND POETRY

Poems About Love. Robert Graves. Cassell. 30s.

The publisher's blurb proclaims Mr. Graves the twentieth century's finest poet of love; and only a poor critic of poetry and of the particular subject-matter could, I think, gainsay the claim. For, let me say at once, this is a delectable and fascinating book. In his Foreword Mr. Graves says the poems —more than two hundred—are chosen from more than twenty books published in the past half-century, are printed in roughly chronological order, and are mostly 'variations on the main poetic problem: which is how to restore the lost age of love-innocence between men and women'. As to this 'lost-age' Mr. Graves laments the weakening of the individual love-pacts and love-treaties in the lives of young people and deplores the development of 'that blind and irresponsible successor to matriarchy and patriarchy — the mechanarchy'. The series of related thoughts is implicit in the separate love-poems which mark the secret occasions and the women inspiring them. Some readers may think that more than two hundred love poems written and collected by one author is too much of a one-string fiddle, but when the time spent in writing and publishing them is taken into account—half-a-century —the feat seems less prodigious, and the fact that the poems are printed 'in roughly chronological order' prompts interesting speculations as to the degree of emotion expended as the years wore on.

The first poem, 'The Finding of Love' certainly has the ring of one of the author's earliest lyrics, quite perfect in cool delicate rhyming:

Pale at first and cold,
Like wizard's lily-bloom
Conjured from the gloom,
Like torch of glow-worm seen
Through grasses shining green
By children half in fright....

And equally impersonal is 'Love Without Hope' that soon follows:

> Love without hope, as when the young bird-catcher
> Swept off his tall hat to the Squire's own daughter,
> So let the imprisoned larks escape and fly
> Singing about her head, as she rode by.

Turning the pages, the poems express a variety of moods and treatments, physical, spiritual and intellectual, but all with that assured technique which Mr. Graves has always commanded. One, 'Counting the Beats' has an infinity of passion in its conclusion:

> Where shall we be,
> (She whispers) where shall we be,
> When death strikes home, O where then shall we be
> Who were you and I?
>
> Not there but here,
> (He whispers) only here,
> As we are, here, together, now and here,
> Always you and I.
>
> Counting the beats,
> Counting the slow heart beats,
> The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats,
> Wakeful they lie.

The book is divided into nine parts, each following the wayward arrangement of instinctive art and yielding something memorable. It is a strange, unusual collection of poems that is offered, and many are old friends.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A CROWDED LIFE

Time and Chance. Averil Mackenzie-Grieve. Bles. 50s.

This is the autobiography of a remarkable woman who has come full circle—from Rotherfield, Sussex, where she was born, to Robertsbridge, twelve miles away, where she now lives. The circle's wide arc has taken in China, Sarawak, Bali, and a host of places in Europe from St. Joan's France to Malta and Ischia. Few women have lived such a varied life so rich in human contacts; fewer could present it with such professional flair, in line-drawing as well as text.

Her first venture, after an idyllic Devon girlhood, was to Amoy with her first husband, Cyril le Gros Clark, at a time of war-lord upheavals and anti-foreigner unrest. She gives a vivid account of her two-and-a-half years there, with visits to the Chinese mainland. On one, to Foochow, they lodged with Shelley Brand, the original of Somerset Maugham's *The Failure*, a portrayal which the deeply hurt ex-trader regarded as a betrayal, for the hospitality Maugham had enjoyed.

This was a prelude to eleven years in Sarawak, where her husband became Chief Secretary. She was fascinated by the country, its claustrophobic rivers and villages, its Malay, Dyak, Kayan and Kenyah tribal life and customs. She recognised, she says, not only the 'primitive' in herself but in her 'primitive' neighbours basic types common to all humanity:

> In a Dyak longhouse or a Malay village, I found exactly the same characters as in a Mayfair drawing-room, a Devonshire hamlet: the rich man, the sycophant, the bully, the buck, the gossip, the kind and unselfish, the troublemakers of both sexes. It was a living proof of the axiom that all men are brothers in that they share a common nature, if not a common material civilisation.

She describes the White Rajah administration, the social life of the white settlers, has a good word for the work of the District Officer, and is amusing about the visit of a Japanese Admiral and his staff, 'politely hissing like tea-kettles', for whom the Rajah gave a dinner and dance. 'The Captain, next to whom I sat, was introduced as having some knowledge of my tongue, but when I asked him how many children he had, and he replied sixty-five, I felt we were talking at cross-purposes and gave up with a hiss.'

Her Sarawak chapter is an absorbing period study of a régime now irrevocably superseded, though presumably some of the humane benefits it conferred still survive. In Bali she found 'a perfectly integrated, happy, intelligent and highly cultured people'.

Back in Europe, she toured the Maid's France with Owen Rutter to do drawings for his book, *Land of St. Joan*. Her visits to Malta and Ischia were no mere tourist jaunt but a saturation in history, culture, and the spirit of place and people. Wherever she went she indulged a passion for castles, romantic villas, exotic landscape, never fearing that her zest for them might at times be a little overwrought. She has tender memories of her all-too-brief second marriage, to John Keevil, the naval surgeon and medical historian who was awarded a DSO for his ordeal in the bombed HMS *Illustrious*.

In Sussex again, with her memories, she shivers in winter, her joints ache in the damp, she longs for the sun, for crisp, dry air, for silence. But she is British, and as her horizons diminish, 'must seek fulfilling experiences in depth rather than breadth'—though there is no lack of depth in her engrossing odyssey.

TREVOR ALLEN

FORCE 136

Bangkok Top Secret: Force 136 at War. Sir Andrew Gilchrist. Hutchinson. 45s.

Here is the true story of the author's part in organising clandestine activities in S.E. Asia over a period of eighteen months from mid-1944. Although little was heard of Force 136 during the war, except by those who were in a position to benefit from the valuable and accurate information provided by its members working in enemy occupied territory, yet it functioned in many theatres and built up for itself a reputation of integrity, loyalty and reliability which came to be taken for granted.

This book tells of the Force's activities in Siam; a country in enemy occupation which had, in 1941, signed a Treaty of Alliance with Japan; yet one which never fought against us but rather, through Force 136, developed an increasingly strong resistance movement against the occupying Power.

It is at times difficult to justify these behind the Lines activities with their use, and sometimes loss, of highly skilled manpower and valuable equipment with often no immediate result being apparent. This is very noticeable in this story where the objects were to obtain reliable information and to foster eventual resistance rather than to develop premature guerilla warfare and sabotage; it should not be forgotten, however, that Force 136 were primarily soldiers—not spies.

Such objects cannot be achieved without a very high standard of Staff work and detailed planning; first to put the representatives and their equipment into the country in such a way that they can obtain and transmit information, and then to interpret that information and see that it gets to the Service departments which can make the best use of it. This is where the author

writes with personal knowledge and brings out most clearly the incredible difficulties whether created by higher (political) control, by the weather, by equipment failures or simply by the language—seldom indeed by the enemy—which had to be, and were overcome.

It is a fascinating book and it gives a great insight into a little known activity of the War but it is disappointing that the writer has allowed it to be published with only three sketch maps, admittedly good ones but all of which lose their value by not having a scale. In order to appreciate fully the effect which the tremendous distance had on the planning, on the transport of personnel in and out of Ceylon, India and Siam and on the operation of wireless sets, a scale map covering the whole area would be invaluable.

If only for the information obtained about British prisoners of war in Siam, the expenditure of effort was justified but there was far more to it than that. We are shown how much an operation is influenced by politics on a very high level and at the same time how success depends on the individual. The narrative is accurate and beats much fiction of the same nature.

This book will interest and entertain anyone who had anything to do with the results obtained by Force 136; and once started, the reader will find it hard to lay down.

A. J. DANIELL

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Manifesto for the Nation, Essays of Dissent No. 1 (Richard Kay Publications, 3s.). This is the first of a new series of essays by R. K. Allday intended as a form for constructive criticism and the expression of opinion in any field of activity which closely concerns the general public. The author is particularly concerned that apathy shall not predispose people to accept as inevitable what can with agitation or reasoned argument be altered and improved for the general good. This may equally be true of education, the Health Service or our attitude towards the rising generation. R. K. Allday writes with compelling urgency and his material is clearly and authoritatively set out. He is the author of *On Medicine in Britain and the National Health Service* and *The Story of Medicine*.

China: the Roots of Madness (British Broadcasting Corporation, 35s.). This documentary written by Theodore H. White was first presented to the American public on television, produced by Mel Stuart, in January, 1967. More recently it was broadcast on BBC 1. Now it has been produced in book form, with more than one hundred photographs. The script remains basically the same. The object is to provide the highlights of the political history of China since the Boxer Rebellion in 1900. It is, of course a continuous story of revolution leading to the long struggle between Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-Tung and the ultimate victory of the Chinese Communists. Mr. White lived in China from 1939 to 1945 and was very close to events and some of the leading figures. His narration is concise, and dramatic and includes his own personal recollections. It is, perhaps, inevitably written with an American angle on the post-war years. Nonetheless it should help to provide in a very attractive form the main

outline of events, about which the general public is woefully ignorant.

Pulling Faces for a Living (Victor Gollancz, 32s.). This is a delightful volume of memories by James Dale. Born in 1886, he has spent most of his life in the theatrical profession, and is particularly well remembered for his part of Dr. Jim Dale in the BBC's *Mrs. Dale's Diary*. His recollections go back a long way, to Henry Irving, Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Frank Benson, Ellen Terry, Cyril Maud, and many others more recently in the theatrical world. He writes lightly and with a fresh and lively vivacity. He tells with humour and point about the foibles and eccentricities as well as the qualities of the great figures of his past. From time to time, he ventures outside his profession. For example of Winston Churchill, in his early years he writes that 'he was much overrated as a speaker. He had a flat, harsh voice, and an inferior ear. He hit words with a hammer to emphasise them, and had only two notes in his voice'. It is a book worth reading and enjoying.

New Penguin Shakespeare (Penguin Books). Two additions have been made to this admirable series of annotated texts. **Timon of Athens** (5s.) is edited by Mr. G. R. Hubbard who has also contributed a useful Introduction to 'the bitterest and most negative of all Shakespeare's tragedies'. The other play is **All's Well That Ends Well** (6s.) which is edited by Barbara Everett. She also contributes an Introduction which includes a discussion of the 'real difficulties in the way of appreciation' of this 'mature, subtle and haunting' play. In the companion series, **Penguin Shakespeare Library** there are also two new volumes. The first is **Shakespeare in Europe** (12s.); this anthology of European studies of Shakespeare collected and edited by Oswald Le Winter was first published in America in 1963. It includes Shakespeare criticism by Voltaire, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Chateaubriand, Hegel, Stendhal, Ranke, Pushkin, Victor Hugo, Tolstoy, Romain Rolland, Benedetto Croce, Guiseppe Ungaretti, Jean-Louis Barrault and others. Its republication should be widely welcomed, as will also the late Dr. E. M. W. Tillyard's **Shakespeare's Problem Plays** (8s.), first published in 1950. The 'problem' plays discussed are *Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida, All's Well That Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*.

Who's Who in the Bible (English Universities Press, 15s.). This admirable addition to the *Teach Yourself Books*, by Dr. G. Henton Davies and Mrs. A. B. Davies 'aims to refer to every person mentioned in the Bible, including the Apocrypha'. It is a small volume, compiled with masterly compression, in which 'something is said, and at least one reference is given, for every person named, and longer notes are attached to the more prominent people'. It has the great advantage of the authors' scholarship.

Worcestershire in English History (S. R. Publishers Ltd., 30s.). This *County History Reprint* was first published in 1944. It is a short illustrated volume in which the author, Alec MacDonald, a local school master, studies 'the history of England through the medium of that of Worcestershire'. For this purpose the choice of Worcestershire is particularly suitable. It is a serious study which certainly deserves a reprint, although a revised edition would have been more worthwhile.

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CASE FOR ELECTORAL REFORM

by Enid Lakeman

BRITAIN'S 1970 general election was the surprise one—surprising to most people in its date, and in its result. Both were bound up with the public opinion polls. In the spring these showed a sudden and large movement in favour of the previously unpopular Labour Government (a trend confirmed by local council elections), and Mr. Wilson understandably chose to make hay while the sun shone in June, rather than wait for a possible return of frost in October. During the election campaign, polls continued to show a Labour lead, often large, and a third term for Mr. Wilson's government was widely taken for granted.

The polls, however, varied in a most unusual manner, from one investigator to another and from time to time, and those taken as late as five days before the real election differed from the actual result far more than is normal. It seems probable that large numbers of electors remained undecided until the last moment, and that a swing back to the Conservatives (of which there were signs in the final polls) gathered momentum during the last few days.

All this illustrates the exaggerated importance that small movements of public opinion assume under the British electoral system, and hence also the great advantage conferred on a Prime Minister by his power to choose the date of the general election. Had Labour's few per cent lead over the Conservatives continued until the actual vote, that party would have triumphed; at 2.6 per cent behind, it suffered disaster. Omitting Northern Ireland, which is a very special case and will be considered separately, the Conservatives increased their poll by 4.8 per cent, from 41.4 to 46.2, but their seats by 12.6 per cent, from 242 to 321—giving us, as usual, a government backed by substantially less than half of those who voted. Labour's vote fell by 4.8 per cent, from 48.5 to 43.7; its seats by 12.2 per cent, from 363 to 287. Those exaggerations, however, are trifling compared with the fate of the Liberals. In terms of parliamentary seats, they suffered the catastrophic loss of just half of those they obtained in 1966, but in votes they nearly held their own, falling only from 8.6 to 7.6 per cent.

The handicapping of the parties is seen most clearly in the average number of votes each needed to elect one MP. For the Conservatives, in Great Britain, this was 39,400, for Labour 41,800, and for the Liberals no less than 349,600; moreover, this last is an under-estimate, since they fought only half the seats and their actual support must therefore be substantially greater. The two nationalist parties were similar victims. Taking Wales, where Plaid Cymru fought every seat, it got no seats for 174,916 votes (losing the one seat it had gained in a by-election), while Conservatives got one seat per 60,000 votes and Labour one per 28,000 votes.

Before and during the election, there were many protests from the Opposition because, on the plea of a pending reconstruction of local government, the Government refused to carry out the recommendations of the boundary commissions to remedy large differences which had grown up between the electorates of different constituencies. At the extremes, 18,884 people living in the Ladywood division of Birmingham had the same representation as 124,215 people living in Billericay. This one-to-six-and-a-half difference is, however, considerably less than the nearly one-to-nine difference between the votes needed to elect a Conservative MP and those needed to elect a Liberal, and it is hard to see why people who think it right to take pains to make votes equal as between people living in different places are unwilling to do anything to make votes equal as between people who vote for different parties.

Boundary revision—however desirable—would do nothing to achieve that; indeed, in the present instance, it would have increased the inequality between Conservative and Labour voters. If the Conservatives are right in their estimate that boundary revision before this election would have given them fifteen extra seats, that would have meant one MP for every 37,400 Conservative votes and one for every 44,200 Labour votes, instead of the actual 39,400 and 41,800 respectively.

There were also complaints that the June election robbed many people of the opportunity to vote because they were on holiday and were not allowed postal votes. But the number thus disfranchised is tiny compared with the 14 million or so who did vote but who had no more effect on the result than if they had all been on holiday. These included, of course, the bulk of those supporting the smaller parties—all the Welsh Nationalists, all but 6,568 of the Scottish Nationalists, and 95.6 per cent of the Liberal voters; of the 2,090,541 who voted Liberal in Great Britain, only 91,430 contributed to the election of a representative they wanted. But there were also—as always—millions of Conservative and Labour supporters who might as well have been left off the register for all the difference they made, and for many thousands of them this remains true in every election throughout their lives. It has been said that, however low the unemployment figures, for any unemployed individual unemployment is total. For any individual Conservative voter in South Shields, his vote has been totally unemployed in every election, not only for him but for all his ancestors, right back to the creation of that constituency by the first Reform Act in 1832, and all Labour sup-

porters in the 'stockbroker belt' have been in that same position ever since their party was founded.

Moreover, even those who vote on the winning side contribute much less than they should to the democratic process; they get an MP of the party they prefer, but he may not be at all the kind of person they would choose to represent them. In this election, for instance, there was a sharp division among Conservatives over the personality and policies of Enoch Powell, but anyone who lived in Wolverhampton SW and who wished to elect a Conservative government had no means of promoting that, other than to vote for Mr. Powell, however much he might dislike that candidate's ideas, while a Conservative in my own home town had no option but to vote for a man of diametrically opposed views, even if that voter was a Powellite. Only those prepared to vote for a different party because of the candidate's views on, say, immigration or the Common Market had any possibility of using their votes to make known their opinions on such matters, and in many cases not even that possibility existed, since all the candidates might be agreed on that subject. Variations in the 'swing' from one constituency to another suggest that such considerations may have influenced voters rather more than in most elections, but interpretation of the results is very much a matter of speculation; they give no clear verdict.

In some places, indeed, there was a choice between different candidates supporting the same party. For instance, in Surbiton a Conservative supporting Mr. Powell stood as an Independent against the anti-Powellite Nigel Fisher who was the official Conservative candidate. The Independent polled only 1,706 votes, compared with Mr. Fisher's 17,359, but that is no reliable measure of the Conservative voters' opinions of the two men. For all we know, there may have been many thousands who preferred the Independent but who thought that, having no party organisation to back him, he stood no chance of election and who therefore voted for the official Conservative to avoid any risk of 'letting the Socialist in'. This handicap applies to all candidates outside the largest parties. In this election there was, indeed, one successful revolt against the choice of the local party organisation—Mr. S. O. Davies, refused re-nomination by Labour in Merthyr Tydfil on account of his advanced age, insisted on standing as an Independent and was triumphantly re-elected, with 16,701 votes, the official Labour candidate coming second with 9,234. But that was possible only because the Labour majority there is so huge that no one could imagine the seat would be endangered by splitting the vote; voting for Mr. Davies involved no risk of letting in any other party.

Thus, this general election, like any other in Britain, illustrates the two great objections to the system under which it is held: the choice put before the voter is extremely restricted, and the composition of the House of Commons bears little relation to the choice that is expressed. These things very likely have something to do with falling polls and with the tendency to resort to demonstrations of one kind or another to express opinions that cannot be expressed through the ballot box. The low turnout this time may have been due partly to the newly-enfranchised 18 to 20-year-olds, of whom some have

not yet developed an interest in politics and others feel they know too little about it to vote, but the poll also fell in the two previous elections, although that of 1966 was on a very new register. Turnout is also very obviously related (though not exclusively) to expectation that the vote will make a difference to the result: the very high polls (headed by North Cornwall's 85 per cent) are all found in marginal constituencies, the very low ones (down to Stepney's 44 per cent) where the result is a foregone conclusion. There is a feeling that the act of voting gives the voter too little voice in the running of his country (or of his town), but most voters have no idea what, if anything, can be done to make it more effective.

The need is for a much wider and freer choice for the voter, not limited to one nominee from each of two or three parties, and for much greater assurance that the choice expressed will affect the result in the way the voter wishes.

To illustrate how this can be done, let us consider two areas in this election. First, four constituencies which cover rather more than the Greater London borough of Bromley: Beckenham, Bromley, Chislehurst and Orpington. The Conservatives polled 53 per cent of the votes (102,162 against Labour 47,744 and Liberal 42,717) and won all four seats. Moreover, one of the defeated candidates was Eric Lubbock, who is widely considered by people of all parties to be a serious loss to the Commons. Such losses are frequent; in this election they have included George Brown and Jennie Lee, and if the Conservatives had been defeated as was expected, Mr. Heath himself would very likely have been a casualty. Then, the six constituencies of west London, covering the boroughs of Hammersmith and Kensington and Chelsea. Here, the Conservatives again had just over half the votes, but instead of winning all the seats they got only two; Labour, with 71,671 votes against the Conservatives' 81,926, got the other four. This has been the pattern in nearly every election since the war.

To secure a consistent relation between a party's support and its representation, it is necessary to treat each of those areas as one constituency—electing four and six MPs respectively. So long as they remain divided into single-seat constituencies, it is impossible to avoid either of these anomalous results—even if only two parties are involved. In the first area, the same party is leading by only one vote in each case. The best we can do is to make sure that the winner is acceptable to at least half of those who vote and does not get in, as in Chislehurst and Orpington, with fewer votes than the other two candidates combined; it is not possible to give any effect to the votes of the minority.

Neither, with single-member constituencies, is it possible to give any more effect to a very large majority than to a very small one. In South Kensington, the Conservative had three times as many votes as his one (Labour) opponent, a majority of 14,663, and in Chelsea the position was nearly the same. In North Kensington, on the contrary, the Labour majority over the Conservative was only 3,383, and in Baron's Court 1,105—four majorities of that order outweighed the two large Conservative ones.

Conservatives in South Kensington, knowing that the seat is safe without

their help, commonly put in work for their party in North, or in Baron's Court; if they could transfer to those areas their *votes* as well as their work, they could ensure to their party its fair share of the seats. Similarly, if Labour voters in hopeless Orpington could have moved into Chislehurst, and a few of the Beckenham Liberals into Orpington, their parties would each have won one seat, leaving the Conservatives with two, which is clearly a fair division.

But we can go one better than that—we can allow the Labour or Liberal voters to concentrate, not on the candidate who has had the luck to be adopted by the division where his party is strongest, but on whichever of the candidates the voters consider the best. To do this, we vote in the multi-member constituency by numbering candidates in the order of the voter's preference, and we declare elected any candidate who attains a quota of the votes. (The quota is the smallest number of votes that can be obtained by each of as many candidates as have to be elected, but not by more; in the Bromley area it would be one more than one-fifth of the total valid votes, in West London, one more than one-seventh.) The numbers are an instruction to the returning officer: 'Please give my vote to the candidate I have marked 1. Most likely, it will help to elect him, but if it cannot (either because he has enough votes without mine or because he has so few votes as to be without hope of election), do not waste my vote but give it instead to the candidate I have marked 2. If it cannot help him either, then give it to my 3—and so on, as far as may be necessary'. (In practice, few votes need to go beyond their second preference.) One immediate effect of this is to give a vote that reflects the voter's real wishes: he need have no hesitation in voting '1' for the candidate he really thinks the best, even if he thinks nobody else will do so (or, for that matter, if he thinks everybody will), for this cannot cause the vote to be wasted, provided only that the voter has marked further preferences. Nor can there be any question of 'splitting the vote'; the voter has a free choice among as many candidates, of all parties and of none, as may like to seek his support.

The voters' wishes, thus expressed, will be reflected in the result. If one quota of electors vote first for all the candidates of one kind (whether that be all of one party, all the anti-Marketeers, all the women, or anything else, according to what the voters think is important), those votes are bound to accumulate on one candidate of that kind, and to elect him. And it will not be just any one of them; it will be whichever most of those voters think is the best. For instance, Liberals in the Bromley area could demonstrate their admiration for Eric Lubbock by voting '1' for him, just as, in Cork last year, five-sixths of the Fianna Fail voters voted first for Jack Lynch in preference to his party colleague, but if they did not want him they would be equally free to elect another candidate of the same party instead. Two of the four Conservatives now sitting there would not be elected, but they would not necessarily be the two who now hold shaky seats in Orpington and Chislehurst; they would be whichever of the Conservative candidates the Conservative voters considered the most expendable.

It will be seen that this does make possible—without a separate referen-

dum—an expression of public opinion on important questions such as EEC. Any supporter of a major party is sure to have more than one candidate of that party presented to him, and he cannot vote for that party without deciding which of those candidates to put first. He may choose to put first a candidate who wants to join EEC, and if most voters make that same choice, that opinion will predominate in the House. Or, of course, vice versa. That voter may then go on to number other candidates of his own party, or, if he feels very strongly about EEC, to candidates of other parties who share his views on that matter. In any case, when he has come to the end of his own party's candidates, he can do that party no harm by going on to others (since a later preference can never count against an earlier one). His attention is therefore drawn to the fact that, even if he heartily dislikes the other parties in general, there are some among their candidates who have their good points—some, at any rate, who are not so bad as others!

That, perhaps more than any other consideration, makes it highly desirable to re-introduce this system in Northern Ireland. Re-introduce, for it was originally applied to the whole of Ireland, and has been continued in the Republic. To discuss Northern Ireland's internal elections would, however, take me beyond the scope of this article. As far as representation of that province at Westminster is concerned, the single transferable vote has never been applied, but some of its possible advantages can be seen from this election. Though there are only twelve seats, these were contested by no less than eight parties and three different Independents. The ancient division of Unionist and anti-Unionist still dominates the scene, but each side is fragmented; that is indeed natural, for people who agree on wanting (or not wanting) to remain within the United Kingdom do not necessarily agree on anything else. In some constituencies, one side, or both, managed to agree on one candidate—which of course robs the voters of any chance to express their opinion on any other matter, but gives the united side a better chance of winning. In others, there was a wide choice but the winner may well not be wanted by the majority. In North Antrim, there were five candidates, Ian Paisley winning by 2,679 votes over the official Unionist, with three anti-Unionist candidates getting 12,857 votes among them. The supporters of those three almost certainly think the one brand of Unionist preferable to the other, but they have no means of saying so. A system that makes people vote as if they thought one candidate was perfect and there was nothing to be said for any of the others is highly unsuitable.

In my opinion, it is unsuitable for any country, indeed for any kind of election, but the United Kingdom is one of the small minority of states that cling to it. Why? When the Speaker's Conference recommended 'no change', it presumably had its reasons, but what were they? They have never been published—why not? Again, the two big party organisations profess to believe that our existing system is the best and that the change I have discussed would be bad, but they give no reasons and supply their speakers and writers with no material to enable them to argue the case. Why not? The way in which we elect our rulers is important; let us have it properly discussed.

WHY LABOUR LOST

by Arthur Davidson, M.P.

I GOT the feeling that things were not going well for Labour the weekend before the election. There was not one particular reason for this uneasiness: it was just that people didn't seem to look me straight in the eye any more. The complaints started to intensify too. The most frequent was not, surprisingly, rising prices. It was what can loosely be described as 'scrounging off the social services'. More often than not the complaint was personalised. 'The family down the road have been living off the State for years:' etc. No argument would convince them that 'scroungers' could be and were prosecuted: that Social Security officers checked applicants thoroughly, that the abuses, though regrettable, were small in number and that undue delay in payments could penalise the needy. The belief had become widespread that 'scrounging' was now a national disease, and that the Government were to blame.

Second in volume was the complaint about 'taxation of overtime'. Again no argument would disabuse those who raised it of the belief that overtime was taxed at a higher rate than ordinary earnings. 'The Tories will make overtime tax free', was an oft-repeated misconception.

Rising prices was of course a complaint, and also the belief that a wage freeze was still in existence. The talk of astronomic wage rates in the car industry was looked on with envy in an area where there is admittedly full employment but where wages have never been high. Housewives in particular were convinced that wages were still being held down, and that the Government refused to introduce a 'freeze' on prices.

These were not the only areas in which the electors seemed genuinely confused. Many believed that immigrants were 'flooding in', that numbers were not controlled; and that those who came here got special 'benefits' as soon as they arrived.

Little wonder then that people should readily misconstrue the meaning of one month's trading figures if there was so much misunderstanding about matters which at least came within their day to day experience.

So in this last week it became obvious to me that the Tory campaign over the years had been cleverer than many had given it credit for. Their repetition over and over again of simple issues — taxation, prices, 'scrounging', had clearly paid dividends. The constant press barrage, the playing up of isolated cases of abuse both locally and nationally, the blaming of almost everything on S.E.T. for instance, (how many knew what S.E.T. is?) had clearly led many to believe that the Government were really hell-bent on making life as uncomfortable as possible.

Against this background, the slogan 'Responsible Government' seemed tame and inadequate. We had clearly failed to get over not only what our policies were as a Government, but also why they were our policies.

And so I do not believe that even if our campaign had been less 'complacent' and more aggressive we would necessarily have won. The damage done by a succession of 'squeezes' and the easy targets our

economic measures give to the more blatant type of propaganda had taken their toll. It needed months not weeks to repair the damage — and particularly the damage that had been done to the party organisation. Councillors who had lost their seats in massacre after massacre had lost heart as well, and blamed it all on the Government: party workers had become disenchanted by constant sniping on the shop floor and had lost the will to hit back. Party meetings, held in drab premises, had become less and less well attended and were more and more mournful post mortems on electoral defeats rather than launching pads for attacking the Conservatives.

This was all in contrast to a Tory Party, cock-a-hoop over the gains on the Councils and flushed with by-election victories. Imbued with hatred of the Government—and of Harold Wilson in particular—they managed to use their newly won influence at local level in passing on this hatred most effectively. Many of the myths already referred to would clearly be embroidered on at dances, old peoples' gatherings, and all other functions and meeting places which their superior premises and clubs enabled them to organise. By word of mouth, by letters to the press, which largely went unanswered, and by use of allegedly non-political organisations, the 'conditioning' process had taken place with devastating effect.

The opinion polls thought differently apparently: yet, if they had not shown this sudden and unaccountable Labour lead, who would have thought Labour could have won by July?

Certainly not some of the supporters in high-powered jobs who'd laid in champagne to celebrate a Labour victory and who spent a night of unrelieved misery instead. Yet if they were so prepared and eager to celebrate a victory, what, one might ask, had they done to help bring it about: not just during the three-week campaign but in the hard years before? 'No one asked me to help', said one journalist on a national newspaper, who was so shattered by the make-up of the Tory Government and now wanted to join the Labour Party! People never seem to need to ask *how* to join the Conservatives: their headquarters are usually in a prominent place with a full-time official in attendance. This is why they manage to survive their dark days better than Labour do theirs. This and the appeal to snobbery which is still associated for some reason with joining the Conservative Club!

But of course all this—good premises, and a full-time agent—comes down to a question of money! Apart from business contributions, Tory ladies are very good at raising it at social events.

The inquests and post mortems will continue for some time. One thing is certain: there is no single reason for Labour's defeat. It is clear, though, our policies were obviously misunderstood. The achievements of which we were most proud — extending the social service, liberalising social reform, and social tolerance were no more popular with the electorate than those aspects of policy over which we had less reason to boast.

[Arthur Davidson is Labour Member of Parliament for Accrington.]

THE PLACE OF THE OPEN UNIVERSITY IN HIGHER EDUCATION TODAY

Address to the Annual Summer Meeting on May 27th, 1970, at Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey, by Brian Stone, M.C., M.A., Reader in Literature, on behalf of the Vice-Chancellor of The Open University.

Mr. Chairman, Warden, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I'M really sorry for your sakes that the Vice-Chancellor could not be here today. I think he's a great man, who started near the bottom and is going to end at the top. Instead of him you've got me, an inferior person who started at about the middle and will probably end there. But Walter Perry chose me, and not only on his behalf, but on yours.

I shall try to do two things today. I'll stick to my brief, but inject some of my own idiosyncratic and un-Vice-Chancellorly opinions into it. And I shall also give a report hot from the working front where things are developing within the University; and this side of it may be Humanities-biased, because I am in the Faculty of Arts.

We like to think that the British system of education is the best in the world, and so it is in terms of percentage successes of entrants to University, compared with those countries whose universities have a high drop-out rate. But what reality do the comfortable figures hide? Two per cent of a single age group get to University, and for the rest the chance is gone for ever. Unless you're one of the persevering few who can take an external degree at London, you're unlikely to begin a degree course after the age of eighteen or nineteen. And how do we cater for this two per cent?

We offer them on the whole a single type of education, which was originally thought ideal for the sons of Victorian gentlemen. Take a cathedral or seaside town with surplus off-season lodging accommodation, buy up a few fields on the outskirts, and there erect several second-class hotels at a cost of millions. Put into them hundreds of students, and pay, out of the public exchequer, other people's mothers to cook and clean for them, leaving their own mothers at home half-employed. To compound the felony, pay bigger grants to students who study away from home than to those who study in their home towns. And then, since the students are virtually in boarding school conditions, apply rules to them which would be resented by any self-respecting adult, and pay other persons—proctors, moral tutors or whatever—to enforce the rules. But what rules ought a student to be compelled to obey, except the law of the land and the fulfilment of his academic programme? The system degrades and retards students in their social capacity, because it appears deliberately to encourage the extension of childhood and to insulate students from society as a whole. If corporate irresponsibility and introversion occasionally result, who can be surprised? I once heard a professor of a new university say, of students who either threw the new common room cushions about or took them away to make their digs more comfortable: 'They must have their fun.' But we set better standards than that for primary school children. Students, in

fact, quite properly resent any attempt to treat them as children, and actively try, within the limits imposed on them by the system, to integrate with society.

The whole system smells of élitism of the worst kind. Since only one out of two qualified to enter university actually obtains a place, we are saying that only four per cent of our young people can benefit from university education. There is a 'More means worse' school of thinking which, in the late twentieth century, is still motivated by the conviction that the best things in life are only for the rich, or the highly intelligent. But when *Waiting for Godot*, that play which was met by blank incomprehension from the British middle class, was performed in the American prison for long-sentence prisoners, San Quentin, its effect was electrical. The illiterate prisoners understood well enough that Godot was 'the outside'.

Still leaving the Open University aside for the moment, what reforms might be investigated? Could regionally-based higher education not be the norm? I know it is said that good undergraduate teaching does not happen in a place without its own high-level research, and that specialised research cannot be spread all over the country. But I'm sure that students should at least begin their university life at home, and not be offered cash inducement to start it elsewhere. Yet they should be free to move if they can afford it. Instead of building halls of residence, universities should buy up ordinary property in the town, and let it to students. They should investigate the advantages of having interrupted courses, so that students of any age could study, then rest or save, and then study again. The Open University has taken from America the idea of awarding credits for self-fulfilling courses, which amass towards a degree. In all this, I have neglected the great virtues of British universities: my plea is simply that, in making more university education available, we should diversify our ways of providing it.

Perhaps the main difficulty we, in common with all other countries, shall have to face is the problem of getting enough teachers. We know that, taking the education system as a whole, there aren't enough teachers, given our present methods. This has long been true of under-developed countries, but it is true of advanced western societies too. In Britain we are scraping the bottom of the barrel, and it's not just a matter of paying teachers more. If a person isn't a born teacher, he can't hold his own in a classroom, no matter how much you pay him. So we have to consider the new ways of teaching that modern technology is opening to us, even if they do lead us, or appear to lead us, towards a learning situation in which teacher and taught are not in personal contact. Away, that is, from the idea that teaching is relationship; that learning happens in dialogue rather than exposition, and in small groups rather than big ones; that knowledge and skill develop best under variable compulsions and permissions; that the child or student learns best under a system which allows him time to spurt or relax, and to develop and master his illuminations in highly personal ways. In fact, what we are after is not a teaching situation, but an ideal learning one.

Traditionally, the art of teaching has not been studied as a central

discipline in the universities. P. H. Mann, the editor of *The British Universities Annual*, said to Jennie Lee, when interviewing her about the Open University: 'After all, university people aren't recruited basically for their skill as teachers. They are recruited basically, one hopes, for their skill as scholars and researchers.' Note the surprising repetition of that non-word 'basically', and the refuge of impersonality sought in that 'one hopes'. I find P. H. Mann's attitude rather shocking, perhaps because teaching is my life-blood, and I have joined an institution in which it will be particularly hard to apply my teaching ideals. But Mann was implicitly traducing his colleagues. Good tutors always did care, and the British tutorial system puts a high premium on personal teaching. That is perhaps why, as I have found, students in the United States and Canada enjoy being taught by visiting English instructors. The advance in the last few years has been that, under rightly directed student pressure, British universities now officially and corporately advocate the study of teaching, and encourage their staffs to become good teachers.

How shall we be good teachers in the Open University? What is our aim? It was stated by our dynamic and snowy-haired fairy queen, Jennie Lee, thus—a two-fold aim: 'It is to give the opportunity on an uncompromising level of scholarship for people to go right through to degree level. But its other and equally important function is to raise the general standards of education in this country, to improve the quality of life because this has all kinds of by-products, both in terms of their private lives and also in terms of the job.' Elsewhere Miss Lee said that she wasn't interested in 'patching the backsides of the poor'—by which I think she meant giving them courses without status, leading to inferior qualifications or none at all. (We have to be realistic about status and pay. If we're not, we shall suffer like Britain's nurses.)

Jennie Lee was glancing at an old Platonic ideal, which she has married with her own social one. When I look at the programme of work achieved at Moor Park, and the one planned ahead, I think the Platonic ideal might apply to Moor Park as well as, I hope, the Open University. It is the idea that all grace of movement and harmony of living—the moral disposition of the soul itself—are determined by aesthetic feeling: by the recognition of rhythm and harmony. It's set forth in Book III of *The Republic*. 'These qualities enter largely into painting and all similar workmanship; into weaving and embroidery, into architecture, as well as the whole manufacture of utensils in general; nay, into the constitution of living bodies, and of all plants; for in all these things, gracefulness or ungracefulness finds place. (Notice Plato's firm inclusion of what we called science and technology in his scheme of aesthetics.) And the absence of grace, rhythm and harmony is closely allied to an evil style and an evil character. Whereas their presence is allied to, and expressive of, the opposite character, which is brave and sober-minded.' I go along with that 'sober-minded'; but about the 'brave', I'd like to say this: Plato probably included military bravery, but today what is required is social bravery. I heard a pop song on television the other night, the refrain of which went as follows:

Soldiers who want to be heroes
Number practically zero,
But there are millions
Who want to be civilians.

Even in reasoning, Plato thinks the aesthetic approach best, because it gives man that instinct of relationship which is the key to truth.

Since I've now defined an aim, and declared a personal attitude. I should like to tell you what's actually going on at the Open University; and first of all, lament the fact that we are still, to some extent, a political football, whereas I think we are an interesting educational experiment which should be strongly supported by all. It has always surprised me that Conservatives have been lukewarm in their support of us, when we seem to be founded on what I would call 'self-help' principles developed directly from progressive nineteenth century thinking. Some of you may have read that 1859 moral recommendation to self-reliance entitled *Self-Help*, by Samuel Smiles. Our students will certainly be helping themselves compared with those in full-time higher education, because they won't receive maintenance grants, and will not be a burden on society while studying. It may perhaps be disappointing to the Left that the present recruitment is chiefly from what are termed the middle classes. But the reason is that people want education usually because they've already had a taste of it. Our success will come in time, as more and more people reach out for what Jennie Lee calls 'the quality of life'.

At the moment, recruitment is roughly proportionate to the population in different parts of the country, with a slight over-recruitment from the south-east. There is a heavy preponderance of teachers—about 40 per cent of all applicants; but numbers give a better idea than percentages when it comes to minority applicants. There are 405 from the electrical, metal and allied trades, 520 from the armed forces, and 30 chronic sick and prisoners.

One semi-political matter is the balance between what one might call personal education and vocational education provided by the Open University. We hope politicians of no matter what persuasion will recognise the validity of Jennie Lee's second aim: it would be a pity if a great idea like the founding of the Open University were to be corrupted, as it would be if it were regarded simply as an institution providing in-service training, updating and professional education of one kind or another.

Another highly political matter is grant policy towards Open University students. At the moment local authorities have power under the discretionary award system to give grants; but we don't really know how many will support students—who by the way will be their own ratepayers—as they are empowered to do. The Inner London Education Authority has said that it will pay Open University Students the cost of summer school and fares, and most other authorities have now followed suit. Those are good signs for our students, and I look forward to the time when they will receive book grants as well. After all, they are little burden on society compared with full-time students, and the cost of an Open University graduate to the state will be about one-third of that of any other university. Some central

costs diminish per head as the number of students increases, but others, relating to administration, publishing, distribution and part-time tutors, remain constant per capita.

Now, as to how we work. We have learnt as much as we can from other institutions which teach indirectly—television universities in the United States, Armidale in Australia (which teaches by correspondence and summer school), and many correspondence colleges. We are the first university to attempt to integrate all these indirect teaching methods into a single system. Our course teams contain academics, BBC colleagues and educational technologists; and since our first courses are multi-disciplinary, we have to discuss our work critically not only with people whose primary function is not academic, but with colleagues in other disciplines. It's a dynamic learning situation for all of us, about as remote from the academic ivory tower as it could be. To have one's work criticised in open forum, whether it is a radio or television programme or a correspondence booklet, is salutary. When the work has been through this process of internal criticism, it is tested on volunteer students, and the findings are collated by our educational technologists. Then, if necessary, the course material is revised in the light of all the available data. Educational technology is a comparatively new thing, especially for universities; through it we are asked to define our objectives in relation to our material and the way we propose that our students work. At every stage, we ask ourselves, or hear others ask us, such questions as: 'What is the student doing while reading this?' 'How will the student consolidate this new knowledge?' 'What attitude do you hope to inculcate in the student towards that painting, or poem, or piece of music?' 'How will the student's new knowledge be expressed in the written assignment which concludes this part of the course?' And so on. Questions and specimen answers are worked over several, sometimes many, times before we are satisfied. And above all, we try to remember all the time that what we write should have the quality of a written tutorial, a running dialogue with the student; which must not have, however, the flexible particularity of a tutorial between a tutor and *one* student, but a coherent and continuous development of knowledge and insight suitable for many students. Like the horizon in unknown country, the ideal performance in penning correspondence material recedes as one advances.

In our association with the BBC, which is contractual, we have developed excellent working relations with a fine team of producers, many of them young enough to be my children. They help us to select material for radio and television treatment, are full members of our academic working groups, and then actually produce the programmes. We have to learn how to project ourselves; how to select material for programme lengths which are curiously adjusted to the absurdities of commercial television timetables, with their slots for advertising—just in case we sell the programmes! And what are the viewing and listening habits of potential students?

In all aspects of our work, we have to be aware of copyright law. Teachers at all levels freely violate these in the class and lecture room, duplicating copyright material and so forth; but we are a public institution whose

academic material will be in the market, and we must keep the law. Unfortunately, commercial interests in the worlds of publishing, music, art and photography have realised that there is good money to be made out of the Open University; and some have reacted in such a way that some material, especially modern stuff, may be out of our price range. Negotiations are going on however, and we hope that all the copyright material we need to make good courses will become available to us at reasonable rates.

If I have given the impression so far that there will be virtually no contact between Open University academics and students, may I now correct it? Throughout the United Kingdom, twelve regional directors will organise and control tuition. They will set up study centres, where face-to-face tuition will take place on a modest scale; where students will meet their personal counsellors—people who will advise them on the conduct of their work and their choice of courses, and support them throughout their period of Open University study; where, finally, students will be able to see and hear the television and radio transmissions. It would be ideal if study centres were to hold tapes of previous programmes, and be able to repeat them—but that may be difficult, or even impossible, to achieve because it will be so expensive. The part-time tutors whom we are now recruiting will be provided with tutor manuals and specimen answers, and of course all work will be selectively monitored at the University itself. For the Humanities Foundation course, we want tutor continuity for the marking of assignments, but specialist teaching by the class tutors. In this way, on what is a multi-disciplinary course, we hope to fulfil two ideals—giving the student the support of tutor continuity, yet making subject expertise available to him.

There is a problem in recruiting part-time tutors. We shall, I think, be lucky in being able to call on the services of idealistic and successful teachers who are lit up by the idea of the Open University. But how will these colleagues, who believe in flexible and personal ways of tutorial teaching, fit into a system which is not of their making, and is largely structured by others? They will have to accept that, apart from helping students and developing new methods, their most satisfying function will be as providers of feedback to the University, where we shall be avid to hear their views of how the course material is being accepted.

In the whole field of tuition and counselling, the Open University is embarking on a delicate public relations operation. We shall be working in other people's premises, and partly at least with other people's equipment and through the staff of other institutions. Host institutions will rightly expect spin-off benefits from contact with the Open University, and we must hope that generous attitudes from both sides will prevail with regard to equipment, accommodation and other facilities.

One of the most publicised and attractive features of our proposed study system is the summer school. Everyone who hears of it blesses it, perhaps without realising the colossal scope of the operation envisaged: a residential week of concentrated study for more than 20,000 students (and two weeks for each student doing two courses), conducted largely with

specially recruited staff, and in other people's institutions again—in universities in the long summer vacation. We are wrestling with the problem of making this an excellent educational experience, strategically placed just after half-way in the year's work. The 40 per cent of teachers among the first applicants will no doubt be pretty vocal if we don't come up with effective summer school plans.

Among matters which are concerning us actively, but of which there is no time to give details now, are student participation, and examination and assessment. Of the latter, may I say that it looks as if the student will be assessed half on examination and half on his work during the course; and, since each course is self-fulfilling, that is to say, carrying its own terminal and final mark, that seems fairly civilised to me.

Even if I had not been asked, I should have wished to conclude by commenting on the possible relationship which might develop between the Open University and colleges of adult education such as Moor Park. Firstly, we are natural allies, in that we stand together in catering for the educational needs of those who have passed the usual age of higher education. Secondly, you provide the framework within which adults are encouraged to study, and so to become possible Open University applicants. We should feed on, and grow by, each other.

It has already been suggested that colleges might run courses on our actual syllabuses. But that would pre-empt our initial teaching impact, and you as educationists can see how undesirable that would be. Nevertheless our courses will run for four years, so that the material will be accessible from the end of the first year. But we should certainly not wish students to feel obliged to attend particular adult education courses either before, or while, studying with us. But if the colleges were to provide multi-disciplinary preparatory courses, encouraging the return to study, we should be delighted. Unfortunately the central academic staff of the Open University is small, so that our participation in such courses could not be envisaged except on an optional, personal basis; and I don't think we have the time. Yet, our mere existence provides a focus and a status-incentive for adult students and their teachers. My personal hope is that some sort of permanent liaison committee will be set up, once things get going, to formalise a thorough two-way dialogue. We need every help we can get in a situation in which, to begin with at any rate, we are largely out of contact. The adult education colleges have been pioneers at the contact end; they are intimately part of the social scene in a way we are not so far, and their civilised, flexible and personal methods of teaching have beneficially affected the whole system of higher education. When an adult student from such a place as Moor Park goes into an orthodox institution as a student, he invariably gingers it up, because he's used to civilised, adult treatment, and his mere existence is a challenge to those who've been brought up implicitly to regard education as an isolated phenomenon, a sort of paternal visitation upon the young, to be got over and discarded before they face the realities of life. But Plato, Jennie Lee, and you and I know that education is a life-long pleasure and regulator, an aid to the understanding and living of life, which deepens and enriches experience.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TIBET?

by Peter Elstob

THE half-million square miles of Asia enclosed by the world's highest mountains and known today as Tibet is now of such strategic importance that the complicated arguments about its legal right to independence would seem to be largely academic. Towering above the three most populous countries of the world and practically inaccessible by land, Tibet could be used for missiles and aircraft bases which would be almost impossible to knock out. In any conceivable future world conflict this strategic advantage could well be of immense importance.

Tibet's new position within the framework of world strategy warrants a fresh look at her ancient association with China, at the character of her people and at what we know of conditions there today, if we are to make an intelligent guess about Communist China's intentions.

All Tibet's borders are mountain ranges walling her off from China, India, Burma and Russia. This isolation is reinforced by great deserts in the north, the malarious, leech-ridden forests of the lower Himalayas to the south and wide river barriers blocking the way south-east to China. The country naturally divides into three regions: Western Tibet is the U-Tsang, the centre is Kham and the Eastern Province is Amdo. Tibetans say the best religion comes from Tsang, the best men from Kham and the best horses from Amdo.

Tibetans are of two distinct racial types, one closely related to the Mongolians, the other to the Burmese and Nepalese—both quite different from the Chinese. Geography, which physically isolated them, and Lamaism, their unique religion together have produced the Tibetan people. In order to understand the position today it is necessary to look briefly at Tibet's past associations with her neighbours, particularly China. Much of Tibet's early history is obscure but it is generally accepted that a warrior tribe, the Ch'iangs, were in control of most of the area by the fourth century and had spread their influence well into North China. Then they tried to push east into the territory of Fu Chien but that redoubtable warrior soundly defeated them at the Fu River, at which the barbarians in the north rose and drove Ch'iangs back into their own country which they continued to dominate for another 250 years. They were succeeded by the Tufans, a related tribe whose leader, Song-tsan Gambo, Tibet's first considerable historical figure, launched the Tibetans once more on the road of conquest and conquered much neighbouring territory in India and China. Finally, he in turn was defeated by the great Chinese General T'ai Tsung and the Tibetans were forced to acknowledge Chinese sovereignty for the first time.

In an attempt to discourage Song-tsan Gambo from attacking China again, T'ai Tsung gave his niece in marriage to him and this example was followed by the King of Nepal who gave one of his daughters for another wife. Both princesses were Buddhists and it was not long before the fierce warrior-king was converted to that gentlest of all religions. He chose Lhasa,

'the place of the Gods', as his capital, built the first of the many great religious buildings which were to become so marked a feature of Tibet and sent a minister to India to study and bring back knowledge. On his return this remarkable man drafted the first Tibetan alphabet and wrote the standard Tibetan grammar.

Nevertheless, in 663 the Tibetans revolted against the Chinese, seized portions of the Tarin basin and occupied Sinkiang. Their spell of independence lasted 21 years until the Empress Wu drove them back and Tibet was once more forced to submit to Chinese rule. In 763, the still warlike Tibetans started out on the last and the greatest of their conquests, beginning with the capture and sacking of the Chinese capital, Ch'ang-an, and reaching the zenith of their power during the reign of the great Thri-song De-tsen (755-786) when their empire touched that of the Arabs and the Turks on the west, took in Turkestan on the north, much of western China and on the south, included Nepal and spread its influence right down to the Bay of Bengal.

It was during this period that Tantric Buddhism from north west India made great headway in Tibet, finally eclipsing or rather absorbing the original religion, the animistic Bon-po. The resulting amalgam became Lamaism with its accent on the principle of incarnation and the concept that all worldly affairs are no more than episodes in the journey towards Enlightenment. By the beginning of the tenth century Buddhism had sapped the war-like qualities of the Tibetans and, in attempting to rid his country of it, King Lang-Dar-Ma was assassinated and Tibet disintegrated into many small kingdoms, a state of affairs which lasted until Kubla Kahan conquered the country in 1239. He used Lamaism to rule his new empire, establishing a unique pupil and master relationship in which he, the pupil, kept temporal power and the High Lama, the master, had spiritual authority over him.

In 1253, the High Lama of the monastery of Sakya, Chogyal-Phag-Pa returned from China where he had been giving religious instruction to the Emperor Kuei-cheng with the Emperor's writ to rule all three of Tibet's provinces absolutely. He thus became the first of the priest-kings of Tibet. About 1400, one of the last of these rulers reformed the religious hierarchy, built the present three great lamaseries and founded the 'Yellow Hat' sect which has been dominant ever since. From 1435 to 1641, Tibet was under secular rule with the High Lama holding supreme spiritual authority and the lay king exercising all temporal power. In 1573 the High Lama, So-Nam Gyam-Tsho, was given the title Vajradhara Dalai Lama by the Mongol Emperor and it was decided that he was the third incarnation of one Tsongkapa who thus became the first 'Dalai' Lama. In 1652, the fifth went to Peking where the Manchu emperor Shun-Chih proclaimed him 'The Dalai Lama, King of Tibet'. Since then, nine successive incarnations have been the spiritual and temporal rulers of Tibet—though with varying degrees of authority.

The word 'dalai' is Mongolian for 'ocean' which is the meaning of the Tibetan word 'Gyam-tso' which had always been the last name of the

latter High Lamas. Although there is a wider meaning than the literal one, Tibetans do not actually refer to their ruler by that name but call him by one of his many titles, most often 'Kundun' or 'Presence' in English. There is a good deal of misunderstanding in the West about the concept of reincarnation. When a Dalai Lama dies, Tibetans do not believe that he as a person is born again but that the spirit of the Bodhisatva Chenrezig, the Buddha of Mercy, which was in him enters the body of a new-born infant. In other words that somewhere there is a child who, if found and properly instructed, will be able to continue the spiritual and temporal leadership of the country. There is a deep fund of experience in every great religion and it would be foolish not to realise that the choice of a new Dalai Lama depends less on the well-publicised acts—the recognition by the child of objects belonging to the former Dalai Lama, for instance—by which the mass of the people are impressed, than on the experience, insight and knowledge of people possessed by the highest lamas who have spent their lives in study and contemplation. When they have made their choice the child will prove intelligent enough for the rest of his character to be formed and if, as sometimes happens, he is also an exceptional human being, he will become a great Dalai Lama. There are many advantages to a system in which it is not the personality of the ruler which matters but his presence; and not the least of these is the idea that any Tibetan boy could be selected or that any family might suddenly be raised to fame and fortune.

The quality of the Dalai Lamas has, of course, varied widely. The most outstanding was the fifth, 'The Great Fifth' as he is known in Tibet, the first to exercise complete temporal power. The thirteenth, the one before the present Dalai Lama, was also a man of exceptional ability who brought his country a long way forward and achieved independence from China.

Nga-Wang Lop-Sang Tap-den Gyam-tso assumed temporal power in 1893, at the age of 18, as is the custom. In the same year the British, anxious about India's northern border, negotiated a convention with the Chinese which fixed the boundaries between Tibet and India as well as giving them trading rights with the Tibetans. For nearly a hundred-and-fifty years, the only Chinese authority in Tibet had been two officials called Ambans who worked through the Dalai Lama's government. The Tibetans refused to acknowledge the validity of the Sino-British agreement and simply removed the boundary marker stones and refused to give the British trading rights. The Viceroy Lord Curzon declared that 'Chinese suzerainty over Tibet is a constitutional fiction', and sent the Younghusband expedition to enforce his claims. The brave but primitive Tibetan army were routed by Queen Victoria's experienced soldiers, the Dalai Lama fled to China and, in 1904, the British occupied Lhasa. An agreement was signed between Tibet and Britain in which China was not mentioned. After confirming the boundary and trading rights it provided that no foreign power be allowed to intervene in Tibetan affairs without the consent of the British. Although by this the British had Russia in mind, the Tibetans claim that as China was not mentioned the provision applied to her too. But in 1907 Britain and Russia agreed that neither would interfere in Tibet and would negotiate only with

China about her. The Tibetans claim that, as they were not a party to this agreement and China was not asked to sign it, it could not affect their right to independence. China, having been given a free hand, invaded Tibet and occupied Lhasa in 1910. This time the Dalai Lama fled to India.

In the following year the Chinese Revolution occurred and pay and supplies to the Chinese garrison in Tibet stopped. The soldiers mutinied and the Tibetans drove them and the Ambans out. The Dalai Lama returned and in 1912 declared Tibet independent, a claim not admitted by the new Chinese Republic. In 1913, the British tried to settle the question of China's suzerainty over Tibet by a three-way conference in Simla. After months of negotiations the Tibetans were persuaded to agree to allow China to be responsible for their relations with foreign countries in return for her allowing them to run their own domestic affairs but, although the Chinese delegates initialled the agreement, the government in Peking refused to sign. Britain and Tibet then did so, specifically debarring China from any privileges conceded until she also signed. China never signed the Simla agreement and so did not, the Tibetans contend, claim suzerainty—at least in that form.

Tibet took no active part in the First World War (although the Dalai Lama told Britain that he would hold a thousand soldiers at her disposal) and, until the time of the death of the 13th Dalai Lama in 1933, no Chinese with any authority had been in the country at any time. In the following year a Chinese delegation came to Lhasa to present religious offerings and then quietly settled in, saying they wanted to complete some talks on Tibet's border with China. They stayed until they were expelled fifteen years later when the Chinese Communists won their revolution.

It would seem from all this that, although in the past China had undoubtedly exercised suzerainty over Tibet, that relationship had ceased with the Declaration of Independence of 1912 and the elimination of Chinese authority which followed it. That indeed was the opinion of the International Commission of Jurists reporting to the United Nations in 1959—'Tibet was (in 1950) a fully sovereign state, independent in fact and in law of Chinese control.'

Not surprisingly, the Chinese disagree strongly, the Communists maintaining that 'Tibet has been an integral part of China since time immemorial' and the Chinese Nationalists saying 'Tibet has always been part of China in one fashion or another—for many centuries'. On October 1, 1949, Mao Tse-tung proclaimed the People's Republic of China and on the following New Year's Day he announced that the liberation of Tibet was the basic task of the People's Liberation Army for 1950. In October of that year, Chinese troops overran Tibet's eastern provinces. After capturing the governor they sent emissaries to the Regent in Lhasa to negotiate peace terms, assuring the Tibetans that they would not try to assert their authority over any more of Tibet. In this emergency the 16-year-old Dalai Lama was persuaded to assume full powers. In 1951 he sent a five-man delegation to Peking to negotiate terms but they were presented with a draft agreement and, it is now claimed, forced to sign. This agreement was based on the

assumption that Tibet was a part of China and provided that the 'local governments' of Tibet actively assist the People's Liberation Army to enter the country and 'consolidate the national defence'. The Tibetan army was to become part of the Chinese army and the Tibetan government in Lhasa was to be deprived of all authority in external affairs.

Peking sent General Chang Chin-Wu with about a division of soldiers and later three more generals and soldiers to a total of about fifteen thousand —all feeding off the country. Faced with such pressure, the young Dalai Lama gave way to Chinese demands and requested the resignation of his devoted Prime Minister Lukhangwa who had stood up to the Chinese with great courage.

The Chinese established a separate military area for Tibet and divided the country into three administrative zones: the Central and Western area under the Dalai Lama, the Shigatse area under the Panchen Lama who had been a Chinese favoured choice and whom they thought they could control, and the Eastern area under a Chinese military commander. The original intention was to absorb Tibet gradually into the 'mother country' by educating the young away from Lamaism and teaching them the communist doctrine, opening up the country by a vast road-construction programme which would enable large numbers of Chinese to emigrate to Tibet, so gradually creating a semi-autonomous Communist state whose inhabitants would be content to be part of the People's Republic of China.

But the harsh realities of mid-twentieth century power blocs quickly destroyed all chances of such leisurely progress and 'preparation for war' was acknowledged to be of overriding importance. No effort was spared to turn Tibet into a military asset. To do this meant not only the construction of roads, airfields, missile bases and barracks but the destruction of lamaseries, the virtual enslavement of the people whose labour was needed for the construction of roads and the production of food for the ever increasing numbers of Chinese soldiers.

In the twenty years since Chinese soldiers entered Tibet there have been more and greater changes than in all her long history. As we have seen, Tibet has been under Chinese domination before and has always thrown off the yoke but this time she is faced with an occupation that is not only determined to stay but to relegate the Tibetan people to a minor role by absorbing those who will be absorbed, eliminating those who actively oppose them and allowing the inactive majority to dwindle away.

The Tibetans cannot survive such ruthless determination and the answer to the question posed by the title of this article is, I am afraid, that Tibet is inevitably disappearing into the shadows of history and that one of the most attractive races in the world will soon cease to exist except in isolated settlements.

[Peter Elstob, now travelling in the Far East, will contribute a further article on Tibet's Indian frontier, 1950 to 1970. His book, *Hitler's Last Offensive*, will shortly be published by Secker and Warburg.]

A CHICHESTER DOUBLE

by J. C. Trewin

NO theatre festival in Britain today is quite so satisfying as Chichester's; and I emphasise the word 'festival', with the sense of civilised pleasure it ought to have: the feeling that no one sitting beside you at the play is there simply because it is the fashion. Chichester may be fashionable, and reasonably; but it is not spoilt.

Only ten years ago the occasion was unknown. One spoke then of Chichester as an elegant, calm cathedral city in West Sussex. Theatrically, it was well off the map, though Edmund Kean acted there once, and historians of the period know Lord William Pitt Lennox's recollection, in old age, of a performance by George Frederick Cooke during 1809.

The sudden change came when a Chichester business man, impressed by the special qualities of the theatre at Stratford, Ontario, visualised something of the same kind in Oaklands Park on the outskirts of his own city. What followed is now familiar: the coming of Sir Laurence Olivier as first director, the fortuitous link between Chichester and the newly-planned National Theatre, and the later fortifying of the Festival project under Sir John Clements.

During that first Festival in 1962, a prologue by Christopher Fry was printed in the programme (I wish it had been spoken):

Though now we know a great unrest,
Men of another world almost,
The mortal heart is still the guest,
The human story still the host.

And again:

So for a time we meet and share
The passions and humours of the heart,
To recognise our natures there,
And, at the evening's end, to part.

It is right to find Christopher Fry's name on the programme of the ninth Festival also. *Chichester 1970* opened with his adaptation of *Peer Gynt*. Ibsen's passions and humours of the heart had never been given so exciting an English dress. There have been various translations since William and Charles Archer's—I must have known or read half-a-dozen—but none for me had brought Ibsen so strongly from page to stage as Fry's did, and will again.

Always *Peer* has been a challenge to our theatre, and one that we were relatively slow to take. Performed first in Norway during the spring of 1876, we did not meet it over here in any form fully professional—and not then in the complete text—until Robert Atkins attempted it at the Old Vic in 1922, with Russell Thorndike as Peer, using, we gather, the extraordinary relish and drive of his meridian in the theatre. I knew him only in a version of his own Dymchurch thriller, *Doctor Syn*, leagues from Ibsen, though what I saw made me regret never having known more of him in his prime.

That Vic *Peer Gynt* was the gallant effort we might have expected from Atkins, who kept on doing things in a style no organisation with ten times the Vic resources could match. I saw the fantasy long after Atkins's day, but still in Waterloo Road. Young William Devlin, an actor born to impersonate age—he was a Lear in his early twenties—passed with a fluent ease through Peer's development from youth to what somebody described, unkindly, as 'a Norse wuthering on the heights'.

That was in 1935, Henry Cass's production. Since that time the play, if by no means frequently revived, has been less of a rarity. Until Roy Dotrice's achievement at Chichester, the principal Peers in recollection had been Sir Ralph Richardson (1944) in the celebrated Vic season at the New Theatre, and Leo McKern (1962) in the last efflorescence of an Old Vic company on its own stage in Waterloo Road.

I have said a little about past history to show the place that the success of the Chichester version, which rested largely upon three men, must hold in the records. The three men were Fry (adapter), Peter Coe (director), and Roy Dotrice (actor); and possibly a fourth should be Sean Kenny, who designed a massive background for the Chichester stage. That stage has invariably to be mentioned in despatches: a wide, bare, open platform, surrounded by specators on three sides: no proscenium: simply a space that directors and players must transform so that an audience, in close intimacy with them, can meet and share the passions and the humours of the heart. It is surprising how the least expected work can flourish at Chichester—two examples have been Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* and Pinero's *Trelawny of the 'Wells'*. But the theatre might have been designed especially for *Peer Gynt*: this is an atmosphere to stimulate the imagination of any audience, and the ample play, with its shifts of scene and time and mood, its many characters, its fantastic freedom of approach, was here thoroughly at home.

It is, I need hardly say, an adventure in the drama, a philosophic phantasmagoria that reaches us as a wild north-easter: a buffeting for any playgoer who does not mind being tempest-tossed. Years ago I wrote that certain details could baffle; that, as Huck Finn said in another context, Ibsen was 'interesting but tough'. Though I feel this still, theatrically *Peer* is rarely less than an excitement from its interrupted wedding to the dying fall, the reunion with Solveig forty years on. And we have ceased to imagine that *Peer Gynt* must necessarily move to a Grieg score any more than Mendelssohn must always be co-partner in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

It is now a few years since the exhilarating Cambridge critic, F. L. Lucas, summarised the play as well as it could be done in a few sentences. Lucas could be contentious; but he did manage to get to the core of things, and he had a way of discussing work written for the theatre, in terms that a dramatist would appreciate: a gift not every critic shares. Of *Peer Gynt* he said: 'Strict probability ceases to matter a pin. The story becomes a recklessly onward-rushing dream, which yet has its moments of penetrating vision into the heart of truth.' During the same essay, he said: 'With no

more explanation than in a dream—which is what the whole play often suggests in fantastic contrast to the tightness of Ibsen's later plots—the scene shifts to the storm off the Norway coast'.

Observe the emphasis on the word 'dream'. At Chichester, while not treating the piece explicitly in this way, Peter Coe did insist that most of it happened in Peer's imagination, certainly all of it from the moment he waited with his mother's body in his arms. He has been called the Norse Everyman. Up to a point, maybe; but his imagination is not Everyman's: it is something that overmasters him, a host of furious fancies whereof he is commander. Then, Peter Coe argues, why not show his life as existing in his mind? Why not use as evocative properties the things scattered round the room of his old mother, Aase? Thus a toy yacht will turn to Peer's yacht that is sunk at the beginning of the African phase; the rocking-horse will serve as a steed for the desert journey. And the old casting-ladle? It had reminded Aase how Peer

> . . . *used to play being button-moulder*
> *With this, melt and mould and stamp them,*

and it becomes the clue to one of Ibsen's enduring characters, Death's messenger, a part that lives for me in the voice of the late Ion Swinley.

Briefly, the Chichester *Peer Gynt* was a narrative that existed in the youth's soaring invention. At least that was how, to our astonishment, we discovered it. I say astonishment because nobody had treated it similarly before. Any fresh device is suspect, and Mr. Coe's idea had, I think, far less praise than it deserved for its authoritative handling of that onward-rushing fantasia with its sharp transistions. From the first we should have been prepared for it, I suppose; early in the night the villagers turned to the eerie mob of troll-folk beneath the Dovrefjell. Later in the play the same people recurred over and over, cast for different parts in the surging of Peer's fancy.

I found nothing in the least glib or facile. It appeared to be a thoroughly legitimate theory, though I am aware that once any elaborate plan possesses a director, he may have to subordinate everything to it and fit into his design certain matters that remain uneasy. Personally, towards the end of the Chichester première, I was troubled about the Button Moulder, a magnificent and haunting part that here seemed to be muffled, principally because one missed the surprise of a new personality. I could not help thinking of the haunted calm of Ion Swinley and Laurence Olivier and the gruff but no less frightening certainty of Wilfrid Lawson. The Chichester Button Moulder slipped away from me in scenes that are usually potent.

Still, Peer dominated. One needs a good Aase and Solveig, mother and lover, and we had them in Beatrix Lehmann and Sarah Badel—particularly Miss Lehmann with the dry-branch quality of voice—but it must be Peer's night, and Roy Dotrice's performance lives for me now as one of the high memories of the contemporary stage. I had expected him to be an uncommon Peer because, like Devlin, he is an actor who has never really been young. At Chichester where the man, in the middle and closing scenes, had to remain more or less what he had always been, without benefit of

wiggery, Roy Dotrice was able to suggest age, the ravages of time; to do by technical resource what many actors could hint at only after a long spell before their dressing-room mirrors. He has always had a powerful imagination; on the first night he persuaded us to look through his own eyes, and, moreover, to believe what we saw.

Scene upon scene slid by faster than we had known, but without loss of theatrical impact. I had never been happy with that wandering voice, the Boyg, who tells Peer to go 'round and about'; now Mr. Coe arranged for the Boyg to be Peer's mirror-image which, in the plan of this revival, was admirably plausible. The passage with the rout of Troll-folk held its odd, mounting terror, the death of Aase its pathos. The piece has, of course, to drop in temperature during the scenes for the man of middle age, pavilioned among the African sands — a sequence used by Richardson, I recall, for a display amusingly idiosyncratic—and the grotesquerie of the Cairo asylum may have lacked some of its twisted horror though it rose to the coronation of the supreme egoist as the Emperor Self. Back in Norway *Peer*, in spite of the cuts in performance, is unfaltering; and, whatever quarrels one may have had with the Chichester Button Moulder, I had no quarrel with Dotrice's central performance. If I can be pardoned for self-quotation (it is perhaps, a kind of Gyntian folly), I wrote not long after the production that Dotrice, presenting his findings freshly, had realised—none better—that there was no need to sound like a Royal Commission reporting on the corpse of the late Henrik Ibsen.

Much else I appreciated: the projections, for example, that turned Kenny's background into something protean and spectacular. But the night's splendour—coupled with Dotrice's virtuosity—was the version by Christopher Fry. He has based it upon a literal translation by Johann Fillinger. Nobody in our period has brought the difficult play into the theatre with Fry's craft, his poet's instinct for the unexpected word that can be the right word, his flexibility—for the dialogue is made to be spoken—his refusal to be self-indulgent, his loyalty to Ibsen, his choice of the natural order of the phrases. This, for me, is the *Peer Gynt* of our theatre; I have to content myself with two quotations, both from the first part, to show how Ibsen's work, his hope, his self—I vary a line from the Chichester Prologue of 1962—has been safely in Christopher Fry's care. Here is Peer Gynt after the meeting with the troll-woman and the child:

The Boyg said: Go round and about.
It looks this time as though I shall have to.
My castle, which so nearly held her,
Has come crashing down, and suddenly
My world is ugly, and happiness over.
Round and about, boy! There's no way
Straight through this from you to her.
Straight through? There ought to be a way.
Isn't there a text about repentance?
But what, now? How does it go? I've got
No Bible, and most of it I forget,

And there's no advice to be had in the forest.
Repentance? But it might take years
To win through. What a waste of life!
To break what's vibrating and marvellous
And try to piece it together again!
You might do it to a fiddle, but not a bell.
If you want green grass, don't trample it down . . .

Then, in Aase's death scene:

AASE: *Peer, what is it that's ringing?*
PEER: *The shining sleigh-bells, mother!*
AASE: *It seems such a hollow sound!*
PEER: *We're going over a fjord.*
AASE: *I'm afraid! A noise of rushing*
And sighing, a strange wild breath:
PEER: *It's the pine-trees, mother, soughing*
In the meadows. You sit still.
AASE: *That distant sparkle and flashing.*
All that light, where does it come from?
PEER: *From the windows and doors of the castle.*
Can you hear them dancing?
AASE: *Yes.*
PEER: *St. Peter is standing outside*
Waiting to ask you in.
AASE: *Is he greeting us? . . .*

'All that light, where does it come from?' There have been times when it has never reached us. We can be glad now of the service that Christopher Fry has done to the Ibsen theatre in Britain.

The second play in the Chichester season, and one bound to reach London, was Robert Bolt's *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* That splendid title is the salute heard during the Coronation service in the Abbey. At Chichester it brought Bolt's chronicle to an end: not in the spirit of a Coronation, but with a fierce irony. At one side of the stage Mary Queen of Scots, shedding black gown for crimson petticoat and looking for a moment like the scarlet woman John Knox had denounced years before, moved down the steps towards her execution at Fotheringhay. And on the other side of the stage Queen Elizabeth I, wondering how the world might remember her, came slowly from a high and lonely throne. Before this night I had not believed that I could be held again by a drama about the rival queens who had seemed always to be with us. But *Vivat!* proved, remarkably, to be even better than Bolt's *A Man For All Seasons*; there was no Common Man chorus to worry about.

The most celebrated Mary-Elizabeth drama is Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, principally because of what one now, and horribly, has to call the 'confrontation'—in other words, the meeting—of Elizabeth and the imprisoned Mary ('Lady Stuart') in the castle park of Fotheringhay. That is entirely unhistorical (though doubtless Scott would not have blenched at it in his *Kenilworth* mood), but it does make a redoubtable piece of theatre. Robert

Bolt can be theatrical enough without it, and he works on a scale that nowadays few dramatists can afford. The Chichester stage was often crowded while the tale of the two queens swept forward across the last half of the sixteenth century.

Elizabeth we saw usually in council. From our first vision of her, auburn and imperious, she was dedicated to affairs of state. With her were such figures as Cecil and Walsingham. Leicester also; but he must be sacrificed to the task of governing a nation. Against her stood Mary of Scotland, ruled by the heart and the passions. Here were Rizzio, Darnley, Bothwell (and John Knox as a dubious bonus); here was the sway of events ending in the escape from Lochleven (reported merely) and the flight to England.

The queens never met in person. They did exchange letters—read during the dramatist's acute cutting from place to place, Edinburgh or Fotheringhay to London. Mary, we realised, was what Elizabeth had wished to be. One queen had her full life as a woman; the other must be content to rule, to be a prisoner of her own crown. The impact of the rapid, episodic narrative, as Peter Dews directed it, was heightened by the juxtaposition of scenes, the rapid variations in mood, made possible on the Chichester stage. This was where the production had an incalculable advantage over the old, stilted progress of routine historical drama, with its stifling sets and inescapable waxwork-quality. If a chronicle does not move—and move surely, never dulled by coldness and delay—its fate is near. Ferdinand Bruckner knew it forty years ago when he chose a divided stage for his drama of Elizabeth and Philip of Spain, *Elizabeth of England*, also a piece in which the protagonists never meet. Far heavier, much less supple than Bolt's chronicle, it had nevertheless a dramatic zest that I understood in Budapest last autumn when Zoltán Várkonyi put it with remarkable craft upon the stage of the Vígszínház. He had for his Elizabeth Eva Ruttkai, and for his Philip, Lajos Básti; and the two famous Hungarian players did more than I could have dreamt of for a play assumed, unwisely, to be a relic.

A main pleasure of *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* is its literate dialogue, its refusal to loiter in an Elizabethan Wardour Street and to employ the clotted language one used to catch vaguely if the amplifiers were working at a local pageant. There is no pageant-verbiage in *Vivat!*, and the Festival cast realised it gratefully. Though I shall not mind if Elizabeth, Cecil, and the rest never return in any other piece, I am glad to have met this one. It was fortunate in its performance. Probably most actresses would welcome a chance as Elizabeth or Mary; but the thought must also be slightly alarming. Too often, as we know, Elizabeth has been simply a dummy of the Zucchero portrait, ready at any moment to toss off the Tilbury speech.

Eileen Atkins proved to be among the truest Elizabethans of our day. She had the Tudor power to terrify; this was Henry's daughter. She was also a woman and a queen—less obvious than it sounds, for too many actresses have been content to project themselves and to call the result, hopefully, Elizabeth I. Eileen Atkins had thought herself into the Queen's mind. Again and again, towards the end of the night, I was reminded of the

last lines of Kipling's strange poem ('a country dance'), *The Looking Glass*:

And she faced the looking-glass (and whatever else there was)
And she saw her day was over and she saw her beauty pass
In the cruel looking-glass, that can always hurt a lass
More hard than any ghost there is or any man there was!

Sarah Miles, a clearly-conceived Mary, could not answer the test in full, but then the Queen of Scots (*'O belle et plus que belle'*) is a figure less immediately recognisable than Elizabeth, and, until Fotheringhay, an actress cannot count upon the audience's sympathy. In imprisonment Miss Miles was extremely affecting without the bounty of such a show-piece as the night before execution. Earlier, it was for individual playgoers to say whether she could start an echo of the Ronsard sonnet as Maurice Baring translated it:

Just as we see, half rosy and half white,
Dawn and the Morning Star dispel the night,
In Beauty thus beyond compare impearled,
The Queen of Scotland rises on the world.

The actress and her director did not miss the ultimate dramatic flash when Mary walked in scarlet to the scaffold. It was, I think, a rich tribute to Robert Bolt's hold upon us that though we knew very well, at heart, that Mary was emerging into the foyer of the Chichester Festival Theatre, we were prepared to believe that she had indeed gone to the hall of the castle and to her death.

Elsewhere there were various excellences. Richard Pearson saw Cecil as the precise, detached Civil Servant; Edgar Wreford's Walsingham, Head of Intelligence, had a deadly concentration; Leonard Maguire thundered the invective of Knox; Edward Atienza was the Spanish Ambassador, preserving dignity in difficult circumstances. I would name others; but it would turn to a catalogue, and this can be as worrying, so I am told, as an article of praise without blame, appreciation rather than attack. I have never thought myself that criticism must necessarily attack. It is a relief, at a not very happy time for the English theatre, to praise practically without qualification, and we have seldom had so strong an opportunity as at Chichester.

Other plays of the season will include Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, preceded by *The Proposal* of Chekhov; and the glorious Jonsonian romp of *The Alchemist*, all likely to fit the versatile stage. It is an experience to come from the theatre in the interval on a summer evening when the long shadows slide across Oaklands Park. It is just as compelling to leave at nightfall, with a mist curling over the meadow and Chichester utterly tranquil round the Cathedral and the Market Cross. This, I repeat, is the right sort of English playgoing, and we should prize it. I do so, without reserve.

E. M. FORSTER: SOME OBSERVATIONS AND A MEMORY

by William Kean Seymour

MANY columns of biographical writing and critical assessment were devoted to E. M. Forster, the novelist, short story writer, essayist and liberettist following his recent death at the age of ninety-one. During half of his long life numerous honours were conferred on him, including the Companion of Honour in 1953, Companion of the Royal Society of Literature in 1961, and finally his appointment as a member of the Order of Merit on his 90th birthday, on January 1st, 1969. He was the recipient of many British and foreign honorary degrees, but the one that probably pleased him most was when his old college, King's, Cambridge, in 1946, made him an Honorary Fellow and gave him the privilege of residence within its walls.

One of the notes struck most frequently in the obituary notices has been Forster's extreme modesty. During the war years 1941-1945, when living at Peaslake and commuting daily to London, I occasionally met him on the 'bus which we both boarded at Abinger Hammer on our way to Dorking North railway station. Sometimes we fell to talking of Surrey matters, of poetry, of D. H. Lawrence and other writers, of the paper shortage and difficulties in the publishing trade. I remember him sitting inconspicuously in the 'bus, with his old-fashioned small brown leather bag on his knees, his bright bird-like eyes twinkling as he spoke and listened. His air was always one of watchful benignity, displaying an interest which—matching his modesty—I felt was concessionary and transient. Certainly, travelling on the Guildford-Dorking 'bus in those war-time days, often with doodlebugs overhead stopping suddenly before wreaking horror and desolation on the countryside, was not conducive to sustained talk.

I already knew that the author of *A Passage to India* and *Howard's End* was reclusive in temperament, a quiet, studious bachelor, not given to self-assertion and the espousal of unpopular causes. He had a 'liberal' and sceptical mind. On one of those 'bus journeys I referred to *A Passage to India* and said his descriptions of Chandrapore and the Marabar Caves had delighted me. As soon as I spoke the words I regretted them: they sounded naive and as though I hoped to draw him out. The faint smile of appreciation twitching his mouth ended in a pained look as the 'bus drew up opposite Crossways Farm to take on a couple of stumbling passengers. The moment was lost.

In our all-too-brief meetings I gathered that Forster admired the novels of D. H. Lawrence. This I thought significant of a purely literary appraisal of the other man's descriptive powers; I could not imagine him responding to the deep and complex passions that animate and motivate the characters in Lawrence's novels.

Thinking about these things since Forster's death I looked up some of

Lawrence's letters written in the early 'twenties. One, written to Forster (20 September, 1922), says: 'We got here last week from San Francisco —from Sydney. Found your letter. Yes, I think of you—of your saying to me, on top of the downs in Sussex—"How do you know I'm not dead?" Well, you can't be dead, since here's your script. But think you *did* make a nearly deadly mistake glorifying those *business* people in *Howard's End*. Business is no good.'

Another letter, written to Martin Secker (July 23, 1924) gives Lawrence's opinion of *A Passage to India*. 'Am reading *Passage to India*. It's good, but makes one wish a bomb would fall and end everything. Life is more interesting in its undercurrents than in its obvious; and E.M. does see people, people and nothing but people: *ad nauseam*.'

And still another Lawrence letter, to John Middleton Murry (October 3, 1924), giving a more considered opinion about the book: 'I agree Forster doesn't "understand" his Hindu. And India is to him just negative: because he doesn't go down to the root to meet it. But the *Passage to India* interested me very much. At least repudiation of our white bunk is genuine, sincere, and pretty thorough, it seems to me. Negative, yes. But King Charles *must* have his head off. Homage to the headsman.'

Finally, the recent issues of Middleton Murry's previously uncollected essays and reviews reveals what *he* thought (in *Adelphi*, September 1926) of both Forster and Lawrence in relation to what Murry called 'the lack of purpose and dynamic energy that is in modern society' and 'in the artist also. It is what Chekhov meant when he thought of Tolstoy and said: "*We* are lemonade." ' And Murry continued:

> 'Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Forster stand together because they are in their different ways acutely aware of this condition: Mr. Lawrence as one who feels ever active in himself something which rebels against and would deny it, Mr. Forster less positively, and more intellectually, as one aware of a taint of futility that clings to all his doings with a pen, and, secondly, as one aware of the existence of other conditions of the human consciousness. It is worth musing on the fact (for it is not accidental) that Mr. Forster has written his novel about India, the one continent from which Mr. Lawrence shrank away on his journey round the world. Mr. Lawrence was driven by a positive urge; he was seeking a racial consciousness in which his own could find rest. He sniffed India from Ceylon and went to Australia. Mr. Forster, from his lack of primary impulse as compared to Mr. Lawrence's, and not from any greater awareness, was proof against Mr. Lawrence's desperate self-deception. He went to India to savour (in no shallow sense) its otherness; not, as Mr. Lawrence would have done, to find a life-stream into which he might plunge and be renewed. Mr. Forster could venture into India safely, knowing himself predestined to be other, as a sort of super-sensitive Indian Civil Servant; Mr. Lawrence could not. . . . The vault of the modern universe is like Mr. Forster's cave: it echoes *Oum-Boum or Boum-Oum* to all heroics. . . .'

Looking back, I can only wonder if E. M. Forster had some of these critical comments of the 'twenties in mind when I enthused about *A Passage to India* and the smile left his face. How generous he himself could be in estimating Lawrence is witnessed by the letter he wrote to the *Nation and Athenaeum* in 1930, the time of Lawrence's death (I quote it from Dr. Leavis's book, *D. H. Lawrence*: *Novelist*):

> 'Now he is dead, and the low-brows whom he scandalised have united with the high-brows whom he bored to ignore his greatness. This cannot be helped: no one who alienates both Mrs. Grundy and Aspasia can hope for a good obituary Press. All that we can do . . . is to say straight out that he was the greatest imaginative novelist of our generation.'

There I would wish to end my note of E. M. Forster, but Dr. Leavis's 1955 book reminds me that T. S. Eliot retorted to the letter in the following week's issue of the *Nation and Athenaeum*. Saying he was the 'last person to wish to disparage the genius of D. H. Lawrence', he said:

> '. . . the virtue of speaking out is somewhat diminished if what one speaks is not sense. And unless we know exactly what Mr. Forster means by *greatest, imaginative* and *novelist*, I submit that this judgement is meaningless.'

To this Mr. Forster rejoined:

> 'Mr. T. S. Eliot duly entangles me in his web. He asks what exactly I mean by "greatest", "imaginative" and "novelist", and I cannot say. Worse still, I cannot even say what "exactly" means—only that there are occasions when I would rather feel like a fly than a spider, and that the death of D. H. Lawrence is one of them.'

Extreme modesty had the last word in that encounter. In championing D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster held true to his faith in the written word. Life and literature will remember his famous plea for tolerance and understanding: *'Only Connect.'*

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN NIGERIA

by Alan H. Wheeler

THE historic origins of Nigerian formal education explain much of the present-day school system and the popular perception of the role of schools in Nigeria. The first school in the country was that of the Church Missionary Society, established in a small fishing village in Western Nigeria, named Badagry, in 1845. Though this school failed for lack of local enthusiasm, it was the beginning of a mammoth educational effort by Christian missions, spurred on by the desire to proselytise. A large percentage of the country's primary schools are still mission-operated. The missionaries established primary education in order to teach children the reading and writing necessary for religious education. Though various other subjects were taught, emphasis was on literacy and moral and religious training. The establishment of primary schools and churches throughout the southern portion of the country gave rise to mission-operated teacher training schools and some secondary education as the means of staffing these institutions with indigenous personnel.

The establishment of an educational system was further spurred on by the colonial government, since its expanded activities gave rise to an ever-increasing need for Nigerian clerical personnel. Together with the missions, the government anxiously sought the products of the schools to the degree that children completing the primary course were virtually assured employment by either the missions or government. Given such a situation, it is only natural that education came to be seen by the populace as the means by which employment in the Europeans' world was automatically achieved. Since it had no relevance to the indigenous way of life it was not seen as a normal part of that life: its role was a passport to another world which offered high status and an income with which to consume the wealth of that world.

The expansion of primary education reached a climax in the early 1950's with the introduction of universal primary education. This policy was virtually the first announced by the indigenous regional governments when they assumed self-rule from Britain. It was a political move in response to popular pressures generated by the people's perception of education as the road from traditionalism to modernity. A final factor contributing to the development of education in Nigeria was the widely-publicised Ashby Commission Report, released in 1960. The basis for most of the Commission's recommendations was work done by Frederick Harbison of Princeton University. Harbison projected manpower needs on the basis of economic growth-assumptions and correlated these needs to educational expansion in the country at the secondary and higher levels to meet the projected manpower targets.

The demand for primary education and a policy of accelerated secondary and higher education to meet assumed manpower needs have given rise

to unprecedented scholastic expansion. During the past decade and a half, Nigeria has made more progress in expanding her school system than virtually any other country in Africa. Primary enrolment rose from one to three million during the 1950's. With the new emphasis on secondary enrolment in the late 50's and early 60's came an increase in secondary school recruitment from about 52,000 in 1960 to 133,000 in 1965, with a compound annual growth rate of 20 per cent for the basic secondary unit, the grammar school. University entries have almost trebled from about 2,500 in 1960 to almost 8,000 in 1966, at an annual rate of 24 per cent. The magnitude of this expansion is illustrated by the fact that the combined attendances of all Nigerian educational institutions was about 150,000 in 1927, 650,000 in 1947 and [illegible] million in 1951.*

Nigeria's social, political and economic development has depended in large part upon the beliefs, knowledge and skills gained by her people through the country's education and training system. The Nigerian system of human resource development may be seen as having two centres of gravity. The network of Nigeria's formal educational institutions follows the familiar Western pattern of primary, secondary and tertiary levels, with heavy emphasis on general education. The aim of the school system is towards ever-higher levels of general education for the relatively small group of students who survive the selection process.

Looking at Africa as a whole, it can be seen that her basic educational problems are mostly financial and technical. Even in countries with flourishing economies, hard choices must be made between the vital need for technical education and the glittering prestige to be gained from opening a new university.

For Nigeria, whose pastoral or agricultural economies operate at near-subsistence level, educational development of any kind is impossible without continuing outside financial assistance. In Nigeria, one basic question must be answered: is the nation better served by providing a basic general education for all or by a system that concentrates its limited resources on the intensive training of selected men and women with the special professional and technical skills so desperately needed to hasten Nigeria's move towards modernisation? Expansion of primary education has already moved so quickly that the corps of trained teaching staff is being stretched to a point where standards of instruction are suffering. The increased demand for greater educational opportunities has led to the recruitment of untrained teachers possessing little more than primary education themselves.

The almost overwhelming scholastic aspirations of African nations have been dramatically reflected in the increase of primary enrolments. In most areas, universal primary education is a national policy and a popular political slogan. In a very few areas this goal is approaching realisation. Unfortunately, as in Nigeria, statistics accurate enough to gauge the actual degree of progress are not available. Much needs to be done, not only in terms of teacher training, but also in improving existing curricula, teaching methods and materials, and administrative supervision.

Thus, the ambition to offer primary education for all, while entirely justi-

fiable in theory, presents serious problems for African society at the present time. One of the most critical is the growing unemployment and discontent of primary school leavers, whose few years of education alienate them from the land but do not equip them for urban employment, which they seek in ever-growing numbers. Primary education will, for a long time to come, be a terminal school experience for most African children. Formulation of a primary curriculum which will provide an adequate basis for continuing education might well be a partial solution to this problem. Study conferences, specialised consultation, and advance planning—all these could play a useful part. Ultimately, if significant alterations of present methods appear to be possible, assistance for teacher training might be appropriate.

Implicit in the educational growth and development Nigeria is now experiencing is the question: in what way does this growth reflect needs and/or changes in the curriculum of the schools? During the days of the Christian missions, education was regarded solely as a means of propagating the Gospel. The church schools of those days taught reading, writing and arithmetic. Successful pupils of this system became church and school teachers, catechists and clergy. What was needed and given was an education with a largely literary bias. The colonial administration required clerical and lower-grade administrative personnel. This demand was adequately fulfilled by the products of a non-technical form of education. Today, the purpose of primary education should not be limited merely to training prospective clerks and church teachers but should be designed to provide the foundations for the future technician, farmer, agriculturist, engineer, teacher and doctor: the curriculum accordingly expanded to include arts and crafts, farming, health, nature study, technical subjects, and preparation for further education.

Consequently, it can be seen that the objectives of primary education have changed. To compare the products of one era with those of another is to attempt a difficult, if not unfair, comparison. The problems Nigeria faces now are: first, how to relate economic and social needs to intellectual disciplines that might be acquired in the various educational institutions. Second, how to divide these disciplines into levels of studies that are suitable for pursuit at each step of the educational system. And third, in what ways could these disciplines be utilised for both the terminal students and for those desiring education above the primary level?

If Nigeria is to reach the goal of 'a good society and a good life for all', her educational system must be oriented in content and method towards a number of individual and collective ends. The individual must be given the opportunity to acquire the basic skills and knowledge that will afford him the kind of life he chooses; whether it be working on the farm in his native village or rising to a position in the government civil service. Education should, at the same time, prepare future lawyers, technicians, doctors and agriculturists to provide for the pressing needs in these areas of of government concern. In the days before contact with Western and other cultures, the various Nigerian tribes and ethnic groups provided their young with ade-

quate training in farming, hunting, fishing and those trades and crafts necessary for survival. Today, the individual's horizon has broadened beyond the tribe and clan, affording him greater opportunities and alternatives. If they are to meet these challenges and opportunities, the people of Nigeria must be given the benefit of an education which is dedicated to modernity and the future.

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YORKSHIRE'S DIALECTS

by John Waddington-Feather

YORKSHIRE'S dialects have a unique and distinguished history; unique in that they have been used continuously as a literary medium for over 1,300 years; distinguished in that national writers have made use of them, in varying degrees, from the poet Caedmon in the seventh century down to the Brontë sisters in the nineteenth, and more recently the group of Yorkshire novelists currently in vogue. Just as remarkable is the fact that in Yorkshire dialect-writing still flourishes and is widely read by a discriminating audience, and this despite the tremendous changes in dialect speech which have swept through the county this century.

Of course, Yorkshire is not alone in this respect. Other regions, notably the West Country, still have their dialect-writers and the further away a region is from the Metropolis, the more likely is it to have its group of dialect-writers. However, none of these writers today enjoys the national recognition afforded William Barnes or John Clare. This is a pity, for there is some fine dialect-writing being produced by some sensitive poets, and it doesn't take overmuch effort to understand an annotated poem—far less in some cases than it does to understand poems written in the Standard Language!

In common with other English dialects, the forerunners of modern Yorkshire dialects were introduced by the Anglian invaders colonising the north during the fifth, sixth and early seventh centuries. By about 600 A.D. all of Yorkshire except the West Riding, then a Celtic enclave encircled by Northumbrian territory, was in Anglian hands and spoke the dialects of the Northumbrians. This Celtic kingdom was called Elmete with few, if any, Northumbrian settlements in it, and its late colonisation by the Northumbrians accounts for the relatively high density of Celtic-derived place-names in the West Riding today. In 616 A.D., Edwin, King of Northumbria, expelled the Celtic king of Elmete, Cerdic, and began a process of Northumbrian colonisation from the east, slowly clearing the difficult terrain of the Pennine country and establishing Northumbrian settlements there until about 632 A.D., when the Mercian King, Penda, slew him at the Battle of Hatfield, near Doncaster.

Penda's vassals then took over Edwin's lands in south Yorkshire and the Mercian overlordship there was to last more than twenty years until Penda's own death in battle at Winwaed in 655 A.D., at the hands of Edwin's relative Oswi, a Christian who had been fighting something of a guerrilla war against the pagan Mercians since Edwin's death. During this early period of Anglian colonisation in the West Riding, Mercian influence was therefore strong and is reflected in the many Mercian-type place-names found there; names with typical Mercian suffixes such as -bury (Dewsbury), -worth (Hemsworth) and -royd (Ackroyd) which are not found very far north of the Aire Valley. This seems to have been a rough boundary be-

tween Mercian and Northumbrian settlement in the initial stages of Anglian colonising.

This Mercian settlement may have some significance in accounting for the great difference between the present West Riding dialects south of the River Nidd, and the dialects further north and east in the two other Ridings. However, there is an important proviso to add, for there is no doubt that modern West Riding dialects were subsequently strongly influenced by the great immigration of Midland dialect-speakers during the Industrial Revolution. Modern West Riding dialects are North Midland in character, having more in common with the counties immediately south and west of Yorkshire than with the dialects of the North and East Riding, which are true Northern dialects.

Many present Yorkshire dialect words have changed little since their introduction by the Northumbrian and Mercian Angles. Some old inflected plural endings such as 'een' and 'shoon' for 'eyes' and 'shoes' are still evident, as well as verbs like to 'sam up' and 'to thoil', meaning 'to collect up' and (approximately) 'to afford', although the verb 'thoil' escapes accurate definition in Standard English. There is a strong element of not affording something because you don't think it's really worth it in an expression such as 'Ah can't thoil four pahnds for that hat'—'I can't afford four pounds for that hat'. Both these verbs derive directly from the Old English verbs 'samnian' and 'tholian' which had the same meaning as the present dialect forms but have disappeared entirely from Standard English.

In the ninth century, a further invasion and settlement of Yorkshire, this time by Danish Vikings, enriched its dialect vocabulary tremendously. First of all, in 865 A.D., the Danish warrior, Halfdene, landed his army in Yorkshire which he used as a supply base while he went on a fifteen years' campaign throughout the rest of England. When his army had finished their marauding, he returned to Yorkshire and divided up large tracts of the Northumbrians' lands among his veterans. The Danes also established their capital at Jorvik—now York.

The Danes settled mainly in the flat arable countryside of the East Riding, but many of the Norse settlements in the hilly Pennine country of the West Riding were those of Norwegian Vikings, who settled there and in the North Riding hills in the tenth century. These Norsemen came from Norway via the Shetlands and the west coast of Scotland to found a Norse kingdom in Ireland around Dublin. (The affinity between the present East and North Riding dialects and the dialects of the Shetlands and Lowlands stems from the settlements of Norsemen.) At the beginning of the tenth century, they began harrying the north-east coastline of England and eventually settled in Cumberland, Westmorland, Lancashire, Cheshire and the West Riding and North Riding moors of Yorkshire. A line through Normanby and Normanton (both names indicating Norse settlements in Danish territory) shows the rough extent of their settlements eastwards. Today there is an abundance of Norse words in the dialects, especially those of the East and North Ridings where their settlement was most intense. Such verbs as 'to addle', 'to laike' and 'to teem' meaning respectively 'to earn',

'to play' and 'to pour' and nouns like 'kirk' or 'ket' ('church' and 'rubbish') and many pronunciations which are nearer the Scandinavian pronunciations than the English, all derive from the Viking colonisers of the ninth and tenth centuries.

At the time of the Norman Conquest, the basis of Yorkshire's dialects had been laid down. The Viking settlers, in common with their kinsmen who settled in Normandy, soon adopted the language of the people amongst whom they settled. The formation of early Yorkshire dialects, rich in Scandinavian elements yet poor in Norse structural features, points to an almost complete integration of the English and the Viking folk by the time the Norman-French came in the eleventh century.

One important feature the Norsemen imposed on Yorkshire dialects which subsequently influenced the English dialects further south was the loss of highly inflected endings so common in Old English. This process was affected strongly by the Norsemen who had dropped the highly inflected forms of their own language when they settled in England. It was a process carried further south by the Norse merchants and the Norse courtiers in the English court where they held responsible positions under kings such as Edward the Confessor. The result was a gradual simplification of English syntax and grammar which went on throughout the Middle English period, until the formation of a Standard Language in early Tudor times.

The Norman Conquest speeded up this language change and also added a vast number of new words to the vocabulary of English dialects, most of the new terms passing into the Standard Language from the dialects, though a few remained in the dialects as I shall show later. The Standard Languages used throughout the Middle English period (c. 1100-c. 1450) were Latin or Norman-French, but the dialects continued to be spoken and changed tremendously up to the fifteenth century. In Yorkshire's dialects some Norman-French words have survived which have died out of the Standard Language—or never entered it. Some words of Norman-French origin still found occasionally are 'chamer', 'arran', 'grisomly' and 'aumry sole' meaning 'bedroom', 'spider', 'greyly' and 'cupboard bottom'. (More modern French words held in the dialect but dying out of the Standard Language are 'lip-sauve' for 'lip-stick' and 'fol-de-rols' for 'a woman's finery'.)

After the evolution of a London-based dialect which became Standard English in the fifteenth century, dialect or strong regional speech became less and less used by educated people. It is only recently that regional speech has been accepted in educated circles—not to mention the social ones! Even then, the regional speech used by educated people is not dialect but a modified form of Standard English, though many educated regional speakers can switch from a Standard form to a dialect form of speech depending on their audience, and often do so unconsciously.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Yorkshire changed from a predominantly rural county in the west to an industrial one. Many of the new immigrants who swelled the populations of the vast cities and towns mushrooming up in the West Riding were from the Midlands, and the

influence of Midland speech spread as industrialisation spread into the dales. What is more, this North Midland type of speech is still creeping northwards.

In Emily Brontë's novel, *Wuthering Heights*, Haworth dialect is recorded pretty accurately through the saturnine character, Old Joseph, a realistic type of those parts and not so much a figment of Emily Brontë's imagination as one might suppose. Haworth lies in the 'buffer' region between the Northern and the North Midland dialects, where dialect-speakers pronounce certain words sometimes in the Northern way and sometimes in the North Midlands way. For example, the Yorkshire dialect word for 'busy' is pronounced 'thrang' in the northern dialects, but 'throng' in the North Midland. Within this 'buffer' region—a belt running roughly level with the Aire Valley—dialect-speakers will use 'thrang' or 'threng' or 'throng'. However, the parallel word 'lang' for 'long' is always pronounced the North Midland and Standard English way now. Yet Emily Brontë has Old Joseph pronouncing it 'lang'; and he says 'amang' for among', as well as 'gangs' for 'goes'—all Northern ways of pronunciation which no Haworth dialect-speaker would use today.

The industrial immigrants in the nineteenth century possibly account for the wide variety of dialects heard in the West Riding's industrial complex whereas there is very little change in dialect right throughout the North and East Ridings which are largely rural. The dialects of Sheffield, Barnsley, Bradford, Leeds, Halifax and Huddersfield are all noticeably different both in pronunciation and to some degree in vocabulary. In a 'buffer' town like Keighley, within whose borough Haworth lies, the dialect change is apparent as one moves from one side of the town to the other, and the same is true to some extent of the larger cities. The Hunslet region of Richard Hoggart's Leeds lies south of the Aire and speaks a different type of the same dialect from the Headingly area on the other side of the river.

Urban dialects in recent years have tended to follow different lines of development from the dialects of the surrounding rural areas from which they sprang; though there is still not the wide difference between the dialects of the towns and the country in Yorkshire as there is between the towns and the country in, say, the West Midlands, where the Black Country dialect is very different from the dialects of Shropshire, Staffordshire or Warwickshire that surround it. A whole new range of dialect vocabulary is also building up inside the towns and cities as new skills replace the old crafts and traditional industries die out.

Recently there has been a revival of dialect-writing in Yorkshire, where it has flourished vigorously since the late seventeenth century. It had a strong oral tradition which spanned the period between the introduction of Standard English and the fall from popularity it had as literature during the succeeding century and a half. Dialect-writing in Yorkshire became a popular pastime a century before Burns made it universally popular. (A North Riding lawyer, George Meriton, brought out his *A Yorkshire Dialogue* in Cleveland dialect in about 1673 and it was followed by the dialect

works of many other well-educated men throughout the eighteenth century in the county.)

It is difficult to say exactly why writing in the dialects has continued to flourish in Yorkshire and why there is a growing interest in them. One factor may be nostalgia for the past, or again it may be quite simply a means of escaping from the depressing uniformity which increasingly threatens all aspects of our lives. Certainly there is a rich feeling for language in the works of the majority of Yorkshire dialect-writers and a capacity to use language poetically.

There is nothing artificial about their expression, nor is there about the language of Yorkshire novelists such as J. B. Priestley or Phyllis Bentley, Star Barstow or the Storey brothers whose Standard English is cast in the same regional mould as that of the earlier novelists, Halliwell Sutcliffe and W. E. Riley. Writing at the turn of the century, these last two might be called traditional writers. They make a bridge between the pure dialect writers of the nineteenth century (who used prose extensively as their medium in West Riding almanacs) and the present-day Yorkshire novelist who, unlike his predecessors, has a century of nation-wide education to draw upon. Literature written in both dialect and Standard English forms part of a continuous Yorkshire tradition stretching back as far as the poet Caedmon, at the end of the seventh century.

The dialect-writers are in many ways nearer to Caedmon, but the language of both groups reflects, I feel, the rich social heritage in Yorkshire which has *ipso facto* produced a remarkable awareness of speech and its use as a literary medium.

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THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE IN THE AGE OF McLUHAN

by Martyn Goff

THERE is something impure, certainly undignified, in the whole concept of advertising or promoting books, except in a very genteel way. Cars may radically change in style; clothes certainly always have done. Dress shops have recently become boutiques; grocers' self-service; and banks can even be driven into as well as visited on foot. But the book continues on its lordly, upright, spine-out, unpacked way; and so is threatened by extinction.

Extinction, of course, is an overstatement. Or is it? Two, at the most three years away are EVR and other forms of TV cassettes. Down to the record (or book?) shop, back with a cassette, into the set: and, *olé*, the picture and the word will be there in the room. Teaching machines, film loops, enormously increased TV transmissions and stations as well as all sorts of other electronic media still safely fettered in research laboratories, will threaten the 100-1,000 pages that for so many years have been sandwiched between two cased boards; or latterly paperbacked in perfect (joke?) bindings. Does it matter?

I happen to think it does. The book has been, is and will be *in the foreseeable future* the most accessible, portable and useful form either for reference or entertainment. You can read it in a field, on a plane, on a beach, in a railway station; everywhere, and everywhere without disturbing anyone else. The transistor radio is nearly as portable, but it interferes with everyone else within listening distance. And even with a transistor radio you can't turn back the page and re-read the piece you didn't understand, the piece that would give even more pleasure the second time through. And the book is always excellent furniture, in the library, in the dining-room, in the kitchen or in the bathroom.

Now, all these new media cost acres of money to develop. They are of necessity the brainchildren and products of vast corporations. Having made their huge investments, these same corporations are prepared to spend further vast sums to promote the hardware. Every gimmick of advertising, PR, lobbying and wheeler-dealing is enrolled to ensure success. And all this while the book continues on its steady, unspectacular—and, let us admit it,—very often dull way.

The National Book League, founded in 1925, occupies a beautiful house in London's Mayfair. 7 Albemarle Street was built in 1722: to this day its ceremonial hall and staircase remain among the finest in London. The League's President is the Duke of Edinburgh and its Chairman Mark Longman, the distinguished head of the Pearson-Longman Publishing Group. Being a non-profit making educational charity, the League is administered by a Council which consists of representatives of all bodies and organisations having any connection with books: Booksellers' Association, Central Office of Information, National Union of Teachers, Publishers' Association,

etc., etc. This Council elects an Executive Committee to control the League's policy. A Director, supported by a staff of about thirty people, mostly in London but with a few in the Glasgow office, carries out their policy. The League has always existed to promote the book and reading. It still exists entirely for this purpose, a worthy and exciting one. But it is now faced with the reality of the intense promotion of other media. If the book is to remain paramount, it will have to be promoted in all sorts of ways that would have seemed immodest not a decade ago; but now are vital.

So, while it will continue to produce valuable excellent book lists; while its exhibitions for those who already care about books will continue unchanged (Book Production Exhibition, Book Collectors' Fair); it will in the future also turn its attention to exhibitions that will rival in flair and style the sorts of promotions the other media are staging. At the end of this year there will be an exhibition for teenagers, linking books and films and mounted with colour, noise and excitement, at its headquarters in Albemarle Street, London. In the late spring of next year it will be responsible for one of the most daring book exhibitions ever mounted anywhere: an open one in Bedford Square, with scaffolding running up among the trees and carrying book stalls and stands along its length. Designed by the great exhibition impresario, Richard Buckle, it will show that books can be displayed with all the *brio* and flamboyance that today are the normal language for the young—and often for the not so young. It will be talked about in Chelsea cafés and students' common rooms; and even in Paris and Rome and New York. For it will present the same sort of book that you and I have been reading for years now in a *setting* that will convince everyone visiting the exhibition that it is still pertinent to 1970.

The NBL will not shop short at a couple of exhibitions, however exciting, but it will seek every opportunity to promote books in the spirit of the age. It will make sure that the importance and the convenience of the book is never forgotten. From the Bible onwards, all that is best of man's evolving civilisation has come down to us through books. Books will continue to improve the quality of ourselves and our lives, whatever electronic media might offer in other ways. And the National Book League, inspired by its President, H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, will be there to proclaim this message whenever and wherever possible.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-70): A Centenary Tribute. Some sources of his experience and inspiration.

by Rosalind Wade

AT the height of the summer of 1870 the British public remained stunned by the death of Charles Dickens, the writer and recitalist whom many had made their idol. Nor was the expression of mourning confined within our own shores.

'We have lost *our* Charles Dickens,' the headlines of an Italian newspaper proclaimed. However, not all the comment was laudatory. Mary Russell Mitford complained of the tedium and excessive length of the Readings and in the *Fortnightly Review* of February 1872 the Editor, George Henry Lewes, courageously embarked upon one of the earliest critical assessments. While allowing that Dickens commanded unprecedented popularity as a writer, Lewes found the technical failures in the novels so glaring that the entire work was overshadowed by them. '. . . although the falsity of his types often passes un-noticed in the blaze of their illumination, critical reflection shows these figures to be merely masks, not characters. . . .'

As was to be expected, John Forster in his meticulous *Life of Charles Dickens* — which book George Eliot described as 'ill-organised and stuffed with matter that would be better in the limbo'—responded angrily to this sweeping criticism. John Forster's admiration for his subject was in line with that of the elderly judge who confessed to sobbing over the fate of Little Nell.

Yet throughout these excursions into praise or blame the true personality of Charles Dickens remained elusive. Both the man and the writer were too immediate to be seen in proper focus. At the time neither friends nor enemies were in possession of the full facts surrounding Dickens's personal and public life. The age in which he lived enabled him to communicate with an admiring audience of a dimension undreamed of by any author before or since. Yet in the last ten decades the conventions of estimating achievement have altered drastically. It was during the 'thirties that the fashion of debunking Dickens matured into a rewarding literary enterprise, while the publication in 1938 of his complete correspondence inevitably had an effect. In this centenary year we may claim to have come 'full circle', enjoying the advantages of hind-sight about the man himself as well as cool judgement based on present-day standards of narrative and characterisation. If we reject, for example, the portrait which emerges from Adolphus Ward's contribution on Dickens to the English Men of Letters series, it is because we cannot detect in this watered-down image the possessor of phenomenal inspiration and industry. To prefer a consideration of Charles Dickens as an entire and fallible human being is in no sense a denigration but rather the reverse.

To-day Dickens rides unchallenged on an expanding wave of popularity fostered by reprints, musicals, television and radio. Yet many genuine

devotees are baffled by Dickens being as 'bad' in his rhetorical or sentimental passages as he is superlatively good in the successful ones. His defects may be attributed to two main causes: an unsatisfactory upbringing which led him to overload the pathos of unhappy childhood and the exigencies of the magazine serial instalment system.

Enormously inventive and inspired fiction writing does not emerge from a vacuum. 'Fertility of incident', as Charlotte Brontë so aptly termed the ability to create significant fictional situations, is usually stimulated by personal experience together with the ability to observe relevant detail. Few things seen or felt by Charles Dickens failed to find their way eventually into the capacious store-house from which he drew without limit and to such miraculous effect. Of the City streets and by-ways he carried out a minute inspection comparable to Thomas Hardy's meticulous inventory of the Wessex countryside. Much of what he saw in nineteenth century London was crude and bestial. It was with this echo of authenticity that he contrived to move his readers to 'pity and wonder'.

Yet the true objectives of his portrayals were not immediately apparent to his contemporaries. Take for example the immortal character of Mrs. Gamp. She was accepted for what she was, a gorgeously comic figure rather than a deliberate target for the exposure of the abominable standards of nursing which remained tethered to the whim of any drunken and unhygienic female who was pleased to call herself a 'nurse'. Or again, his exposure of the 'cheap schools' which provided the theme for *Nicholas Nickelby*. These schools advertised regularly in the national press offering scholastic ranges to which they could not possibly aspire; a special feature being low fees and 'no holidays'. The parish burial entries reveal the tragic death tolls of these academies of graft and avarice.

Yet another origin of contemporary confusion was that Dickens liked to identify himself with some aspect of his characters' lives or point of view, and in doing so created an inextricable web of personal association; as for instance the traditional fireside Christmas. He wrote literally dozens of Christmas stories in addition to the better known *Christmas Carol*, the idea for which came to him unexpectedly after a public reading in Manchester, inspired by 'the bright eyes and beaming faces. . . .'

It was ironic that he destroyed the 'myth' within his own family circle by remorselessly insisting upon the utmost publicity on obtaining a legal separation from his wife, Catherine, in the twenty-second year of their marriage.

In his own childhood he could not have enjoyed more than a modest Christmas cheer. He was born on February 7th, 1812, in an unpretentious Georgian villa at Landport, Portsmouth. There followed at frequent intervals various moves, first to Chatham and later to North London. From then on the shadow of insolvency darkened daily life for the firstborn child of a family of five.

It is a responsibility of parenthood to ensure that the sensitive childmind is not permanently scarred by humiliation or adversity. In this his parents, John and Elizabeth Dickens, failed lamentably. Bored and dispirited by

their own inability to make good the family finances on an Admiralty pay-clerk's salary, they may even have welcomed temporary incarceration in the debtors' section of the infamous Marshalsea Prison, in company with the younger members of their growing family. For some months previously they had ceased to provide their eldest son with even rudimentary education. As unambitious descendants of a butler and ladies' maid respectively, it is conceivable that they were unaware of their obligations in this respect. At any rate, the young Charles was already relegated to cleaning his father's boots, running 'poor' errands to the pawn-shop or minding the younger children.

He describes himself at this time as running about the streets, 'his eyes shining with tears . . .' yet these indignities were bearable by comparison with the 'employment' which the apathetic parents contrived for him on the basis of a twelve hour day at a 'blacking factory' for a wage of six shillings per week. He was expected to find lodgings and to feed himself on this money as and where he could. Pondering the situation in middle age he wonders how he did not become 'a little robber or a brigand' for all the care or guidance accorded to him. The 'factory', immortalised in *David Copperfield*, was in fact a smallish semi-derelict warehouse situated close to the now defunct Hungerford steps at Charing Cross. It was owned by a cousin of the Dickens family, one George Lamert. The nature of the work was to seal down the lids and stick labels on the jars of blacking, and this task the thirteen-year-old boy carried out for a period of three months in company with a crowd of oafs and 'drop-outs', the prototypes of which still live in many of Dickens's novels and short stories.

Recently, a new and plausible theory has been advanced to explain the hitherto inexplicable indifference of the Dickens parents towards their promising son.

To obtain the most advantageous terms for their eventual discharge it was essential to demonstrate that no funds existed—even for rudimentary education—on the principle of a kind of means test. Thus, when a timely legacy released John and Elizabeth Dickens from the debtors' gaol, Mrs. Dickens in honour bound felt obliged to maintain the fiction of complete insolvency, insisting that the 'employment' must continue—even though a family quarrel had resulted in Charles being dismissed from the blacking factory. This proved for him the crowning parental infamy: 'I can never forget', he wrote in the fragment of autobiography from which stem the main accounts of his experience at this time . . . 'that my mother was warm for my return. . . .'

But for the coincidence many years later of his friend John Forster fortuitously meeting a man who had observed young Charles Dickens working at the blacking factory, and received from him 'a very low bow', this valuable piece of confessional would almost certainly never have been written. Quoted fully in the *Life* it shines out as one of the finest passages Dickens ever wrote, free of falsity or over emphasis, pulsating with bitterness and compassion for the 'very peculiar small boy' living hand-to-mouth in the City by-ways. Yet research into the tribulations of

the devastating experiences of childhood proved too painful. Characteristically, he redirected his reminiscences into fictional channels and began immediately at white-hot speed to write *David Copperfield*. His suffering, seen from a distance in time, afforded him the necessary intellectual detachment.

The degradation of those months remained buried among his memories, for it had never been mentioned either to his wife, Catherine, nor to her two sisters, Mary and Georgina, both of whom emerge as being closer to him in sympathy and affection than his wife. His own early struggles may even have prompted him to harshness in regarding the mediocre talent of his own sons—almost all of whom disappointed him in later life. In a letter he urges one of them to make a special effort . . . for he himself at the same age was obliged to struggle without parental assistance or indeed any other kind. . . .

He was already acknowledged as a champion of children and young people who in the words of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*—written when he was only twenty-five years old—had 'never known what childhood was'. To the 'Foundling Hospital', situated almost opposite his home in Tavistock Square, and the newly opened Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, he had contributed considerable funds, raised by public readings. But his compassion for children maimed as a result of undernourishment or the hideous postures forced on them in mines and factories, was more than equalled at this time by his concern for the state of the London prisons. His interest in penal reform probably began as no more than the normal curiosity of a young newspaper man aged twenty-three when he first visited Newgate Gaol to gather background material for one of his earliest 'Sketches by Boz', during the period which he described as the 'usefullest' of his life. 'Newgate' he wrote, 'was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villainy were practised and where dire diseases were bred. . . .' He was especially impressed by the plight of the young women prisoners and describes a girl being visited by her mother . . . 'talk to her of parental solicitude, the happy times of infancy and merry games . . . tell her of hunger, beggary, the stripes, the gin shop and she will understand you. . . .'

The full iniquities of this particular prison were notorious, including the free mingling of the sexes, the entry of thieves and prostitutes and lavish supplies of alcohol for all who could afford to pay for it! After the first visit, perceptively described in 'A Visit to Newgate', Dickens became a close friend of the newly appointed governor, who replaced one dismissed for corruption, and so enjoyed the 'freedom' of the prison in all its moods and aspects.

Thus, he was at hand to observe the tightening up of discipline and the improvements in food and hygiene, which were not in any sense a parallel of modern prison reform, but rather innovations directed towards easier administration. The grim regimen of oakum picking and the tread-wheel continued. George Orwell complains that 'Dickens shows less understanding of criminals than one would expect . . .' but it must be remembered that the 'respectable' citizen, even one interested in reform, accepted that the

majority of the prisoners were 'irreclaimable', and that society must be protected from them.

But the young author who so brilliantly portrayed Fagin's emotions at the trial and in the death cells, is obviously more concerned with the cause and effect of crime than with protecting society.

. . . 'Thus even while he trembled and turned burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes in front of him, wondering how the head of one had broken off and whether they would mend it or leave it as it was. . . . And then he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it. . . .'

Some years passed before Dickens positively aligned himself with the campaign to end capital punishment, at least for trivial sentences. But in his early days as a reporter the electric atmosphere which surrounded the death pew, the condemned cell and the gallows undoubtedly held for him a macabre fascination.

Nor were the prison scenes confined to his novels. His articles and journalism on penal subjects are in many instances even more penetrating and exact. In one he referred cynically to the prisoners 'setting fire to their gaols to improve the flavour of their soup. . . .' When as many as four prisons were destroyed by fire he made a curious observation which afterwards found its way into *A Tale of Two Cities* . . . 'that the inmates were so broken by the system that they had no ambition but to return'. He describes a prisoner leaving gaol 'slowly and sadly because his gaol, his house, was burning'. Similarly, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, Dr. Manette pleads for re-admission to the Bastille and the opportunity to continue his aimless and time-wasting prison 'occupations'. 'There were some broken men among these prisoners who had been in gaol for so long and were so miserable and destitute of friends, utterly forgotten and uncared for, that they implored their gaolers *not* to set them free. . . .'

When Dickens visited the United States on one of his public reading tours he was shown the 'silent' system used in the vast Philadelphia Penitentiary and denounced it as 'too comfortable'. He was widely accepted as an authority on prison management and reform and the Governor of the penitentiary interpreted the comment as praise and circulated it widely.

Alas, only a few years later the 'separate' or 'silent' system was introduced into this country at Coldbath Gaol, At Pentonville, prisoners lived in cells instead of being herded together indiscriminately. At Holloway, the regime took the form of pinioning the women prisoners in strange coffin-like compartments, wherein they picked oakum, the only alternative employment being the tread-wheels, precariously slung over the grimly confined 'pickers'. Nearly a century passed before a return of 'association' was accepted as essential to the principle of rehabilitation.

Yet intermingled with the acceptance of much that seems to us today intolerably reactionary, Dickens eventually moved unequivocally towards the conviction that only education could ensure that many of the degraded inmates never again found themselves within the prison walls. The most

immediate opportunity for learning appeared to be the 'evening institutes', then springing up all over the country. The kind of people who attended them is described in *Hard Times* and in the essay, 'Dulborough Town', included in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, Dickens gives an entertaining description of the Mechanics' Institute . . . 'I might never have known I had found it, if I had judged from its external appearance only. But this was attributable to it never having been finished and having no front; consequently it led a modest existence up a stable yard. . . .' This portrait was drawn from the Chatham Institute of which Dickens was an unofficial patron, in an attempt to maintain the Institute's independence from local patronage. To a friend he recorded his pleasure at seeing so many 'working people' collected 'in that place'. . . . Actually, he was addressing clerks and middle class people who, having some education, wished for more, and the exhortation to turn to 'education' as a protection against ultimate incarceration in a bridewell was merely perpetuating an illusion. More comprehensive schemes than evening classes were required to keep from the gaols the criminals and delinquents who swelled them to suffocation point; as he was well aware. His particular concern had always been for the 'unfortunate females' who had 'never known a better life. . . .' He became convinced that many of them could be re-claimed if given the opportunity, and it was for the girls with hopeful records, specially recommended by the police and prison governors, that he finally conceived the daring ambition of founding a 'home for fallen women', and administering it according to his own views on reform and rehabilitation. It was perhaps the most momentous undertaking of his career and the least publicised. A suitable house was finally selected in Acton Road, Shepherd's Bush, re-christened 'Urania Cottage'. The aim of the Home was to train girls in sewing and other useful tasks and to fit them to become wives of Australian emigrants, based on a somewhat Rousseau-like ideal. Both the vision and the practical approach were his own—but the financier and partner was Angela Burdett Coutts, the millionaire daughter of that stormy reformer and radical, Sir Francis Burdett, whom Dickens had first met when a young journalist in London. Angela Burdett Coutts took the opportunity for doing good seriously. At Dickens's suggestion, she had caused to be erected model blocks of 'workers' flats in Bethnal Green, known as 'Peabody Buildings'. On matters of importance he frequently referred to her regarding Urania Cottage. But the domestic detail, from ordering new blinds for the dining hall to selecting suitable reading matter for the inmates, was his own responsibility.

The period of his close involvement with the scheme was about twelve years. During this time he was writing among other major novels *David Copperfield*, editing *Household Words* and producing and acting in amateur play productions.

Despite her interest in Urania Cottage, Miss Burdett Coutts did not visit the Home regularly and information regarding its day to day activities is revealed in a voluminous correspondence, the intimacy of which never goes beyond the bounds of 'My dear Miss Coutts' . . . and 'yours respect-

fully, Charles Dickens'. The problems of unsatisfactory staff, the inevitable breakdowns of discipline and disappointment following misplaced trust, are conveyed in a manner not designed to arouse laughter or tears but purely as a means of practical communication. Thus, through these letters, which remained un-noted among the Burdett Coutts papers until comparatively recently, an entirely new Charles Dickens is revealed to us. One humble and diffident in the face of neuroticism and insubordination; finding no guideline in the avenues of success which had made him the most successful literary figure of his age. We see a man facing a problem larger than himself in the conduct of a community of 'females' possessing all the exasperating contradictions of inadequate personalities. He forbade the questioning of the girls about their 'past' and ordered their training under nine headings, among which Truthfulness, Industry, Temperance, Economy and Cleanliness were the main aspirations. Tight-lipped, 'unsuitable' wardens and housekeepers are presented to us alongside the tawdry personalities of the often rebellious girls, preserved for all time in the cross-fire of this unique exchange of letters, providing at first hand minutiae of information about feminine psychology. And what effect this may have had upon the more subtle understanding of women revealed in Dickens's later novels is difficult to determine.

More books have been written about Charles Dickens than any other author, excluding D. H. Lawrence and Jane Austen. Yet his enormous diversity of achievement and temperament defies orderly assessment. While he laboured to secure authors' copyright protection and founded the Stratford Memorial Theatre he was beset by the tempest of matrimonial disagreement. His complicated psychology led him to prefer his sisters-in-law to his wife and to offer his permanent allegiance to a young actress, Ellen Lawless Ternan, when he himself was close upon fifty years of age. Yet at this time of upheaval he appeared to be equally concerned with the formation of a 'Writers' Guild' and the purchase of his new home at Gadshill.

Perhaps the most objective and representative picture of his attitudes and outlook will be gleaned from his correspondence and in studying the lesser-read works—*The Uncommercial Traveller* for example, or *Pictures from Italy*—than in seeking finally to identify him with those of his fictional characters whose names are household words.

Books consulted include:
Letters from Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts, 1841-65. Ed. Edgar Johnson. (Jonathan Cape, 1955.)
Dickens and Crime, by Philip Collins. (Macmillan, 1962.)

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A SURVEY OF SCULPTURE

The History of World Sculpture. Germain Bazin. Studio Vista, 8 gns.

A study of sculpture from the Palæolithic age to the present century is bound, of its very nature, to be an ambitious project. Ambitious M. Bazin's book certainly is, with over a thousand photographs, all in colour, and an Introduction covering the whole sweep of man's evolution of this branch of plastic art. The problem is to what extent can any single volume, even a work of this size and splendour, effectively achieve more than an over-simplification of a subject so widely varied and closely interdeveloped with the whole process of human development as this one is? However beautiful its presentation, however succinct or scholarly the accompanying text may be, there is always the real risk that an effusion of this kind will dwindle into an elegant case of coffee-table production at the best, or a facile piece of instant culture at the worst.

That such results are not inevitable is proved by the success of such wide-ranging surveys as Sir Kenneth Clark's recent *Civilisation*. This, however, had certain specific safeguards inherent in it, notably the purpose for which it was conceived (the text for an extensive series of television programmes) and the highly personalised nature of the commentary that it provided. M. Bazin is an art historian every bit as learned as Sir Kenneth and one who has held positions of equal distinction. He has published a considerable number of books on a wide variety of subjects and has proved himself to be an apt and accomplished exponent of the arts. Why, in those circumstances, is one left with a certain feeling of reservation towards the present volume?

I think, to begin with, that M. Bazin has undoubtedly tried here to bite off more than he can chew. What he has essayed in effect is to give nothing less than a comprehensive account of all the major practitioners and developments in an outline of sculpture, in its widest possible historical context. The result is, inevitably, somewhat indigestive from the word 'go'. Centuries, not to say millenia, flash past at a speed and with a suddenness which at times is positively frightening, so that the Pisano family are disposed of in a breathless three and a half pages; Michelangelo is lucky to get six to himself and Rodin and Henry Moore qualify for just on a page each. The effect produced is rather like one of those bewildering guessing games that one used to play as a child. Is the bronze head of a bull from the Musée de Sion, one of the most interesting of all works in the Roman period, going to justify for inclusion? Why does Andreas Schluter qualify for mention and not Joaquim Machado de Castro? Why is Barye represented only by the boring, hideous *Theseus Slaying the Minotaur* from the Louvre and not by any of his more characteristic animal bronzes, which proved the progenitors of a whole, significant new school of sculpture? Where are the rest of the Animaliers (no mention of Fratin, Mêne, Pompon or Bugatti)? How does Anthony Caro justify inclusion if not Barbara Hepworth? . . . and so it goes on.

In fairness, there is a compensating advantage, to take the example of one period only, in being able to place such unusual or exotic figures as the Bohemian Mathias Braun, the Antwerp master Michael Vervoort, the Sicilian Serpotta and that extraordinary Brazilian The Aleijadinho (on whom

M. Bazin has already written an excellent separate monograph) against the single background of Baroque sculpture. But I have a more serious criticism against the nature of M. Bazin's approach as a whole; and it is that he makes the entire thing look, at one and the same time, both too complicated and too easy for the newcomer to the subject, for whom surely this type of book must basically be intended. It is all rather like being taken on a breakneck world tour to be shown only those works of art which qualify for several stars in the guidebook. There is not really enough guidance provided on the evolution of materials and technical processes, and to my mind too much concentration on the modelling of the human form as opposed to the presentation of other creatures (which has been of almost equal significance in the history of this particular art). All in all, this is an interesting, evocative by a literate and sometimes stimulating text and some extremely beautiful but essentially coffee table book, justified, for those who can afford the price, photographs.

ERNLE MONEY

SOLDIERS TALKING

The Seventh Day. Edited in English by Henry Near. Andre Deutsch, 42s.

I hope this book has a wide circulation, not only because (like many things that happen in Israel) it is unique, but also because it presents a different image of the Israeli citizen-soldier. It should make a direct appeal to the young, to the world of protesters and above all to all those who genuinely believe in reason and democratic discussion. This book is not merely 'reportage', to use a current word; it represents soldiers talking to each other after the shortest war in history; in fact it is primary source material of the SIX-DAY WAR.

Of course soldiers discussed all manner of things, social and political in Cromwell's army. There are volumes of private letters, prose and particularly poetry, mostly recollected in tranquility, after the 1914-18 war. One has only to think of Edward Thomas, Siegfried Sassoon, Edmund Blunden and scores of others. 'The Seventh Day' is unique because its origin was immediate and spontaneous and never intended for commercial publication. It was a *Kibbutznik* enterprise, but the expressions of thought in the book, about peace and war, fear and rejoicing, absence of hate, discussions of moral values, were shared and are shared today by a majority of Israeli citizens. The sales in Hebrew were over 70,000. It is now translated into English and edited by Henry Near, who was once at New College, Oxford, and who has been living for fifteen years at *Kibbutz*, Beit Ha'Emek, north of Haifa.

Perhaps some of the self-questioning is peculiarly Jewish, but many pages have a poignant and universal appeal, because of the combination of earthiness and spirituality. There are no heroics and no jingoism, but rather a searching self-analysis; a hatred of war combined with a passion for survival. It is rather like a family going to war and re-discovering the roots of their ancestral tradition. Many of my generation sitting in the trenches, greeting the enemy on Christmas Day and then waiting for the slaughter of the Somme and Paschendale, felt like these soldiers; in fact there were many discussions, not unlike those in 'The Seventh Day', which took place at base-camps like Harfleur while the 1914-18 war was still in progress. I was there.

The war in Israel was short and local, but it has profoundly affected a whole generation, young and old. Historians will continue to compile learned books about Israel and the Arabs, about the Middle East and the Great Powers; but no book, in my opinion, will explain with more depth of feeling what made the

victory possible and why military victory alone was not good enough for such a people as the Jews. This is precisely why one would like to see translations into Arabic, Russian and French, so that soldiers and politicians everywhere can understand the folly and wickedness of war and the awful problems that face the young Israeli nation.

As S. C. Leslie has written: 'The differences between Israel's and the world's situation will often turn out to mean simply that Israel is out on the frontier in this as in other ways, facing some problems that for the rest of us are half-buried or just coming up.' In this sense 'The Seventh Day' should command the attention of a wider audience than Israel and the Middle East.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE CROWN AND POLITICS

The Political Influence of the British Monarchy, 1868-1952. Frank Hardie. Batsford, 42s.

Within the limitations set by the author, this work attempts a contribution to our understanding of the monarchy. The contribution is limited due to the nature of the work: its dependence on secondary sources. No original sources are referred to other than two references in the footnotes to 'official information' which one assumes to be the Royal Archives, Windsor, mentioned in the bibliography and acknowledged by the author. Rather, the book reads much like an undergraduate essay on the topic of the Crown's influence in politics during the period.

More attention is given to Victoria's political influence in the period 1868 to 1901 than to any other sovereign in the period and this is perhaps the best section of the work, based as it is on the author's previous study of Queen Victoria's political influence. But, in regard to this section, two criticisms ought to be made: firstly, is it really very relevant to say: 'Queen Victoria can no more be called stupid just for being a Conservative than could all or any of the Conservatives of the Victorian age'? Very few historians would hold that stupidity is a necessary prerequisite for membership in, or adherence to, the principles of the Tory party. Secondly, in speaking of party movements from the Second Reform Act to 1901, is it accurate to use the terms 'Right' and 'Left'? One doubts the value of the term 'Left' in understanding either Liberalism under Victoria or Edward VII or Labour in the twentieth century. If anything, the terms only cloud the understanding of the issues.

The analysis of Edward VII's political influence is, at times, somewhat superficial. In giving reasons for ministerial disregard of the King, Mr. Hardie states that, firstly, the increase in complexity and volume of government business and secondly, because the office of 'Prime Minister' was created in 1905. One doubts that Edward VII, when pushed, was less intelligent than many of his ministers and, secondly, to place emphasis on the recognition of a fact such as the above is to fall into the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. The truth is that by 1901 government could function without the Crown and did so unless the Crown, on its own initiative, sought to play a practical role which depended on the monarch's view of monarchy and on his inclination and ability to work. Queen Victoria was willing to work, Edward VII was not — at least not in the same way. Finally, in regard to the King's influence on foreign affairs it is misleading to say that Edward VII changed after becoming King and became more responsible despite an occasional relapse into old and bad habits because this bypasses the main point: ministers under Edward VII never

entrusted him with really important documents for fear of what he *might* do, hence his responsibility with what he was given is a secondary point.

The coverage of George V's reign is adequate although one could wish that disputed points left without an answer (e.g. the King's initial attitude to the People's Budget) would have been referred to documental evidence easily available to the historian. Mr. Hardie rightly places George V as the 'hero' of the British monarchy in its evolution from exercising political influence into one having neutrality and social influence.

George VI is given a somewhat perfunctory survey (eleven pages) and the 'Postscript' attempts a brief recapitulation. Finally, three points need to be made. To complete properly the survey attempted, one should bring the period up to 1965, not 1952, when the last prerogative power of the monarch, i.e. the right to have a say in the selection of a new Prime Minister, ended when the Tory party devised the present plan of selecting their Leader in reaction to the Queen's action (upon Harold Macmillan's 'advice') in 1963. Secondly, in writing about Victoria, Mr. Hardie points out that the 'reality of Victoria's position' was dependent on the use she made of her office so that 'in comparison the last vestiges of the prerogative were unimportant' (p. 54). This points to the central truth of the monarchy: One cannot discuss its political influence without discussing the monarch, for the monarch is (within obvious bounds) what the monarch makes it and this is as true for Victoria as it is for Elizabeth II. Thus the 'political' development from 1868 to 1952 can never be properly understood without great attention being paid to the fact that despite a minor disturbance in 1936, we have been lucky in having dedicated monarchs. Finally, in discussing Edward VII's role in foreign affairs, Mr. Hardie strikes upon (without elaborating) the obvious point that the Crown has got political power, still perhaps, but only when one separates 'political' power from party-political power and defines it as the exercise of influence upon those who have authority to make decisions, whether in domestic or foreign, governmental or social spheres.

As a 'Long-vac essay' the book is solid, a worthwhile collection of available material, well-written and concise; as a scholarly work, it serves as a good introductory essay to the subject.

J. E. B. MUNSON

ANALYSIS OF JAZZ

The Jazz Tradition. Martin Williams. Oxford University Press, 55s.

Martin Williams is a respected writer on Jazz in the United States, and for many years was Jazz Critic of the *Saturday Review*. This book, indeed, is not for the most part an original work, but a collation and revision of essays written over the past decade in that magazine, *The Evergreen Review*, and *Down Beat*. It arrives for English publication with glowing testimonials on the dust cover from other American writers and, having read the book, the praise seems richly deserved.

The work begins with a lengthy introductory chapter subtitled 'A Question of Meaning' and then goes on, in fifteen separate chapters, to analyse the contribution to Jazz of those whom the author considers to be the greatest composers, instrumentalists and innovators in its development. These begin with Jelly Roll Morton, continue through Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Lester Young among others. The development of Modern Jazz is seen through chapters on Thelonious Monk, The Modern Jazz Quartet, Miles Davis and others. The final chapter is on Ornette Coleman.

There is also a memorably powerful and concise chapter on the unique Billie Holiday. Indeed economy of words is perhaps the greatest merit of the book. In just over 200 pages the reader is left feeling that he has the entire history and development of this musical idiom in a remarkably well turned nutshell.

The introductory chapter is in many ways the most stimulating of all. In it the author not only traces the early development of Jazz, but explores the roots of that growth. He discusses the evergreen question of whether Jazz was specifically a Negro contribution to musical culture and surmises it was not. He points out that it took Jazz a long time to achieve the complexity of the Congo rhythms from which it is supposed to spring, and he concludes that 'Jazz is the music of a people who have been told by their circumstances that they are unworthy. And in Jazz, these people discover their own worthiness'. He decides that Jazz reaches beyond its ethnic origins and 'tells all men something about themselves which they do not know, and have never heard before'.

The chapters on individual players are lucid and stimulating. They also convey a very sound scholarship. Mr. Williams may wear his learning lightly, but this is a genuine work of musicology. There are many judgments passed on performers, compositions and styles, but such judgments, though at times sweeping, are always backed by cogent argument and musical example. Having discussed a player's background and development, he goes on to consider him through what he selects to be the most representative recordings. Now here one must carp; for the Discographical Notes at the end of the book refer to these recordings in their American editions and catalogue numbers. Surely the publishers could have arranged for these to be changed where possible to their English equivalents, for without them the Notes are of limited practical value.

The style has polish as well as economy. Time and again one smiles delightedly at a particularly apt turn of phrase, and the chapter on Billie Holiday is a gem of musical criticism by any standards. 'She was an actress. And she was a great musician. But she never had an act' is how he concludes it. How fortunate a musician who can be summed up so concisely and so generously. This is a fascinating book for any Jazz lover, and should stimulate many from the other side of music to discover more about what is the most truly American contribution to our musical heritage.

ESSAYS AND ASSESSMENTS

Men in Dark Times. Hannah Arendt. Jonathan Cape, 45s.

Poets, Critics, Mystics: a Selection of Criticisms Written Between 1919 and 1955 by John Middleton Murry. Edited by Sir Richard Rees. Preface by Harry T. Moore. Sthn. Illinois Univ. Press and Feffer & Simons, London, $4.95.

Thomas Love Peacock: Memoirs, Essays and Reviews. Edited by Howard Mills. Rupert Hart-Davis, 45s.

Of the three books on the table, all collections of essays and kindred writings which their authors have published elsewhere, Dr. Hannah Arendt's *Men in Dark Times* takes pride of place because of its contemporaneity. Born in Hanover in 1906, she studied in two German universities before receiving her doctorate in philosophy at Heidelberg. She fled from the Nazi menace in 1933, first working in France for the immigration of Jewish refugee children into Palestine and some years later becoming an American citizen. In the United States she has held many academic and sociological appointments and has been honoured with a number of high-ranking awards.

Under a general title gleaned from a poem by Bertolt Brecht, Professor Arendt has collected eleven articles, essays, reviews and addresses written over a period of twelve years 'on the spur of occasion or opportunity'. Her first item, 'On Humanity in Dark Times', an Address given in Hamburg on receiving that city's Lessing Prize, not only celebrates the 18th-century German critic and dramatist's passion for truth and human understanding but expresses her own conviction—as it was Lessing's—that 'truth can exist only where it is humanised by discourse', i.e. by the free exchange of ideas. The volume contains essays on the tragic revolutionary Rosa Luxemburg, on Pope John, Karl Jaspers, the Danish novelist Isak Dinesen, and, among others, Hermann Broch and Bertolt Brecht. It is in her estimate of Brecht and his adherence to Communist ideology that Dr. Arendt's essay has incurred criticism: she asks, 'How about his ode to Stalin and his praise of Stalin's crimes, written and published while he was in East Berlin but mercifully omitted from the collection of his works?' The suggestion that Brecht wrote odes to Stalin has been challenged here and in the American press; but this is a matter best left to experts on Brecht's writings. The essay itself makes compelling reading.

Admirers of the work of John Middleton Murry (1889-1957) should welcome the selection made by Sir Richard Rees, in the American 'Crosscurrents' book series, of twenty-four of the uncollected and unsigned articles written by Murry. They were contributed to the T.L.S. and other English journals between 1919 and 1955 and are reprinted under three group headings, 'Poets and Novelists', 'Critics', and 'Mystics'. The editor in his Introduction rightly reminds readers that Murry in the early 1920s was a leader of the generation which included Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf. As he says:

> He was one of the first champions of Lawrence and Eliot and was a pioneer in introducing Proust to English readers. He was married to Katherine Mansfield, and in 1919-1921 Aldous Huxley was his assistant editor on the *Athenaeum*. Eliot, who was then working in a London bank, had been Murry's first choice for this job, and although he decided not to leave the bank he contributed to the *Athenaeum* many of the essays which he later collected in *The Sacred Wood*. Some of these essays were written, as Eliot mentions in the 1928 preface, directly at Murry's suggestion....

It is probable that the first essay in the present volume, on 'Milton's Prosody' (*Nation and Athenaeum*, March, 1921), reflects the mind of both Eliot and Murry. It is poetic criticism at its concentrated best. Based, as a review, on Robert Bridges' book on Milton's Prosody, it disagrees with the then Laureate's praise of Milton's systematic syllabic blank verse as a refinement and improvement of Shakespeare's. Comparing Hamlet's 'To be, or not to be' speech with any part of 'Paradise Lost', Murry concludes that 'In Shakespeare the speech rhythm dominates the prosody; in Milton the prosody kills the speech rhythm'; and he quotes a letter of Keats saying 'I have given up *Hyperion*... Miltonic verse cannot be written, but is the verse of art'.

Villon, Hölderlin, Keats, Peacock, and Murry's contemporaries Proust, Joyce, Forster and D. H. Lawrence, all prompt fine critical reflections; and when we turn to the section devoted to 'Critics' we find Murry dealing with Trilling on Matthew Arnold, Leavis on Lawrence, and reviews of books by Jung and Freud. Professor Empson's famous book, 'Seven Types of Ambiguity', J.M.M. summarised in its total effect as 'incontinent, and it obscures rather than explains.... One has the impression that he has been turned, or has turned himself, loose on poetry; and that poetry has no particular importance to him save as an opportunity for a free exercise of his abilities'.

Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), the novelist, poet and satirist, who, like Charles Lamb, served in the East India House, though more preferentially and lucratively than 'Elia', is attracting a new wave of interest in literary circles. It is in response to this revival that Mr. Howard Mills of Kent University has collected the best of Peacock's essays and reviews, which (with the exception of 'The Four Ages of Poetry') are not available outside the ten-volume Halliford edition of Peacock's complete works. *Thomas Love Peacock: Memoirs, Essays and Reviews* leads off with the 70 pages of his 'Memoirs of Percy Bysshe Shelley'. He first met Shelley in Wales in one of his many walking tours, and a close friendship developed. Their intimacy, continuing until Shelley's death, enabled Peacock to fill in many details of the poet's life which have puzzled later biographers. Essays on 'Fashionable Literature', on Thomas Moore's 'Letters and Journals of Lord Byron', and on 'French Comic Romances' are among other contents of this Peacock miscellany.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Edward Heath (Longman, 16s.). George Hutchinson wrote this 'personal and political biography' just in time for the General Election. The Conservative victory gives the book increased interest as an assessment of the new Prime Minister's qualities. Mr. Hutchinson is a political journalist of considerable standing and was in charge of Conservative Party publicity from 1960 to 1965. Mr. Heath has co-operated 'in a friendly and informal way' with the author who has also obtained a great deal of information elsewhere. The volume covers, of course, the highlights of his career, particularly the abortive negotiations for entry into the Common Market and his rise within the Tory hierarchy to become the first elected Leader. The author accepts that Mr. Heath so far has made remarkably little impact among the public. At mass meetings 'Heath is addicted, perhaps by now incurably, to the factual statement, the plain exposition, marshalling and enumerating his facts and policies like a laundry list'. The author refers to his 'inborn taste for order, system, preparation, planning. Not for him the inspired hunch, the sudden dash, the romantic free for all'; although there are suspicions of the 'buttoned-up romantic'. 'He is,' writes Mr. Hutchinson, 'a doer rather than a theorist, more interested in the realities of administration than the abstractions of political philosophy. There is moral courage, consistency of purpose and personal conviction'. Now with the General Election over, we shall be able to assess Mr. Hutchinson's judgment.

The Silence of Pius XII (Faber and Faber, 70s.). Carloni Falconi's exhaustive study was first published in 1965 and is now translated into English by Bernard Wall. This is an erudite investigation into the failure by the Pope to make any real protest against the Nazi aggression and atrocities during the 1939-1945 war. The author regards as 'irrefutable in the present state of our knowledge' that 'Pius XII never promulgated an explicit and direct condemnation of the war of aggression, and still less of the unspeakable acts of violence carried out by the Germans and their accomplices under cover of the war', It is equally clear that 'he had full knowledge of the gravity of the facts from the earliest stages'. What then is the explanation of the silence of a man of deep piety and 'a lofty and

austere conscience'? There were various reasons, in the author's view: the Pope's opinion that Catholics were not ready psychologically, 'his conviction that Communism would derive encouragement from any weakening of Nazism', the Pope's Germanophilia, and 'most important of all' his 'preoccupation with guaranteeing the Church's survival all over Europe' and enabling it to exercise 'a decisive influence' in the post-war years. He had been a career diplomat in the papal service, and regarded diplomacy as the only course. 'While the sincerity and depth of Pius XII's piety lie behind his moral torment, his unconscious professional deformation explains the final victory of the diplomat over the man of God'. No doubt the debate will long continue. The rest of the book is concerned with the Vatican's wartime relations with Poland and the massacre of Orthodox Serbs in Croatia, for refusing to become Catholics.

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939, Second Series. Vol. XI (H.M. Stationery Office, £5). This volume, edited by Professor W. N. Medlicott, Professor Douglas Dakin and M. E. Lambert, deals with Far Eastern Affairs, in particular 'the final stages of the Manchurian crisis from mid-October, 1932, to the signing of the Tangku truce agreement on the 31st May, 1933'. There are 592 documents quoted and briefly annotated, spread over four chapters. The first two chapters are mainly concerned with discussions following the Lytton Commission's Report, and negotiations between the League of Nations and Japan ending in the League Assembly's adverse resolution on February 24, 1933. Chapter 3 deals mostly with the Sino-Japanese hostilities in Jehol Province and the consequential crisis; and the last chapter is concerned with its denouncement. It is pointed out that as in previous volumes, 'documents dealing with the discussions at Geneva have been limited as far as possible to hitherto unpublished material'. The Appendix prints Sir Miles Lampson's review of events in China during his term of office as Minister in Pekin, 1926-1933.

Introduction to Social Work (Batsford, 32s.). Mr. Robert Bessell, Principal Lecturer in Social Work at Sheffield Polytechnic, has written a very useful account of the various fields of work open to the social worker. Although the book is primarily intended for young people, it does in fact usefully outline for a wider public the nature of the work involved in the main categories. These are medical social work, the Probation Service, psychiatric social work, and the local authority services, including welfare and child care. One of the great difficulties not really dealt with in this book is the recruitment of the right person for the particular job. Training and a sense of vocation can by themselves be quite inadequate. It is the type and quality of personality which may matter most. Take, for example, the probation service full of trained and dedicated officers. Yet court probation orders may fail to be effective solely because the particular probation officer assigned has not the personality or the understanding necessary to influence the particular offender involved. It may be that the only answer is to widen the area of recruitment by providing better inducements.

Whimsicalities and Warnings (Panther Books, 6s.). Julian Ennis has edited and introduced shortly a selection of over fifty poems of Thomas Hood. It *is* a delightful anthology, although *Miss Kilmanseg and her Precious Leg* has been omitted owing to its length. In his brief Preface, Mr. Ennis, describing Hood as 'the best writer of light verse in our literature', stresses Hood's duality and oneness.

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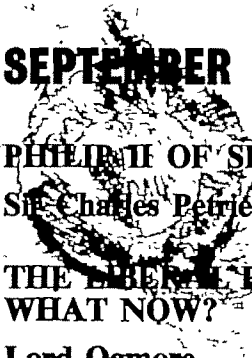

SEPTEMBER 1970

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Sir Charles Petrie

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Incorporating The Fortnightly

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PHILIP II OF SPAIN: A REASSESSMENT

by Sir Charles Petrie

UNTIL recent times Philip II has been unpopular with historians, and it could even be argued that he is one of the most misjudged monarchs in history. For many years it was the custom of English historians in particular, following in the footsteps of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and Martin Hume, to say that Philip left his country ruined economically and on the downward path internationally. It is to be feared that to no inconsiderable extent national prejudice was at the bottom of this harsh judgement: because he had been the enemy of England he must have been a bad man. Then, again, he lived in a period like our own when ideologies cut across all other loyalties, and when men felt that they had more in common with foreigners who held their views than with such of their fellow-countrymen as did not. In consequence those who held a different ideology from Philip have sent him down the ages with a very bad reputation indeed. This is especially the case with the Revolt of the Netherlands, a movement which found an able, but by no means scrupulous, apologist in the American Motley: indeed the late Duke of Alba once advised students of history to be on their guard against Motley, of whom he said his 'literary skill was undeniable, but he did not possess those qualities of impartiality and veracity which are indispensable in a historian'. For all these reasons the time has surely come for a reassessment of Philip the Prudent.

Let us first of all look at Philip the man.

He was born in the city of Valladolid on May 21, 1527, the son of Charles V and Isabella of Portugal. The birth of a son and heir to the Spanish monarchy was naturally an occasion of great joy, but it is no exaggeration to say that the hold which he established over the Spanish people by the mere circumstance of his birth he never lost to the day of his death; they never wavered in their affection from the time when as a merry little golden-haired boy he drove about the streets of Toledo for all to see until he lay dying in the Escorial. They were always ready to forgive him for his mistakes, for they knew of his devotion to the ancient religion which

was so dear to them too, and of his care for the interests of their country.

Royalty in the sixteenth century, at any rate in England and Spain, was much better educated than was to be its lot until our own time, and Philip was no exception. It is no uncommon thing for princes to be represented as prodigies, but he seems to have been an extraordinary boy, and at an early age he exhibited great aptitude for certain subjects, especially mathematics: it is true that he was never a linquist of any proficiency, but he could read and write Latin while still quite young, and he certainly understood French and Italian. As he grew older architecture made a special appeal to him, and he carefully studied its principles, with results that are to be seen in many parts of Spain, while in later life he became a considerable critic of sculpture and painting. Philip's earlier upbringing was in the hands of his mother, and in this he was extremely fortunate, for many of the virtues of Isabella the Catholic were reproduced in the Empress.

These halcyon days with his mother, probably the only really happy period in Philip's life, were not destined to last long, for he was only twelve when she died. This event had the effect of concentrating the boy's affection and respect upon his father, and henceforth the two were very close in ideas and outlook, though it was not until 1541 that Philip's serious political instruction may be said to have begun. He was then fourteen, and what he was at fourteen he was to be for the rest of his life. Outwardly he seemed older than his years, for he was reserved in his manner and deliberate in his speech; yet what he had to say was well worth hearing, and even as a boy he was rarely off his guard. Yet there was another, and softer, side to his nature which only showed itself to his intimates, and which may well have been the cause of their affection for him: he was also popular with servants, which is always a good sign. He wrote poetry for his own delectation; he was a great lover of music; and he was liable to be moved almost to tears by the song of a nightingale on a summer evening. As in the case of all great men Philip's character was extremely complex, but unlike all great men he knew his own limitations; he had no illustions about his military prowess, and he was not subject to that vanity which was one of the ingredients of his father's heroism. He could carry on a struggle for years against overwhelming odds should the necessity arise, but the taking of snap decisions on a battle-field was outside the scope of a man who suffered from diarrhoea under the stress of any sudden crisis.

These virtues had their reverse side. Philip's methods and character were early matured, and as soon as he was seated on the throne he began that regular routine of government which continued unbroken for the next forty years: he endeavoured to rule the world from his desk, and although he never spared himself the task was beyond him, as it would have been beyond any man. Von Pastor, the talented author of the *Lives of the Popes*, well summed up this aspect of Philip's character when he wrote 'natural autocracy was given a special character by the view he took of the heavy responsibilities which lay upon his shoulders. His unwearied assiduity at the council table would have been an excellent thing in the ruler of a small

state, but in the case of a monarch who was master of half the world it could not fail to become a grave disadvantage, all the more so since it was united to a great want of decision.'

When we turn from Philip the man to Philip the monarch it is necessary to study him under several heads.

First of all there is his Mediterranean policy which has tended to be ignored by Anglo-Saxon historians who have preferred to view his reign in the light of a struggle between him and Elizabeth I of England, whereas nothing could be further from the truth. That in the end he lost the battle against England cannot be denied, but this was not fatal to Spain or to the Spanish Empire, though it was a considerable embarrassment; had he failed in the long contest with the Turk he would have imperilled the work of the Catholic Sovereigns, and with it the unity of Spain, for Islam might so easily have regained a foothold in the Peninsula. Relations with England, France and the Netherlands were without doubt extremely important, but they were sideshows compared with the situation in the Mediterranean. Many of the problems which confronted Philip were inherited by him, and among them was the shadow of the Crescent.

In spite of the somewhat spasmodic efforts of Charles V the greater part of the coast of North Africa had passed into Moslem hands, and these events changed the whole balance of power in the Mediterranean. Ferdinand and Isabella had hoped by the conquest of Granada to close the door by which Islam had so often invaded the Iberian Peninsula, and yet there were the Turks sweeping along the coast of North Africa as the Ommeyad Caliphs had done in the latter part of the seventh century. The command of the sea had greatly contributed to the success of the Spaniards in the long struggle with France for the possession of Naples, but even this seemed to have passed out of Spanish hands, for in 1538 the Turks had the best of the combined Papal, Venetian and Spanish fleets off Prevesa, while the conquest of Egypt and the activities of the Corsairs had combined to produce one of those rare situations when the Crescent was superior to the Cross at sea. Worse still from the Spanish point-of-view there was no telling how far the descendants of the conquered Moors in Spain itself might not be preparing to display active sympathy with their Ottoman co-religionists, while the Sultan had an ally over the Pyrenees in the person of the King of France: so long as the mastery of the Mediterranean was in dispute the strength of the Habsburg ring round France, which had been forged at Cateau-Cambrésis, was likely to prove more apparent than real. Such was the situation which Philip found confronting him when he returned to Spain in 1559, and compared with it the rumblings in the Netherlands and the policy of the new Queen of England must have appeared of minor importance.

From the beginning Philip was under no illusion concerning what was at stake; if the Turks obtained supremacy in the Western Mediterranean not only would Spanish communications with Naples and Sicily be seriously threatened—that is to say if the whole of Italy did not become an Ottoman

vilayet—but the East and South of Spain would be in deadly peril. Hence his frequent attempts to dislodge the Turks from the coast of North Africa. Philip has been accused of being slow to realise the Turkish threat to Malta, to which the Sultan's forces laid siege in May, 1565, and of being even slower to take any steps to counteract it, so it will be as well to see how the case against him really stands. The Spanish government, it is true, does not appear to have been at all well informed with regard to what was happening at Constantinople, and the news that something was afoot mostly came through the Vatican, the Republic of St. Mark, or the Knights Hospitallers themselves. All the same by the beginning of 1565 Philip was well aware of the danger and was making the necessary preparations, for on February 3 he wrote to the Viceroy of Naples to be on his guard against a possible Turkish attack on Sicily, though he personally thought it more likely that the Sultan's objective was Malta.

It soon came to be appreciated that the enemy's effort would be on a very large scale, and no mere mobilisation of existing Spanish resources would suffice. As Mr. Walsh, Philip's American biographer, has very well written, in these circumstances 'only a lunatic would have attempted to engage a well-equipped and seasoned fleet of a hundred and fifty or more fighting vessels of the first class with a green fleet of ninety vessels.' So, as was his custom, the King went about his task calmly and methodically; he spent long hours at his desk and fewer at his recreations; and he wrote an incredible number of detailed letters, many in his own hand, to a host of ambassadors and agents. His critics, too, tend to ignore the fact that it would have been rash of him to have made any premature move until he knew French intentions for a certainty since the alliance between France and the Porte was a very real factor in Mediterranean politics. In spite, however, of all these difficulties it was a Spanish army that relieved Malta, and so, taking all things into account, it is surely impossible to avoid the conclusion that the charge against Philip of tardiness in coming to the aid of Malta must fall on the ground.

His policy with regard to the Moriscoes in Spain itself is more open to question, though there is a good deal to be said in his favour. The Moriscoes were the Sultan's 'Fifth Column' in the Peninsula, and they were the eyes and ears of the Barbary Corsairs in their raids on the Spanish coast. Nor was this all, for there were people still alive at the beginning of the reign who had seen the Crescent flying over Granada, and there were even more who looked forward to the day when it would do so again: Spain's extremity was to be their opportunity, and there is substantial evidence that every Turkish success aroused considerable enthusiasm among them. All this was reason why Philip should be constantly on his guard, but where he made his great blunder was in associating himself was an indictment against a whole people, and thus provoking what it was his interest to avoid, namely a widespread rising of the Moriscoes. His attitude is the more surprising in view of the fact that in England he had always urged moderation on his wife and her advisers, yet here, in his own country, he threw all discretion to the winds.

Where the Turk was concerned Philip has been the subject of a good deal of criticism, mostly civilian, for not having followed up the victory of Lepanto by an immediate attack upon Constantinople, which, according to the critics, would inevitably have been followed by the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire: the blame is usually placed upon the shoulders of the King either on the ground of his habitual procrastination or of his jealousy of his brother, Don John of Austria. These charges call for investigation.

It is true that Philip was not of the stuff of which successful generals in the field are made, and he was thoroughly cognizant of the fact as he showed in the St. Quentin campaign; but he was also under no illusion as to the Turkish strength, and in fact the Sultan's immediate reaction to his defeat at Lepanto was to build a new fleet, while in any event the Turk on the defensive is a formidable proposition as the British learnt in the present century at Gallipoli. Nor could the Spaniards rely, like the Russians in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, upon the sympathy and support of the native Christians, for these were Orthodox, and much preferred the Sultan to the Catholic King. Above all, there was no Spanish possession in the Eastern Mediterranean to serve as a base of operations, and Sicily was too far away: in these circumstances defeat would mean disaster. Finally, the most responsible military opinion of the day, the Duke of Alba, took the view that Don John's resources were far too slender to warrant an attack upon the Turkish capital.

As for the relations between the two brothers, that is to say Philip and Don John, a great deal of nonsense has been written on the subject, and not much that is to the point. They were men of sharply contrasted types for, whereas the King was extremely reserved save in his own family circle, the victor of Lepanto was a good deal of an extrovert. He was born to be a hero of romance, and he has rightly been called the Paladin of Christendom: moreover, success came to him early in life, and he possessed the gift of leadership to a marked extent. There was, however, another side to Don John's character which Philip could not afford to ignore. Don John was intensely ambitious, and was desirous of carving out a kingdom for himself either in North Africa or in the Levant. His failure to realise this ambition in his earlier days is often attributed to the jealousy of his brother, though why the King should have been jealous of him, seeing that he was out of the running for the succession to the throne, is difficult to see; what is true is that Philip did not trust his judgement, and this mistrust was shared by most of his ministers. As for a kingdom in the Near East, it would serve no vital Spanish interest, it could only be sustained by Spanish troops and Spanish money, and Philip had too many commitments elsewhere to spare either commodity.

When we turn to Philip's relations with the Netherlands it is by no means easy to arrive at the truth, let alone to see the position in its real proportions. Had Charles V not made the fatal mistake of burdening Philip with what remained of the duchy of Burgundy, the decline of Spain might well

have been delayed: she would have been able to concentrate upon what were her real interests in Southern Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Americas, and this task would in all probability not have overtaxed her resources. Equally, the clash with England would have been postponed, if not altogether avoided, for during Elizabeth's reign the real cause of dispute between London and Madrid was neither religion nor rivalry in the New World, but English dislike of the control of the Low Countries by a Great Power, and to prevent this England had fought on many a previous occasion just as she was to fight many times in the future. The Netherlands were no concern of Spain, and her efforts to retain them strained her resources to the utmost.

There can be little doubt that Philip was to some extent actuated by ideological considerations. A modern English historian, Mr. Trevor Davies, has put forward the view that Calvinism was the Third International of the sixteenth century, and the King certainly saw it in that light. In his earliest years he must have heard of the mass-outbreak in Munster, Westphalia, of religious mania, bestiality, Communism, and alcoholic madness which passed for Anabaptism, and he must have been told of similar excesses, true or untrue, on the part of other Protestant bodies; in these circumstances it was not unnatural that he should have confused all advocates of religious reform with the extremists, just as a British Prime Minister of a later age was never able to efface from his memory the scenes which he had witnessed in Paris in the early days of the French Revolution. This does not necessarily excuse the attitude Philip adopted, but it goes a long way towards explaining it.

As to the measures which he sanctioned in the hope of crushing the Revolt of the Netherlands, surely some allowance must be made. The age was harsh, small value was anywhere placed on human life, and in proportion to the strength of religious belief was religious persecution. Of course there was great cruelty and much bloodshed, but so there was in contemporary England and France, and, above all, in contemporary Ireland. The Anglo-Saxon historians of an earlier generation were never prepared to make allowances where Philip was concerned, and if he was no worse than his contemporaries they censured him for being no better. To-day he appears a very moderate man indeed compared with some of the leading figures of the modern world.

One thing Philip was not, and that was the secular arm of the Counter-Reformation, though this is frequently asserted by non-Spanish writers. Nothing could be further from the truth than to say that in both his domestic and foreign policy he was inspired primarily by religious motives, and that he was always working hand-in-hand with the Papacy. Pope Sixtus V was much nearer the truth when he wrote that 'The King of Spain, as a temporal sovereign, is anxious above all to safeguard and increase his dominions . . . the preservation of the Catholic religion which is the principal aim of the Pope is only a pretext for His Majesty, whose principal aim is the security and aggrandisement of his dominions'. In fact the

Pope had no effective power in Spain at all, and the domination of the Church by the Crown was probably more complete there than in any other part of Europe, including Protestant countries with an Erastian system. At the same time it is only fair to say that Philip did not create this state of affairs, he inherited it.

Lack of space prevents an examination of many other aspects of the King's reign, such as his marriage with Mary Tudor; his relations with his ill-fated son, Don Carlos; and his attitude towards the Cortes of Castille and of Aragon; but it is to be hoped that enough has been said to show that the unfavourable picture of him which has so often been painted is by no means wholly justified. So far as domestic affairs are concerned the evidence would seem to show that the economic decline of Spain really began after Philip's death, and even so it was a great deal slower than is usually stated, while the Golden Age of Spanish civilisation was still to come. As for Spain's position in the world, it was on balance a great deal stronger when the King died than it had been when he succeeded to the throne. It is true that England had slipped from his grasp, and that an attempt to subdue her by force had failed, but she was a nuisance rather than a menace; Philip had also lost part of the Low Countries, but he had united the Iberian Peninsula, and completed the work of Ferdinand and Isabella by the incorporation of Portugal in his dominions, while the Spanish possessions in the New World had been rounded off by the annexation of Brazil. The Crescent had been banished from the Western Mediterranean for ever, and the France of Henry IV did not appear any more formidable than that of Henry II, while Spanish armies were to play no inconsiderable part in French politics for many years to come. In effect, it is surely impossible to resist the conclusion that Philip the Prudent deserved well of his country.

[Sir Charles Petrie is the author of many historical books on Spain, monarchy and diplomacy. He is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and holds a number of Spanish decorations and honours.]

THE LIBERAL PARTY — WHAT NOW?

by Lord Ogmore

THE reason why the Labour Party lost the recent General Election was, in my view, because of constantly rising prices for goods and services. In an urban society these rises form a frightening background to the lives of ordinary people, particularly the women. It is estimated in a survey conducted by the Opinion Research Centre for the *Sunday Times* that women made up 53 per cent of the Conservative vote. As the campaign was fought by the Labour and Conservative Parties basically on the personal economic argument and not on large issues of defence, foreign policy and Britain's role in the world, the then incumbents put themselves at a disadvantage which they were unable to overcome.

One effect of this strategy was to concentrate attention on the two main parties and especially on their leaders with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Heath slugging away at one another like two middle-aged prizefighters in a prize ring. The issue became 'Keep them in' or 'Get them out'. The Liberals, and candidates of other parties such as the Nationalists, tended to be regarded by the public as irrelevant. This factor and the British electoral system with its 'first past the post' nature meant that, although the Liberal Party put up 333 candidates in Great Britain and they received 2,100,000 votes, yet only six seats were retained; three in Scotland, two in England and one in Wales. The Conservatives obtained 46.6 per cent of the votes, the Labour Party 43 per cent and the Liberals 7.4 per cent. The Liberals, nevertheless, obtained only 0.95 per cent of the total seats. Every Liberal member can be said to represent 350,000 electors, every Labour member 42,000 electors and every Conservative 40,000. The Conservatives are in office on the votes of 13 million electors, whilst 14 million voted for Labour and Liberal parties with additional votes for others. It is rare in British politics that a Government takes office with the support of a majority of the electors. However, since this absurd situation suits the interests of the two major parties there is no likelihood of any change in the system.

As President of the Welsh Liberal Party I helped in the General Election campaign in Wales. At the Headquarters in Cardiff Mr. Gerran Lloyd, Q.C., the Honorary Organiser, and I gave what direction we could to the campaign and obtained a fair share of publicity for the Party. We, in the Welsh Liberal Party, put before the electorate a comprehensive and far-reaching policy embracing radical constitutional, economic, educational and social proposals. In spite of this policy and of our energetic candidates and in spite also of a vigorous campaign by Plaid Cymru (the Welsh Nationalist Party) there was a swing to the Right although to a smaller extent than in England. Except for one Liberal, all those returned were either Labour or Conservatives. In the 36 Welsh Constituencies, Labour fought 36, lost five, won one and retained 26 seats; Conservatives fought 36, won four and retained three seats; Liberal fought 19, retained one seat and came second in

two constituencies; Plaid Cymru fought 36, lost one and came second in seven seats; and an Independent Labour Candidate won one seat from Labour.

The result in Great Britain cannot be regarded as other than disastrous for the Liberal Party as it had excellent policies, particularly in Wales, fine candidates and a fair showing, in my view, on television and radio and in the press. On the wider issue, the *Sunday Times* leader on June 14, 1970, said 'The endorsement of the *Sunday Times*, then, is for Edward Heath and the Conservative Party. We would also like to see a strong Liberal representation because of the Liberals' capacity for producing new ideas and because of their stand for liberal values'. The *Observer's* leading article on the same day said: 'The identity of Britain's next Government is not the only thing at stake. Equally is the health of the country's democratic system. This, in our view, makes two things desirable: first, that whichever party is returned should have a majority big enough to forget about electioneering for a few years but not so big as to humiliate the Opposition and drive it into irresponsibility; second, that the Liberals should remain a viable minority party to provide a leaven of new ideas in the political dough'. *The Times* in its leader of June 8 said: 'The Liberal battle is not the central issue in this election which is concerned with the record of the Government and the way that the country should be run in the future. Nevertheless, the health of the next Parliament will best be served by increasing Liberal representation by a strong Liberal voice working with the liberal influences in the main parties'.

The problem facing the Liberal Party and, as the above extracts show, the country as well, is how in a general election where the battle is concentrated on the two main parties we can ensure, without some form of proportional representation, that a substantial number of Liberals is returned? There is another question of particular concern to the Liberal Party. Is it fair to between 300 and 350 men and women, most of whom would make their mark in one of the main parties, to induce or encourage them to give time, effort and money as prospective Liberal candidates? Is it fair, also, to encourage Liberal party workers to give time and money in their constituencies when the chances of success are so heavily weighted against the Party?

What, therefore, is likely to be the future of the Liberal Party? It seems to me that there are three courses open to it. These are: *first*, to dissolve the Liberal Party organisation and to advise Liberals to join one or other of the two main parties in order to bring liberal influences to bear on them or to strengthen those liberal influences already there; *secondly*, to soldier on as at present, conscious of a need for strong Liberal representation in the House of Commons but unable to return more than a handful of Members, even if that; such Liberal Members as are returned would, as heretofore, follow in the wake of the other two parties on Parliamentary and State occasions, on paper organised on a nationwide basis but with inadequate resources and finance; *thirdly*, to create a comparatively small but dynamic group in and out of Parliament, resolute in promulgating radical

ideas and trying to ensure that they are put into practice.

The *first* course is in fact unlikely to be pursued. The dyed-in-the-wool Liberal Party member, and particularly the Liberal Party Officer, would not agree to dissolve the Party and join some other one. I have two Aunts, both of 80 years of age or over, living in Wales, who claim that never in their lives have they voted at a Parliamentary Election because never have they lived in a Constituency where a Liberal Candidate was standing. It is useless telling Liberals of this kind that they must 'infiltrate' another party so as to 'inject' into it liberal ideals. If the situation between the Party and the extreme wing of the Young Liberals becomes even worse than it is now, then it may be that these Young Liberals will hive off into the Left Wing of the Labour Party. Of course, some other Liberals will drift off into the other parties but there is unlikely to be a formal movement in this direction. Indeed some Liberals already have begun to move away. Before the General Election one well-known Liberal stood down as a prospective candidate in an English constituency and publicly urged Liberals to vote for what he called 'progressive' Labour candidates in those constituencies where it was believed that votes for a Liberal might mean a Conservative victory. In a London constituency the Young Liberals advocated that Liberals should support a Left Wing Labour candidate rather than the Liberal one. In yet another London constituency the prospective Liberal candidate stood down just before nominations closed because he could not reconcile his own beliefs with those of the Party and supported a Left Wing Labour man in a neighbouring constituency.

As to the *second* course, this is the most likely one to be followed. At national level the organisation will struggle on with its top heavy Assembly, Council, Executive and regional organisations. In many constituencies, a skeleton body will remain, some skeletons being more bony than others, but never again is it likely that we shall see 333 Liberal candidates taking the field in a general election with scores of lost deposits to follow. If this is the future of the Liberal Party, then it is indeed a bleak one both for the Party and for the country. It will mean the inevitable decline to extinction of the Liberal Party as a radical, or any other, force in this country.

Although, as I have said, the second is the most likely course which will be followed, the one which *should* be pursued is the *third* I have mentioned.

I was President of the Liberal Party in 1963/4. Speaking as President at the Central Hall, Westminster, at the 1964 Assembly, on September 4, I forecast that the result of the forthcoming General Election would be a 'very close thing' and said that the Liberal Party should undoubtedly be able to influence the exercise of power. I added, 'If, as may be the case, Labour fails to win the coming election and thus fails to win a General Election for the fourth time in succession this will be a shattering blow to the Labour Party and a completely new era in political history in this country will be opened—an era in which the Liberal Party, as a radical party, will be ready and eager to play its full part'. The result of the 1964 General Election was a 'very close thing' but the Labour Party and not the

Conservative Party, was returned to power, with a majority of six votes. If in this election the Conservatives had won for the fourth time in succession then indeed the Liberal Party dawn would have arrived.

Immediately after the General Election, Mr. Jo Grimond, the then Leader of the Liberal Party came to see me. He was bitterly disappointed at the result. He was, and is, intelligent, a first-class performer on television, handsome and immensely popular with the Party as a whole, whilst being widely admired outside its ranks. He asked me what I thought the Parliamentary Party should now do. I suggested that he and his few Liberal colleagues in the House of Commons should cease aping the other Parties, speaking third in debates, taking third place at Parliamentary or State functions, being as it were the poor relation, or at best the little brother, of the two major parties. I asked him whether it would be possible to conduct the Party in the Commons on less orthodox lines, on the lines, say, of the Fourth Party under Lord Randolph Churchill, to be a radical ginger group and not just a pale reflection of the others. Mr. Grimond thought not. But I believe if he could have steeled himself to renounce the weak role the other Parties have provided for the Liberal Parliamentary Party, his undoubted gifts and those of his colleagues would by this parliamentary strategy have made a great impression on the nation and revitalised the Party in the country. Indeed, more, they could have made the House of Commons itself far more interesting and meaningful to the general public.

Is it too late to pursue this course of action now? Could, or would, Mr. Jeremy Thorpe do what Mr. Grimond was not prepared to try? Mr. Thorpe, with whom in his terrible personal tragedy all of us have the deepest sympathy, is like Mr. Grimond was in 1964 in that he has a tiny band of followers in the Commons with a long, cumbersome train dragging behind him in the constituencies. Mr. Thorpe, too, is intelligent, handsome, and a talented television performer. Whilst he has not got quite the magic of Mr. Grimond with his followers, nor does he have the same influence with the 'intellectuals', yet in my view he is a more effective House of Commons speaker than was his predecessor and a better leader in the practical affairs of the Party. Indeed, his skill in obtaining finance for it is little short of magical.

The strategy I suggest entails in the House of Commons by the Liberal Members: (a) the rejection of the formal 'third' place in parliamentary and State functions with corresponding growth of reality and saving of time; (b) the abandonment of attempts to provide a speaker for every debate, which is impracticable with only six members; (c) the concentration, however unpopular it may be with the two other parties, on those radical measures upon which the Liberal Party fought the General Election; (d) in and out of season by every parliamentary means to urge liberal ideals upon a House of Commons where the two main parties are more and more alike. In the House of Lords on July 2, 1970, Lord O'Neill of the Main, a former Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, said that the political debate in Great Britain is between 'groups of men who have differing views on how best to manage a mixed economy'. This judgement which is true enough regard-

ing the two main parties explains the confusion and apathy of the public over the political scene. The two main parties are now both conservative. The Conservative Party itself was never the party of private enterprise, there was always a strong element of paternalism and authoritarianism in its views; Labour was once the party of socialism with its objective the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Now both of them stamp around on the same ground supported by immense financial contributions, on the one side from financial institutions and industry and on the other from the trade unions.

As the basic principle of Liberalism is the belief in the supreme value of individual human personality, Liberal Members in Parliament, sustained by an active organisation outside, would struggle ceaselessly to ensure that this principle was applied to all public issues. In particular the Liberal Party in Parliament and outside has a vital role to play in advocating the rights of the individual against the big battalions whether of the Right or the Left, in defending the citizen from the bureaucracy, in helping the independent trader and the small businessman in their struggles with big business, in defending the consumer against combinations of producers and monopolies, in supporting the individual worker at his place of work, in caring for the poor, the oppressed and the homeless or the inadequately housed, in protecting those discriminated against and in trying to assist the developing countries in their struggle for a better life, in aiming at devolution of power from the centre, in making more efficient the government machine and the nationalised industries, in cleaning up the jungle of taxation, in urging greater freedom in international trade (which is not the effect, by the way, of the present system in the European Economic Community with its protectionism and its grotesque agricultural policy), in subjecting all present governmental arrangements to searching examination and in bringing fresh ideas to current problems. Finally, I suggest that the Liberal Party Organisation at national level and in the constituencies would have to be streamlined to support the parliamentary party in its role. No longer would there be a place for an elaborate chain of time-wasting Committees; mountains perpetually gestating but producing nothing. The new organisation would have to concentrate on a few constituencies and a few first-class candidates so as to employ *all* its resources first in returning a small band of resolute and radical Members to the House of Commons, and secondly on sustaining them with research, publicity and secretarial help when they were there.

The close, unhealthy atmosphere of British politics needs a stream of fresh, turbulent air surging into its midst. Where can this invigoration come from? Only, I suggest, from a Liberal Party dedicated to its task and capable of fulfilling it; a task of the utmost importance to the future of our nation.

HALF WAY HOME
by Merfyn Turner

THE 20 prisoners who stood in the yard showed no joy or excitement at the prospect of freedom. The deputy-governor completed the formalities, and the governor pronounced the benediction: 'Now that you are going to have your liberty, I hope that I shall not see you again. Seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness and, depend on it, you will prosper.' The prisoners, knowing from experience that food and clothes, work and money played a vital part in that prosperity, then proceeded to beg the governor for old prison shoes, socks and a little money before they stepped outside the gate into a world where, for the most part, there was nobody to greet them. And they walked away without looking back and vanished from the scene.

Thus Mayhew described the discharging procedure of a hundred years ago. Seventy-five years later, when I first became acquainted with it, the procedure was not greatly different. Governors no longer congratulated prisoners on regaining their freedom, nor expressed the hope that they would not lose it. They merely barked: 'Don't come back again'. And while they may not have recommended citizenship of the heavenly kingdom as the best guarantee of success on earth, they still expected the prisoner to succeed more by the application of his own will than by the material help and encouragement he could expect to receive from others. When he failed he was sent back to prison and they labelled him a recidivist.

When I became a prison visitor shortly after the Second World War I was assigned to a recidivist prison. This was Pentonville Prison, the first English penitentiary—or place of penitence—and the prototype of the modern English prison. It was then 104 years old. It was both a reception centre and a clearing house for some 600 offenders sentenced to days, years, life and death, the majority, who were serving short sentences, spending all their time there. It presented a fair cross-section of the total prison population. Twenty-five years later, following the regressive recommendations of the Mountbatten Report, and with its population doubled, it was no longer a reception centre for the all sorts and conditions of men sent to prison, but only for those sentenced to a year or less. It was more than ever, therefore, a prison for inadequates.

I had not been visiting long before I realised that the official classification of prisoners into those serving imprisonment and penal servitude told me nothing about the men I was visiting. As my experience grew I made my own classification. It was imprecise and unscientific, but it helped my understanding.

In broad outline the men fell into three groups or categories—the aggressive, the sick and the inadequate.

The aggressive group accounted for less than one-fifth of the total. They were largely extroverted men who had roots outside the prison. A few may have planned their crimes with great care. But for most crime was an activity to which they resorted to maintain or supplement their way of life. They

were not obviously mentally ill, nor were they morally ill unless one accepted that the community to which they belonged was itself morally ill. They had their own norms and standards, and they lived up to them, which is the essence of community life. They accepted their imprisonment philosophically—but not happily—as punishment for wrongdoing, for they had been conditioned to punishment. When they were released they rejected offers of help, preferring to go their own way, thereby retaining their independence. 'I don't want to change a straight person. So why should he want to change me?'

The sick group, it seemed to me as a layman, comprised men who should not have been sent to prison in the first place. They included epileptics and cripples, schizophrenics and manic depressives, and hysterical neurotics whose suicide 'attempts' would one day prove fatal. There was Alf with the mental age of a child. He had wandered on to a school playground, and so committed the offence of being on enclosed premises. He had opened a classroom door, and was guilty, therefore, of breaking and entering. And he had stolen some pencils and an exercise book. He was sent to prison for nine months. And there was Fred who was neurotically concerned with the declining state of his body. 'Have you noticed my eyes? Don't you see they're getting smaller? They're sinking into my head'. It seemed to me at least charitable to assume that they were in prison because the courts knew no other place that would accept them.

The third group accounted for more than half of the prison's population. On the face of it they were very ordinary members of the captive society, having as little impact on the prison scene as they had on free society. For the most part they were born anonymously, nurtured anonymously, and they lived anonymously. They had no achievements to support their identity. They were below par at school, unsettled in their jobs, and failures in the sphere of social relationships. Some had married, and lost their wives as they lost their jobs, or as we lose our luggage on a journey. They had left their neighbourhoods to escape from failure, and wandered until they reached a degree of isolation that aggravated their difficulties whenever they were released from prison.

Their criminal records were distinguished mostly by length and the repetition of offences. They were found on enclosed premises. They 'loitered with intent'. They stole food and drink. They obtained money by fraud and false pretences—perpetrated mostly on vicars and social security officers. They stole lead from roofs, and piping from disused buildings. They stole from private houses and sold the proceeds in public houses. Too often drinking and gambling disrupted their lives. Occasionally they committed extremely serious offences.

When they appeared in court they had little to say on their own behalf. But in the sober solitude of their cell they became eloquent advocates of their own cause. 'The judge said that I must go to prison and that society must be protected. Why can't society give me the help that I need? I'm told that I must help myself, and only I can do it. But I can't. I need help. I can't think for myself. I'm an old lag, and I'm only 43. I don't want to

die in these places. I want more out of this life. But the people outside must help me, and give me the help that I need. I can't promise that I would make it. But I should be given help. I stayed out of trouble for seven years after I first got married. But my marriage has ended. I've got nothing left. I want help before it's too late. Anyone needs help some time, and I need it now more than ever I have.'

Five years of visiting and of wider participation in the life of the prison confirmed for me the existence of a well-defined group of homeless, inadequate offenders who declined into crime, and were more unable than they were unwilling to settle happily and usefully outside prison. After-Care for them was a ticket to a common lodging-house—the closest substitute for prison that exists in free society—a letter to the Employment Exchange, and a 'little money' to get them there. Such help, far from meeting the needs of the prisoner, merely gave him breathing-space for his return to prison.

What the inadequate prisoner needed was a place to live in that was not a large lodging-house but a small, intimate, family home where he would be accepted for what he was, and supported and directed into doing what he claimed in prison he wanted to do. It would need to be highly individualised. But it would operate in a setting of community. It would not only create the conditions for the offender's resettlement, but also the motives for it. 'Going straight' is not a mechanical adherence to a non-delinquent way of life. It is the consequence of the individual's attachment to people, and the awareness of their involvement in his success and his failure.

It was to test these assumptions that Norman House was created in 1954. The house—its name has no significance—was a large Victorian house standing in its own ground in a small residential park in North London. The rooms were large, and they provided comfortable accommodation for 15 people. The immediate neighbours were friendly. With the house I inherited a fine old lady who stayed on to help with the cleaning. But by the end of the first year I had acquired a part-time cook, an assistant, and, best of all, a wife. From that point onwards the success of the venture was assured, and no more was heard of the prophets of gloom.

Thirty-one men lived at the house in the first year. Sixteen were considered suited to the service the house offered. They were 'uncomplicated inadequate offenders'. But long before the year ended we were doubting our assessment. They were the men who had said in prison that they liked discipline, and getting up in the morning, and working for a living. But in the reality of freedom they showed a deep resentment of authority. When it was applied they responded as immaturely as children. They sulked. They said they were not wanted. They would pack their belongings and leave in the morning. When they were asked why they were leaving their departure until the morning they retaliated with 'I'll go now. That's what you want'. But they seldom left. Those who had boasted about their ability to get up in the morning would have stayed in bed until lunch-time if they had been allowed to sleep on. And those who said they liked work would have lived on social security grants if they had not been propelled into employment. Men who never touched a drop came home drunk, and those who

never gambled lost their wages at the dogs.

When the first year ended—a year of early mornings and late nights and only the minimum of free time—my wife, my assistant and myself were weary. But we were wise also. We knew that the provision of suitable conditions for the resettlement of inadequate offenders was only the beginning of the battle. They had to be taught, directed and encouraged to use them. That meant total involvement on the part of the staff, and however unpopular the notion might be in professional circles there was no alternative to it. Nothing that has happened in subsequent years, either in the widespread opening of half-way houses or in the increasing emphasis that is being placed on separation of staff and residents, causes us to change our views.

Staff and residents shared life within the house. Nobody occupied a single room. The Assistant Warden usually shared with the most difficult of the offenders. It was, nevertheless, a paternalistic community. Residents played no part in selection, nor did they formulate such rules as there were. Authority rested with the warden, and it was accepted. What was important was the exercising of it. As the child at a certain stage in his development needs a hero, so the inadequate offender needs a leader. Were it not so he would not be deemed inadequate.

The staff, therefore, were the focal point of the community. They were father and mother, brother and sister, and friend to the offenders who consciously and unconsciously projected their feelings about family and friends to the staff. Men who had bitter memories of mothers who had placed them in care expressed bewilderingly ambivalent feelings towards my wife, and tested her to the limits of endurance. They came in from work as the evening meal was being served. 'Don't put any dinner out for me. I don't want any.' When the meal was almost finished they returned. 'Where's my dinner?' When they were told that they had refused it, they replied, 'I can change my mind, can't I?' And if they were offered something else to eat, they said, 'I don't want you to cook anything for me. I'm not special.' There were elements of sadism in such behaviour, and a desire to crush, which, in a maladjusted child, would probably express itself in acts of cruelty to the pets that he loved. But on the following evening, especially if it happened to be pay-night, affection for my wife would be declared with flowers, and chocolates, and a graciousness over the food.

Living closely together taught us to understand the rapid swings of mood, and to interpret behaviour that otherwise seemed to defy reason. Our chief topic of conversation was prison. It was one subject on which every resident could pronounce with authority. It was also charged with aggression and it was important that it should be discharged.

Life at the house during the first year was by no means confined to strain and tension. It was essentially a happy life. It was completely free of criminal activity because crime had become superfluous. Men were maintaining themselves by their own efforts however difficult it was for them to hold on to their jobs. During the week they talked about the clothes they intended to buy on Saturday. When they had bought them there were others

to notice when they wore them. The comments may not always have been complimentary. But the men flourished nevertheless. A week-end camping expedition got off to an uncertain start. But it ended hilariously, and almost dramatically when one of the campers, deciding to fry some sausages in the early hours of the morning, poured a whole can of paraffin over the dying embers of the fire which was too close to the tent for safety.

We had inherited a decaying greenhouse with the house. We replaced it with a workshop. There was no spontaneous response to the sight of tools and timber. Interests had to be stimulated. Performance by professional standards was usually mediocre. But the sense of achievement was great when pieces of wood became ash-trays, and reading lamps, and, occasionally, coffee tables. At one time during the year one resident was a skilled carpenter. He was also a patient instructor. But perhaps the most pleasurable use of the workshop was as a centre of conversation. Men came in, they said, to make things, or merely to watch. They sat on the benches and on the floor. Soon all work would stop and men talked, about themselves, their past, their plans for the future, and at the end of it the weak bonds that held all together were a little stronger.

When my wife was ill the men showed real concern about her well-being. Even Fred, who was engulfed by a neurotic concern for his own health, spared her a thought. When he was told that her temperature was at 104 his comforting comment was, 'They die with that, don't they'? But it was meant well.

No resident went back to prison from the house in the first year, and only one lapsed while in residence during the following four years. If the aim of the house was merely to keep men out of prison it could say with justification that it was a success. But keeping men out of prison was almost irrelevant, because for the inadequate offender crime is not the problem. It merely draws attention to it. The problem is failure which reveals itself most clearly in the field of human relationships. The house worked, therefore, to help men to live together in reasonable concord, tolerance and respect for all people. It sought to change attitudes, not by argument—for attitudes are stubborn—but by example. It gave the individual the feeling of his own worth and created a climate in which he could begin to realise his potential. If in the future he should go back to prison, that needed to be no more than a temporary setback on his road to recovery.

It was after men left the shelter and support of the house that failure overtook them again. Of the 200 men who lived at the house during its first five years rather more than 100 collapsed in lodgings, lost their jobs, and declined into the world of lodging-houses and prisons. Those who made the greatest progress were the men who kept their contact with the house. For some who are now securely settled in society that contact has continued over a period of ten years and more. It is no longer supportive, but an expression of simple friendship.

It was to extend the care begun at Norman House that we opened our Second House eight years ago. It was different from Norman House. The community of 14 men included some who, to our knowledge, had never

been in prison. Most of the rooms were single rooms, and residents had keys both to their room and to the front door. They could stay as long as they liked if they were seen to be benefiting by it. There was no resident social worker, the control of the house being vested in the housekeeper. So far as the Norman House men were concerned who moved into the Second House almost before it was ready to receive residents, there existed a strong tie between us which not only helped them to maintain their progress individually but to shape themselves also into a community.

Eight years later two are still in residence. Three are married. One returned home to the Midlands to care for his sister who was left alone on the death of the mother. One worked at two jobs to save money to acquire and furnish a flat, and was then reconciled with his wife. One died. Two returned to prison, and one is in a mental hospital. During that time the house has run entirely on the rents paid by the residents. Defaulters have been few, which is evidence of the strong sense of community that has evolved. Residents have a large measure of control over the affairs of the house, and full authority in matters of the admission of new members.

Since residence at the Second House has been long term—the average stay is three years—the house has failed to meet the demands of Norman House. But rather than shorten the stay we decided to open yet another house which we call the Third House. It began disastrously, but is now settled on an even keel.

In the 15 years that have passed since Norman House was opened, the extension of this form of residential care for offenders has become a movement that today is shaping itself into a nation-wide service. In this it has the support of the courts, the prisons, and the Probation and After-Care Service as well as financial help from the Home Office. Meanwhile the prisons stay overcrowded, and the prison population grows. So far as the inadequate offenders are concerned half-way houses have an important contribution to make both in the reduction of the prison population and in the prevention of crime. How effectively they make their contribution depends on two factors—on the one hand the willingness of the courts to make full use of half-way houses as an alternative to imprisonment, and of the Parole Board to use houses as an adjunct of parole, and on the other hand the ability of the houses themselves to maintain a service that is in keeping with its origins. So many houses have been established in recent years, and so much emphasis placed on creating a professional image for staff that priorities are becoming blurred. When concern for staff takes priority over concern for offenders, half-way houses will have declined into hostels whose main function is the provision of shelter. It is the quality of people who work in the field that gives a house its character. Good staff are in short supply. Only a serious and concerted attempt to recruit and train workers can safeguard the movement so that it can continue to offer a real chance to homeless offenders who need it and declare also that they want it.

[Merfyn Turner, founder and first Warden of the Norman Houses, wrote *Ship Without Sails, Safe Lodging* and *A Pretty Sort of Prison.*]

PLANNING PEACE IN THE 1970s

by James Avery Joyce

United Nations, New York

ELEVEN Asian and Pacific nations met in Djakarta, Indonesia, in mid-May to work out a common attitude toward the Cambodian emergency and to search for a peaceful settlement of the Indo-China conflict. They were Australia, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Laos, Malaysia, New Zealand, Philippines, Singapore, Thailand and South Vietnam. The significance of this unexpected event may have escaped the general reader. Not only do the unanimous decisions of this regional meeting of foreign ministers directly affect the outcome of the American war in South-East Asia today, but it was also symptomatic of one of the most important long-term developments in the United Nations itself.

What the Djakarta meeting did, first, was to recognise that the Indochina mess could never be cleared up by a military solution. In fact, they brushed aside appeals for military aid even to the then beleaguered Government of Pnompenh—thus discarding the concept of 'collective security' for Asia propounded by President Nixon. The foreign ministers next appealed to the co-Chairmen (Britain and the Soviet Union) and to the U.N. Secretary-General himself for a speedy revival of the 1954 Geneva negotiated settlement. Thus they find themselves in accord with the joint Franco-Soviet appeal made in early June. They requested three of their members 'to initiate discussions with the Secretary-General and the President of the Security Council *with a view to action by the United Nations*'.

The closer one studies their deliberations, meeting in their own region as non-Communist representatives, the more one is struck by three basic elements that united them: non-violence, neutrality in the Cold War, and a negotiated settlement of disputes through regional co-operation. When he visited New York in February this year, Mr. Thanat Khoman, the Thai Foreign Minister, told me in a personal interview that an era in the Far East was folding up. As he put it: 'New leaves are being turned to open a new chapter in the history of this ancient region'. Cradle of lofty spiritual faiths where two-thirds of the world's population now live, these peoples who have for over 300 years been dominated by the military and political might of nations vastly different in race, religion and historical background are now, in the words of Thanat Khoman, 'wriggling out of this alien grip and trying to lead a life of their own'.

But how will South-East Asia fare when those who have for so long cast their shadows over the region disappear from the scene? Thanat Khoman, who signed the Djakarta agreement, sketched in broad strokes a programme of virtual non-violence and non-alignment in striking contrast to the prevailing concept of 'collective security' which the West has been seeking to impose ever since World War II. The Foreign Minister's words can best be cited verbatim: 'With the actual and eventual withdrawal of

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most, if not all, outside powers from the Asian and Pacific scene, that region will revert to the pre-colonial period when the countries situated therein were on their own.'

At the head of their Charter, the 30 African nations and territories of the Organisation of African States (OAS) similarly state that they are 'persuaded that the Charter of the United Nations and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, to the principles of which we reaffirm our adherence, provide a solid foundation for peaceful and positive co-operation among states' and 'convinced of the need for closer co-operation and co-ordination among the African states members of the United Nations'. They reaffirm the Organisation's dedication 'to the purposes and principles of the United Nations Charter, and acceptance of all obligations contained in the Charter, including financial obligations'; and (our italics) they 'insist that Africa, as a *geographical region* should have equitable representation in the principal organs of the United Nations'.

Similarly, the OAS Charter (adopted on April 30, 1948) stipulates that the Organisation of American States is a 'regional agency of the United Nations'. As such, it has co-ordinated the work of all the former independent official entities in the inter-American system and defined their mutual relationships. The broad purpose of the OAS is to achieve a regional order of peace and justice, promote American solidarity, strengthen collaboration among the member states and defend their sovereignty and independence. Membership is on a basis of absolute equality. As a U.N. *regional agency*, OAS is rejecting military solutions favoured by great powers and could in time well develop the non-force procedures traditionally associated with Latin American jurisprudence.

It is when one turns to Europe, however, that the alternatives of regional peace-planning open up a prospect for the 1970's which the 1950's or 1960's never remotely considered. And this for three reasons: (a) the nuclear stalemate has effectively blocked any radical changes in Europe being made through war or violence; (b) the 'revisionist' views of how the Cold War started have defused the obsession over Russia; and (c) the NATO syndrome has run out of steam. But one new psychological blockage remains and it runs somewhat as follows: since the Soviet Union has been pressing for a 'European Security Pact', then there must be a catch in it somewhere, so everything must be done by the West to prick the Russian balloon!

The facts are, however, less simplistic. For one thing, students of the old League of Nations will recall full well the story of the 'mutual security' debates that succeeded each other at Geneva during the 20 years of armed truce. Yet Geneva never had to face the reality of the nuclear stalemate, the Cold War failure, or NATO's incapacity to deal with anything really important.

The All-European Security concept entered a new phase at the last (24th) U.N. General Assembly when the Foreign Minister of Finland opened an attack on the rival military alliances outside the U.N. He said: 'Manifestations of the use of force and violence in relations between nations continue to frustrate our efforts to improve international relations.' While we can-

not accept, he added, that 'all conflicts of interest or differences of ideology between nations could be made to disappear, we can hope that all disputes should be resolved in accordance with the principles of the United Nations Charter.' Because of this, 'United Nations peace-keeping services have become an indispensable means for the containment and control of international crisis and conflicts as an aid in the peaceful settlement of disputes.'

The Finnish Foreign Minister insisted that 'the collective security system of the United Nations can be truly effective only when it is universal.' Since Finland's own best interests, however, in common with all the non-nuclear powers, are 'to maintain friendly relations with all states across the dividing lines of ideology and military blocks, it is possible for us to make an active contribution to the peaceful settlement of international disputes.'

Then came his plea to develop 'a system of security embracing all of Europe. As is known, the Finnish Government has taken an initiative in this direction and announced its readiness to act as host for a European security conference.' The Foreign Minister concluded by reminding the General Assembly that 'the five Nordic countries, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, Sweden and Finland, at their recent meeting in Reykjavik declared their support for the initiative taken by the Finnish Government and their desire to continue to explore the possibilities of preparing for such a conference.'

Never was the Finnish case presented with greater cogency than by President Kekkonen speaking on a visit to London last July: 'Threats to peace are no longer the classical threats inherent in ambitions and evil plans of one state or another, but the danger of war itself with its unbelievably destructive consequences. All in all we have come to the point where the problems of Europe are easier to control than the great world problems which have appeared on the scene . . . A new way of thinking and a new approach are essential.'

Since the 24th Session, the Foreign Minister has carried the European non-aggression plan further in terms of U.N. participation, when he stated (February 23, 1970) that 'practically all governments responsible for European security have given their views and taken a positive attitude . . . in searching for new ways to solve European security problems. . . . Such a peace arrangement should naturally be consistent with the purposes and principles of the United Nations. One possibility to realise this would conceivably be the creation of regional arrangements envisaged in Chapter 8 of the Charter of the United nations. In our view a European peace arrangement could be taken as a common destination for all governments responsible for the security of Europe.'

It will be recalled that Article 52 of Chapter 8 provides for such 'regional arrangements', which must be 'consistent with the principles of the Charter'. This means that they must proceed along lines of the *peaceful procedures* laid down in this same Chapter and also in Chapter 6, setting out specific guidelines of conciliation, arbitration, mediation, and so forth. We are at last, therefore, at the beginning of a systematic search for non-violent alternatives to the war pacts.

To bring to life Chapters 6 and 8 of the U.N. Charter, after years of futilely trying to spell out the elusive military sanctions of Chapter 7, in between, might well be one of the true 'reforms' of the 1970's. 'Peace-keeping', to which considerable thought has recently, and rightly, been given is, when all is said and done, the negative aspect of 'peace-making'. In an organised society the control and limitation of illegal force by means of peace-keeping machinery is essential, but always secondary to the practice of the rule of law.

Police action is by its nature marginal. But the building of a social order based increasingly on justice and equipped with the instruments of third-party judgement and peaceful settlement become ever more urgently one of the prime necessities of a peaceful world order. To this objective, the corner-stone of the U.N. Charter, regional peace-making now becomes a viable means which the peace-builders of the 1970's cannot neglect.

[Dr. James Avery Joyce, London-born international lawyer and economist, serves as a consultant at the United Nations. A frequent contributor to leading American journals, his books include *Capital Punishment: A World View*, *The Story of International Cooperation* and *Revolution on East River*.]

The October issue of the *Contemporary Review* will include articles by Bernard Hollowood, James Turner and Sir George Catlin; a short story by L. P. Hartley and the Quarterly Fiction Review by Rosalind Wade.

SCIENCE: FACT AND FICTION

by Claire Rayner

IN postulating the Two Cultures theory, C. P. Snow implied that non-scientists regard the inhabitants of laboratories with total lack of understanding at best, suspicion and frank fear at worst. That this is to an extent true cannot be denied; popular modern mythology is larded with such folk figures as the mad scientist cackling evilly amid foaming retorts and sinister Bunsen burners; the vivisector doing unspeakable things to dumb and helpless animals in some foul basement; the manipulator of helpless unborn human life doing even more ghoulish things to future generations of mankind.

Such figures have frequently appeared and still do appear in pop entertainment. Mrs. Shelley found a sympathetic audience for her Dr. Frankenstein (not, incidentally, to be confused with Bram Stoker's Dracula; that character was non-human—a vampire—unlike Dr. Frankenstein who was a member of our species, but evil because, being a scientist, he meddled with things he had no right to). Dr. Stevenson had no difficulty in convincing his readers that the extremely nasty Dr. Hyde was the *alter ego* of Dr. Jekyll, because wasn't Jekyll that evil thing, a scientist? And today, there are those bone-chilling TV plays in the Doomwatch series, which make it clear that only by keeping unremitting watch on the doings of scientists can we be protected from the machinations of those horrible people, the knowledgeable ones. For that, after all, is what a scientist is; one who knows in an ordered and systematic way, and seeks ever more knowledge to fit into the corpus of information he already has.

If this suspicion and fear meant only that the scientist became a shunned individual, perhaps it wouldn't matter too much (except to the scientist, of course, living bleakly with a sense of persecution and hate that, if it afflicted anyone else, would be positively paranoid). But of course it does not mean only this. Fear and the hostility it engenders can create a positive force indeed. If it infects a mass of people it can even make science yield before it, or attempt to change the behaviour of Government.

As a concrete example of how such forces grow, consider what happened a few months ago. A Member of Parliament holding perhaps strong opposition to the legalisation of abortion (views to which, of course, he is fully entitled) was informed in a letter that newly aborted fetuses were being sold to scientific researchers. That the fetuses were alive when expelled from the uterus, and that the scientists planned to link them to 'heart-lung' machines, keeping them alive until they reached the age of forty weeks from the time of conception (forty weeks is the average length of a pregnancy, so this would mean the fetus had become as a new born infant) using them for research meanwhile, eventually to slaughter them. Note carefully the use of highly emotive words like 'sold' (nothing, not even sexual activity, arouses emotion more strongly or rapidly, in my observation, than money) and 'slaughtered', with its overtones of the abbattoir.

And the Member of Parliament, an intelligent, informed, extremely well-educated man had no difficulty apparently in believing this story. When he told it to a Minister of the Crown, another intelligent etcetera man, he too appeared to swallow it whole without gagging; certainly edicts were handed down about putting a stop to such activities.

Yet if either of these gentlemen had had even a nodding acquaintance with the biological sciences, and had not been conditioned by the diet of science-fiction on which so many of us have been nourished, they would have seen the fallacy of this tale. They would have known that it is not possible, in the present state of biological knowledge, to keep a fetus living outside the uterus for longer than a few hours. That if any biologist had succeeded in performing so remarkable a feat he would not be acting in a hole-in-corner fashion, buying (shades of Burke and Hare!) aborted fetuses from a West End clinic. He'd be packing his bags for Oslo, to collect his Nobel. And he'd be entitled to it indeed.

Who is to blame for this state of affairs, this confusion between science fact and science fiction, born of ignorance of what science is about, what it is for, of what it is capable, of what at present incapable? The education system we use, which divides children into science students and non-science students? (And far be it from me to define which are the sheep, which the goats). This has been said to be the cause, and there must be admitted to be some justice in the suggestion. Too often students are advised not to 'waste time' on the study of a subject that they will not use gainfully in a future occupation. Thus, the young would-be bachelor of science abandons 'arts' subjects like languages (perhaps keeping up his German, since so much useful scientific stuff is published in that language) while the fledgling bachelor of arts gratefully turns away from mathematics and the doors it opens to physics *et al.*

But I believe that this alone is not the cause of the tendency to treat science fiction as fact. I suspect that the confusion has arisen because of the nature of science. The essence of science is to amass knowledge and organise it in a logical manner. If the knowledge thus amassed is of use in a practical way, it is a side effect. Your true scientist is concerned with knowledge for its own sake, rather than what he can do with it when he's got it. He won't say 'I will seek a way to keep a fetus alive outside its mother's uterus'; instead he will say 'I will discover how the fetus grows and develops'. And if this means first finding a way to keep it alive outside the uterus—well, that is just so much spin-off, no more.

One of the major problems of scientific research is the way discoveries and inferences drawn from them in the early stages of a project may be totally invalidated by later discoveries. This is true of most studies of course; the historian's discovery of a manuscript may be enough to encourage him to build an elaborate historical theory which is later demolished by the discovery of another manuscript which clearly shows the first to have been a forgery. In the case of historical theory this is perhaps unimportant except to academics; in the case of science such happenings can have a profound effect on the population at large, because of the tendency of science to

spin-off practical and direct applications of its discoveries. A drug discovered today to enhance the lives of adults may be discovered tomorrow to be a killer of unborn babies; the method devised today to remove dangerous substances from the human body may tomorrow be discovered to cause raving mania in the people who are treated by it.

Since scientists are well aware of this very real danger, an ethic has developed which demands a scientist has not merely amassed his knowledge, but has tested its truth before he publishes. To publish tentative ideas in order to stimulate the thinking of other workers in his field is a luxury to be enjoyed by the historian, the linguist, the artist. But if a scientist does this the results may be disastrous since somewhere somebody who does not think in a scientific manner may seize on what is a tentative suggestion and treat it as proven, only to release a dangerous spin-off effect.

This ethic is a splendid one on the face of it. The scientist protects us—the general mass of man—from danger by working quietly until he can present us with a completed corpus of knowledge. But, unfortunately, there is danger in this too, for the mass of man may be so unprepared that the intelligent application of the power the knowledge confers is impossible; we may use it with as much control as a child would use with a box of matches in a firework factory, with much the same results. Remember that the mass of man knew nothing whatsoever about nuclear physics until the first bomb was dropped. Had we all been told where atomic theory appeared to be leading, would we have used this power destructively, as we did, or been able to use it only for good, in medicine and in the provision of energy for human enjoyment? Who can say, now? All we know is that it is too late to unmake the bombs.

This, I believe, is the creator of the chasm that lies between Snow's Two Cultures. The inability of science to foresee how mankind will use its truths, the inability of mankind to heed the warnings of past experiences. People —ordinary people—are justified in fearing the mad scientist and his retorts, in seeing Dr. Frankenstein lurking behind the lapels of every white coat. And scientists are justified in maintaining secrecy, even though it makes ordinary people feel even more frightened and even more hostile, and even more suspicious, which makes the scientists even more secretive. . . .

Perhaps it *is* to the education system we should look to fill this chasm, or at least to make it possible for students to leap easily from one side to the other. Perhaps there *should* be Governmental controls on scientists. Perhaps Governments should be made up *of* scientists. Quite what the answer is to this dilemma I don't know. Just which of the Dr.-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde creature that is mankind is the scientific half? Nice Dr. Jekyll? Or raving Mr. Hyde? Until we know the answer, non-scientists, I am very much afraid, will continue to believe as fact some quite blatant fictions. All over this country there are now people who are firmly convinced that evil doctors buy aborted babies to experiment with. In such ways do science fiction ideas become science faction.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT REFORM — WAITING FOR THE 'GREEN'

by F. D. Littlewood

AN article that appeared in a recent issue of the *Contemporary Review* might well have been titled 'The Red, White and Blue of Local Government'. Our whole system, a growth of fits and starts over the centuries, and out of date in terms of hard efficiency, has managed to acquire that creaking flexibility so beloved of the British that it has catered, to some degree at any rate, for the demands made on it. It does this in a way that is in keeping with many traits of our national character. This idea was possibly put into my mind when I contemplated the three red covers of the Redcliffe-Maud Report[1] side by side with the Government's White Paper[2] on its recommendations, and thought of the possible Conservative opposition views. Meditating in this way I became more than ever conscious of the fog of British apathy that veils some of our machinery of domestic government.

What is the situation now? Probably pretty well everybody agrees that local government must be reformed soon. It is even generally accepted that larger units are the order of the day. There is some disagreement, however, as to how large. One factor, and in so many ways the most important, has not up to the moment been dealt with, namely finance. The Labour Government, in making their views known on the Redcliffe-Maud Report—and they accepted its main principles—left over the financial aspects for a Green Paper to be published in July. There is nothing like a sharp dip into their pockets to awaken the British public's lively interest. Even the threat of this may make apathy disappear overnight. This is what I mean by 'Waiting for the Green'.

The structure of the National Health Service has been the subject of two recent 'Green' Papers—the second of which rejected administration by local government. This is of immediate concern to local authorities, and generally considered by them to be a set-back. The arguments for and against are complex, but it is clear that the medical profession wholeheartedly rejoices in the decision. Apart from the issue of democratic, nominated or professional control, that of finance is vital. The publication of these recommendations, however, before the Green Paper on local government finance, is a disappointment.

Looking back at Redcliffe-Maud, the effect of it in the most general terms was to recommend the sweeping away of the existing system of County Councils, City, County Borough and Borough Councils, Urban and Rural Councils, Parish Councils as we know them, and to set up a completely new structure which was to take no account of any special distinction between town and country. The new system would be based on about 58 of all purpose authorities, with two tier arrangements for metropolitan areas around Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester. These now

authorities, which were numbered and referred to as unitary authorities, were grouped in eight Provinces where a Council (elected by the authorities within them—with some co-opted members) would settle provincial strategy and outline plans. The Labour Government's White Paper, in adopting these principles, provided for two more metropolitan areas, one in the West Riding and the other embracing the Southampton/Portsmouth area, with a consequent reduction in the number of unitary authorities. In my earlier article I examined in detail the reaction of the various local government organisations and the political parties to the situation as it developed, particularly in the light of the debates that took place in the Houses of Parliament.

With the lack of interest shown by the public in administration, one would hardly have expected the political parties to put their views on this subject in the forefront of their election manifestos, but it is significant perhaps to look at what was being said by responsible spokesmen, remembering that until the financial Green Paper appears, the money aspects will not have awakened the real interest of the ratepayer.

Now whilst the two main parties have not emphasised the changes they propose to make in the structure of local government, they have been making pretty free comments on some of the more important functions which are carried out through the agency of local authorities. As these concern what one gets and doesn't get, the public's attention is immediate. In the forefront of topics of course are housing, education, health and transport.

But first to refer to proposals as to structure. The Labour Government had set out in its White Paper a firm and clear programme for a Bill in the 1970/72 Parliamentary Session, with the new authorities in the saddle by 1973. The Party Manifesto strengthened the intention to carry this proposal forward. Whilst the British public will take the proposal 'to abolish the post of Alderman' philosophically, have some doubts that 'the larger and stronger local authorities' will mean better planning, more efficiency, stronger Councils and improved quality in local democracy, it might have become less inactive on hearing about the proposal 'to invite through the publication of a Green Paper, a widespread debate on future changes in local taxation'.

The Manifesto, on the other hand, published on behalf of the Conservatives, stated: 'We are convinced of the need for reform of the present structure', and went on to express the view that the terms of reference of the Redcliffe-Maud Report for England and that of the Wheatley Commission for Scotland were unfortunately restricted, and that 'as a result, the crucial question of devolution of power from the central government and of local government finance were not adequately dealt with. We believe these matters must be considered and those concerned in local government fully consulted before decisions are made.' The Conservatives also emphasised the need for adequate consultation about the pattern of boundaries, and promised a reduction in the number of civil servants, taking care to point out that adequate financial compensation must be paid to both the civil servants and the local government officers who are

made redundant.

So that basically it looks as if the day of mayoral chains and red robes, of bewigged town clerks and top-hatted beadles is passing, and that chairmen of County Councils and aldermen are to be put away as museum pieces. All this is perhaps in keeping with 'going metric' and perhaps 'going into Europe' too. Yet in this seeking of efficiency, how much of our democracy shall we lose? The answer to this question will be specially important when we consider the functions which touch our everyday lives. The Labour Party undertook to reverse the downward trend in house building and to encourage home ownership by examining ways of reducing initial deposits and extending the system of 100 per cent mortgages, as well as lightening repayment in the early years: at the same time, ensuring that the 'fair rent' system is extended to furnished tenancies. But who was to assume responsibility for this? Unless a new housing set-up is to be brought about —and this is possible—the new Councils may be too distant to cater for the peoples' wishes, which may vary considerably from area to area. The Conservative Party makes no bones about it! They propose to abolish the Land Commission and the betterment levy, and bring about more construction. They will bring in a new subsidy which centres on the homeless, the badly housed, elderly and disabled people, and they have promised to boost housing associations and societies. They also agree to improve the 100 per cent mortgage system, encourage the sale of council houses and maintain the 'fair rent' system; and even go on to say that they will extend it.

Within the world of local government, education is almost an entity of its own. The Labour Government looked forward to providing more resources for primary and nursery schools, and to carrying on with comprehensive reorganisation and would have legislated to compel local authorities to abandon selection at 11 plus; to raise the school leaving age to 16 in 1972, and pretty well promise expansion on all educational fronts. The Conservatives have shifted the emphasis to primary schools and will allow local authorities to decide on the best secondary education system for their area, taking account of 'the general acceptance that in most cases the age of 11 is too early to make final decisions which may affect a child's whole future'. They also say they will raise the leaving age to 16. Additional undertakings are enquiries into teacher-training and encouragement for direct grant schools.

As far as the health services are concerned, the Labour Party hoped to bring about more unification in hospitals, general practitioners and local authorities' services, whilst the Conservatives hope to improve co-ordination; otherwise the promises in general in this sector have a certain similarity.

When we come to transport and what both the main parties hope to bring about, without going into what is undertaken to be achieved in detail, it could well be covered by the word 'expansion'. The Labour Party promised 1,000 miles of motorway by 1972 and proposed the complete nationalisation of the ports, while the Conservatives, diametrically opposed,

will halt this. Both parties promise improvements in environmental health, the Conservatives undertaking to launch a major campaign to 'produce a healthier, pleasanter Britain'.

One collision course occurs in the contemporary topic of local radio —something that is of increasing importance to local government. The Socialists would not have promoted or permitted any privately owned stations, but the Conservatives will allow these and link them closely to local communities.

Those who have worked in local government and who have been more concerned with loyalty and impartially carrying out, but not making, policy will of course like everybody in this country today, to a varying degree and whether they admit it or not, be acutely conscious that there is a considerable gap between what is promised and what in fact is achieved. At this particular time, had the Labour Government been returned, there seems no doubt they would have adhered to their timetable. Now that a Conservative Government is in office, reform will take place, not in accordance with a pre-set schedule, but after consideration of some of the views expressed during a period of consultation. Whatever may emerge from this, the new structure will surely mean that local affairs become increasingly subject to party political control, kept in place by a bureaucracy centred mainly in Whitehall. The Provincial Councils as recommended by Redcliffe-Maud were not acceptable to the Labour Government or, because of the method of election, to most local authorities. The out-going government felt that until the report of the Crowther Commission on the constitution had been completed and considered the existing Regional Economic Planning Councils should carry on. These entirely appointed bodies would not surely have been strong enough to keep the bureaucrats in hand? One is, however, ever more thankful for the integrity and the high sense of duty of the senior British civil servants. It is going to be a most difficult—but vitally necessary—task to bring about the devolution of substantial responsibilities to regional or provincial councils. Will Members of Parliament be prepared to tolerate an effective regional democracy? It might lead to their being challenged in many ways, with consequent problems raised for them in their constituencies, besides leading to a diminution of their own standing and authority in local matters. On the other hand, unless the regional or provincial councils are somehow rooted in democracy, they will lack that degree of confidence that is so essential to effective and harmonious administrative machinery.

On the whole, however, there seems to be a sufficient similarity between what the two main political parties are prepared to do in reconstructing local government to ponder on whether, in view of the 'now or never' position, some kind of unspoken understanding may have been achieved, so that in the early days of the new Parliament action will at long last take place. If, however, reform is left for any substantial length of time, it will be too late to save effective local government, for its functions will have been assimilated into those administered by the central government directly or indirectly through other public bodies, and the concept of local demo-

cracy, part of the history and tradition of this country, lost for ever.

Postscript

As the incoming Conservative Government moved towards the respite of the Parliamentary recess, having put into immediate action some of their promises on housing and education, the different local authority associations wondered, each hopeful in their own cause, what exactly lay behind the words in the Queen's Speech from the Throne—'Proposals will be worked out in full consultation with all concerned for local government reform in England, Scotland and Wales, associated with a general devolution of power from the central Government.'

The Times on the authority of their Political Editor quickly pronounced the Redcliffe-Maud proposals 'dead'; lesser journals took the view that the future of Britain's Town Halls was again in doubt. But democracy breeds stout hearts and a 'working' majority of about 30 suggests caution in dealing with traditional and local affairs.

Although it is already clear that no Bill can be expected in the first session, Mr. Peter Walker, the new Minister of Housing and Local Government, will surely be at the receiving end of much pressure, ranging from logical and experienced argument to political influence and here and there outright but diplomatically-understood cajolery, before he gets up as one would look to him to do soon after Parliament re-assembles in October to tell the nation what the Government have decided about the future of their local authorities. About this and about what lies behind it I hope to have the opportunity of writing later.

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[1] *Report of the Royal Commission on Local Government in England* 1966-1969 (Cmd. 4040 H.M.S.O. 1969).

[2] *Reform of Local Government in England* (Cmd. 4276 H.M.S.O. 1970)

THE CASE FOR LOCAL RADIO

by Michael Hancock

IT'S like talking about a previous love affair—that's Local Radio. It's now nearly a year since I left my previous post as Manager of Radio Merseyside.

Radio Merseyside was one of the first of the experimental local radio stations set up in 1967 by the Labour Government. A White Paper said—rather pompously—'that the role of any Local Radio station would be that a Local Radio station was there to serve the community in which it found itself and in which it reflects the day-to-day life of people. It should give public service, providing a valuable expression to that local community, reinforcing its distinctive character and sense of identity.'

I think a visiting journalist put it more cleverly.

He wrote of Local Radio Merseyside that 'over the 200 square miles of Merseyside, the voice of Beatledom beats out and floats in turn the voice of Wally the Whacker, declaring U.D.I. for Merseyside.' Wally the Whacker is somebody who lives in Merseyside and now, looking back over three years, Radio M. has achieved the intentions of that White Paper through those who were fortunate enough to work on the staff. And so, we have told in a vivid manner the story of all the things that has made Merseyside what it is. Just pick up the Merseyside edition of Radio Times, turn to the page devoted to Radio Merseyside and there, modestly displayed in small type, are the achievements of a Local Radio station.

Radio Merseyside's output of eight hours of programmes reflected the previous history, topography and geography of that area, but what we talked about at our daily conferences were the people who lived among us and who were our next door neighbours. We thought it important that any Local Radio station should be situated in the heart of its community and that, in turn, meant that we were in the city centre. One of the first statements that any Local Radio station should make is: 'Come and talk to us, you're welcome.' That was our open invitation. It was taken up.

Of course, we have captured larger type from time to time with some notable 'firsts'. So, on the air, we had a splendid notorious sculptor called Arthur Dooley (with four-letter words); Princess Margaret with the first Royal request ever to be played, the Prime Minister, a famous gentleman who had won the Victoria Cross; and in all during the first two years ten thousand people broadcast through our microphones.

For me to suggest that we were really doing anything completely new would be foolish. Because on the day when Radio Merseyside was opened, on November 22nd, 1967, we really put the clock back and in turn took a step forward because we announced that: 'This is B.B.C. Radio Merseyside'.

Forty-six years ago much the same thing had been said: 'This is 6LV calling.' One of the first broadcasts, more than 40 years ago, was by a lady known as 'Aunty Muriel'. Miss Muriel Levy still broadcasts for Radio

Merseyside and her style and professionalism inspire the new generation of broadcasters, who get as much fun out of their work as the B.B.C.'s early broadcasters did from those 2LO days.

Looking back over my shoulder, we were regarded by some Liverpuddlians as being some long-haired B.B.C. missionaries moving into darkest Merseyside. This was just not the case, and so from the start a Local Radio station within the United Kingdom must establish its involvement within the community. So how do we set about this?

First by meeting people and by letting it be known that we belong, and are interested in *people*. The reaction is instant. Some of Radio Merseyside's most successful programme output came from the Churches, the Police, folk groups, and those men and women who were energetic enough to care about the area in which they lived.

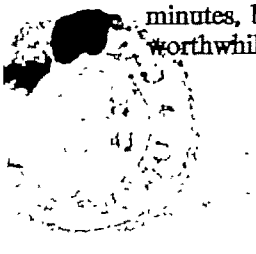
An immediate charge made against Local Radio is the fact that we broadcast only on V.H.F., which limits our audience. As broadcasters, we would very much like to have the largest available audience and that does mean broadcasting on the medium wave. The incontrovertible fact is that there are not enough medium waves bands to go round for this country. The pirate radio stations stole wave bands that belonged to other countries and caused serious interference on the Continent, including vital emergency services.

Well then, argues the man who hasn't heard Local Radio—but know's he's against us—why can't you go commercial?

First, because the B.B.C. believes in public service broadcasting and doesn't feel that the housewife in Bootle or Hoylake should pay for her Local Radio station out of a packet of soap flakes. And, secondly, were we to accept advertising, the revenue of local newspapers would be seriously affected. Many periodicals in this country, already under severe financial pressure, might simply fold up and no journalist wants to see that happen. Radio Merseyside in particular would find itself more and more in competition with the press, whereas at the moment Local Radio stations are complementary to our newspapers.

This aim of ours was quite simply reflected in that programme output. A run-through on what the B.B.C. *Radio Times* bills as your own station, broadcasting on 95.85, looks like this. There's local news at 6.30 a.m.; a piece from a local clergyman or member of the laity at ten minutes to seven; then the national news and a run-through of our own topical programme until nine o'clock. During that time we take in through our own studio a 'live' report from police headquarters, a half-hour schools programme and another programme entitled 'Light' and 'Local'. I think Light and Local really sums up what we are about. It has the biggest audience of any programme.

During the afternoon we broadcast schools' programmes again, and at 5.15 a programme which we planned as being a 15-minute filler entitled 'Hear All About It' but which has now been expanded to forty-five minutes, because there is so much going on in any local community that is worthwhile passing on.



Mention the words 'Free Radio' and think what they mean. Radio Luxembourg? But how much real information does such a station give to its listeners? If you want that kind of 'musical wallpaper', the B.B.C. may be able to provide it for you on Radio 1. But if you live within a community, a local commercial station cannot possibly catch local life 'on the wing'. Of course, provincial newspapers do a job that we cannot undertake and conversely radio can provide a service outside the scope of a local newspaper.

Ours is invariably a heavy mailbag and some of the most worthwhile letters come from blind listeners, invalids and people who are in minority groups through reasons of their birth, work, hobbies and interests. One of the tasks of Local Radio is to provide expression for these minority groups. A commercial radio station would mean goodbye to programmes devoted to them and this could include the arts, industry and the Churches.

One of the most hotly disputed undertakings in running any Local Radio station is collecting the news. There have been many suggestions as to how this should be done. Radio Leeds insisted that Leeds was more important than the rest of the world and ran *Leeds and the World*. Other local stations chose to have a complete freelance service and on Merseyside we married a freelance service to the practice of buying copy from the local newspaper. I don't think any of these was ideal. I suggest that the answer is that Local Radio, as newspapers have previously done, provides a new and refreshing training ground for future journalists.

This unique opportunity was presented three years ago to twenty people who work on Radio Merseyside and who were privileged to broadcast to three million people. The support we received was extraordinary. It ranged from unsolicited contributions from large firms, to a guinea from a lady in Bootle who said that we had made more impact on her life than any other so-called communicators.

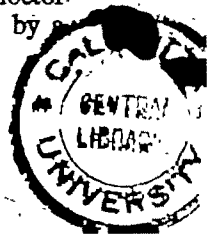
I believe Local Radio is a newly found platform for expression and is a catalyst to the people who surround those broadcasters whose job it is to be their next door neighbour. It is an easy assumption to declare that Local Radio is 'parish pump.' But what is 'parish pump?' If it is your own, or your next door neighbour's then it matters to you and to him. And so any Local Radio station must be parish pump. But it should be allowed to take off its blinkers and report truthfully and without fear the actions taken by the representatives of that next door neighbour.

Radio Merseyside's offices present the busiest atmosphere within the city centre. From day in, day out, you will meet the most likely and unlikely people. The staff are rather like that as well. But some of the people they have to interview are even more unpredictable.

It was during the winter that we sent a reporter out to interview a singing dog. When he arrived the dog wouldn't sing.

The owner, in a superb Liverpudlian accent, suggested that the reporter should sing to the dog. He did so. The dog bit him.

We had to send him to hospital where, upon his arrival, the doctor enquired: 'What happened to you?' He replied: 'I've been bitten by a



dog.'

'For heaven's sake,' the doctor demanded, 'you haven't been bitten by that singing dog in Bootle? You're the third reporter I've had in this week.'

I enjoyed working for Local Radio. I know that my colleagues who followed me do so, just as much.

I am fortunate enough to be going to take a look at broadcasting in the United States next year. Comparisons are said to be odious—but I know they will be inevitable—and fascinating.

[Michael Hancock joined the B.B.C. in 1965 and in 1967 successfully launched a new station, Radio Merseyside. At present Area Television Manager of Birmingham Broadcasting Company, he plans shortly to visit the U.S.A. on an Eisenhower Fellowship, to study local and commercial radio.]

MALTA AND NEXT YEAR'S GENERAL ELECTIONS

by Stephen F. Jones

MALTA, one of the latest emerging countries in the Commonwealth, will in eight months' time have its present parliament dissolved and general elections will take place for the election of a new government for a new term of office. Whilst elections are scheduled for April 1971 there is, on the other hand, every possibility that, given an agreement with Britain over financial aid which had been dropped by the Labour Government following disagreement with the method and rate of payment, there might be a snap election even before that time, some papers mentioning October next as a likely date.

The coming elections will be a straight fight between two parties, namely the Nationalists who now hold office and the Labour Party in opposition. Although this is to be a two party battle, the elections should prove to be tougher than before. There is nothing to impede the electorate from voting freely for the Labour Party now that the question of differences with the Church has been ironed out. Unlike previous elections when the platform was essentially a local and national one, next year the Maltese elections will be fought with the international scene very much in evidence.

Malta is right in the forefront of the Arab-Israel war and this dispute together with new developments in Libya, which is now moving towards Russian influence, is bound to have a significant effect on the elections. These events will affect Malta not only directly but in so far as they will test to a very thin edge the new struggle for Mediterranean supremacy between the Americans and the Russians. Also playing an important part is Malta's new role in EEC now that negotiations for association within the European Common Market have just been concluded.

However, one of the events which will undoubtedly make the greatest impact on the coming elections will be the extent of the renewed flow of British aid to Malta which was suspended by the previous British Government led by Premier Wilson. Fortunately there now appear to be good grounds for hoping that new discussions will be resumed and that these will prove successful under the Conservatives, who all along had differed with Labour Government and who now seem disposed to look at Malta more kindly. If these negotiations succeed, they will herald a new chapter in Maltese-British affairs. It has to be recorded that under the Financial Agreement between Britain and Malta following the grant of Independence in 1964, Malta was offered financial aid for a period of 10 years. This aid was suspended following a clash on the rate and method of grant as a result of which Malta has received no help at all from Britain over the past thirteen months.

The handling of this delicate situation by the Nationalist Party has revealed a brilliant statesmanlike trait in the personality of the Maltese Prime Minister, Doctor Giorgio Borg Oliver, who has, throughout the dead-

lock, as in the case of pre-Independence talks with Britain, shown that he is a dour negotiator of infinite patience and sagacity. Certainly when Malta goes to the polls next April—or perhaps even earlier—his fine leadership as leading politician will not easily be forgotten.

Outgoing governments are judged in any coming elections on the strength of their performance whilst they were in office. In the Nationalist Party's case, it may be claimed that the country was steered magnificently from the tottering early independence days of 1964 to a stable government which is now well on the way to acquiring a firm level of maturity. Despite the attempts of the opposition to play down the Nationalists' good work, the party has won the admiration of the nation and has gained the confidence of all even in international circles. At Lake Success, Malta has achieved universal admiration for the initiative which has been crowned with success when a motion proposed by Malta for the peaceful development of the world's seabed was adopted by the General Assembly at UNO.

Let us take a closer view of the more salient features of progress achieved by the present Nationalist Government. The Gross National Product at factor cost in 1968, that is four years after the grant of independence, shows a new peak of £67m., an increase of £6.8m. over the previous years and the highest rate of recorded growth of 11.3 p.c.

Manufactured growth is going on unabated. In 1968 no less than 68 new projects were approved by the Malta Development Corporation; these projects, submitted by American, German, Canadian and Italian firms, cover industries which will manufacture electronic components, pressure tools, clothing cartoons, frames and toys. Factory expansion has also continued and from 46 factories in three large industrial estates, the figure has risen to 66. A fourth industrial estate now in course of completion will bring the total number of new factories to 101 in the next five years.

The healthy industrial barometer is reflected in the manufacturing industry's ability to absorb the large scale unemployed personnel brought about by the Services run down since April 1968. No less than 3,900 persons were absorbed in private industry in 1967 whilst in 1968 this figure rose to 5,550, representing an increase of 5.8 per cent gainfully occupied persons. Also whilst production increased by £11.4m. (representing 46.3 per cent) exports rose to £8.4m. (representing 52.4 per cent). As a stimulant to trade and commerce Malta is now holding annually an international trade fair, while at the same time taking part in several leading fairs in Europe, Asia and North Africa. Agreements for trade and commerce have been made with countries which include Western Germany, Italy, Yugoslavia and Japan.

Perhaps the most spectacular success has been in the field of tourism, where Malta has not only blotted out its former 'British fortress' image but has been successful in creating a new name in tourism. Malta is now regarded as one of the leading summer holiday resorts in the Mediterranean.

The increase of tourism has been fostered through tax-free grants to hotel developers. This has brought about a string of related services, such as restaurants, cafés, night clubs, yacht marina and port facilities, which in turn

have been the means of new incentives to the country's commerce.

Since independence, 17 hotels of all grades, from the luxurious to the simple family type, have been built with state aid, and six more are in course of construction. From a mere 1,300 beds in 1968 the figure has increased to 6,600 and a former average of 12,600 tourists has risen to 137,000 by 1968. Passengers arriving by sea total 450,000. Employment within the tourist industry is serving to absorb an appreciable number of local workers. In terms of contribution to the Gross National Product, the tourist intake accounted for £0.8m. in 1964 and £2.8m. in 1967.

In keeping with the island's expanding role in trade and commerce, a number of institutions have been introduced to assist the country's economic growth. Foremost of these has been the setting up of a Malta Central Bank. This controls and regulates Malta's economy and facilitates the transfer of Government monies to one central bank; it also functions as a Currency Board and has enabled Malta to seek membership to the International Monetary Fund and World Bank. The Central Bank has paved the way to place the Malta pound in new parity in terms of gold and has assisted the Government to negotiate loans with other Governments, notably that of Italy.

Significant progress has been achieved by Malta in its international relations. From having merely two missions in London and Canberra, Malta has now built up a diplomatic and foreign service with embassies in Lake Success, Washington, Rome, Belgium, Libya, Canberra, London and the Vatican City. Meanwhile Malta has also become a member of the Council of Europe and is now looking after its responsibilities for the several World Agencies under the United Nations, such as F.A.O., W.H.O., I.L.O., I.C.A.O., etc.

Whilst only two parties are officially contesting the next elections, it is quite possible that there might be two more, made up of the Democratic Party led by Tony Pellegrini and the Progressive Constitutional Party led by Mabel Strickland. The former party was the Christian Workers' Party which has now changed its name. It is led by a former Secretary of the General Workers' Party, who broke away over differences with Dom. Mintoff. The other party is now dormant, resuscitated from the one time powerful Constitutional Party led by Lord Strickland. Both parties contested the last elections but neither was able to send any of its candidates to Parliament.

Both the Nationalists and the Labourites have their particular problems and differences. The Nationalists seem to have come under the firm hand of Doctor Borg Olivier, who has proved to be an astute leader capable of handling the most delicate problems with the right approach. The strain of government over the years has taken a toll and it has been rumoured that following the next elections Doctor Borg Olivier will relinquish the Premiership and accept the post of Governor General, following the retirement of the present holder of this office, Sir Maurice Norman. In that case, the new Premier will probably be hardworking Doctor Vincent Tabone, a one time trade unionist and a most successful Minister of Labour for a

number of years.

The Malta Labour Party is virtually centred round one personality, that of Dom. Mintoff who has surrounded himself with a number of diehard labourites who have in the main risen to power by their connections with the General Workers' Union who, on more than one occasion, have shared the Labour Party platform. Unlike Britain and other countries, there is a very narrow gulf separating the Union from the Party. Indeed the strength of the latter would be seriously hampered without the solid support and backing of the Union. As personalities go, D. Mintoff remains the unchallenged leader, standing no nonsense within the party. Dom. Mintoff has now for a number of years been trying to make a come-back to power, but some shrewd observers say that, whilst ostensibly he appears ready to do battle, he is contesting the coming elections for the simple reason that he is personally committed to leading the Labour Party back to power.

On one important issue the two parties are poles apart. The Nationalists support and back N.A.T.O. whilst the Labourites prefer to opt for a policy of complete neutralism. The Nationalists adopt a Western outlook, adhering to N.A.T.O. ideals and have made a special agreement with N.A.T.O. command for the continued use of Malta as a naval base within the field of Southern naval defence pattern in the Mediterranean (Malta being under the command of an Italian Admiral, as the island is the H.Q. of the Allied Forces' Naval Southern Command.) The Labourites have, on the other hand, left no doubt as to their intentions in that they do not support Malta's entanglement in the N.A.T.O. defence structure. They equally do not agree that Malta should allow visits here by the American Sixth Fleet, at the same time depriving the same facilities to the Russians or to any other Eastern naval force, for that matter. In this connection however, it is relevant to point out that during a recent lecture given in Malta at the Malta Atlantic Association, it was revealed that whilst the Russians periodically anchor off the Malta Grand Harbour at Hurd Bank which is some three miles from the Maltese mainland, they have never asked to visit Malta or to use it for regular visits! The Labourites would like Malta to be turned into a free base giving facilities to any Navy and are furthermore not adverse to obtaining financial aid without strings from any source, openly supporting such international socialist organisations as ASPO.

What will certainly carry weight in the forthcoming Maltese elections will be the approach to international affairs adopted by the respective parties contesting these elections. The man in the street will certainly not forget the Nationalist policy of solidarity with the West with which the Maltese nation in general associates itself.

ARTHUR THISTLEWOOD AND THE CATO STREET CONSPIRACY

by John Milsome

MOST history books refer briefly to Arthur Thistlewood as a murderous ruffian who led the Cato Street conspiracy of 1820, yet he deserves more mention than this for he was a man of some intellect who was a revolutionary symbol of his times in an era of severe government repression.

Born about 1770 in Tupholme, a village near Lincoln, Thistlewood was the son of a farmer. After a short spell in a surveyor's office he went to newly independent America and then to France to witness the final horrors of the revolution. He was cashiered from the 1st Regiment of the West Riding Militia before marrying Jane Worsley, a wealthy lady many years his senior. When she died he went to London and eventually joined the Spencean Society which was committed to a communist type revolution.

On December 22, 1816, the Spenceans organised a protest demonstration in the Spa Fields, London. Thistlewood took part and was subsequently arrested. Although he was discharged, he wrote abusive letters to Lord Sidmouth challenging him to a duel. This led to Thistlewood's rearrest and imprisonment for a year in Horsham gaol during 1818. That same year the government appointed a special committee to report on the insurrectionary state of the country and a special Bill of Indemnity was introduced to safeguard informers.

The Peterloo 'massacre' occurred in 1819 and was followed by mass meetings of protest. During this period Thistlewood gathered together a small group of conspirators whose aim was to assassinate the entire British government. Leading members of this group were William Davidson, a negro cabinet maker, James Ings, a butcher, Richard Tidd, a shoemaker, and John Thomas Brunt, a labourer. Thistlewood and twelve others formed a special directory whose task it was to plan the destruction of the government by the autumn of 1819 and to establish a revolutionary régime with popular support. One member of the directory was George Edwards, a government spy.

Parliament opened on November 23 and Lord Chancellor Eldon and Lord Sidmouth introduced the notorious 'Six Acts'. These Acts, intended to deal with the revolution, were passed only after a series of violent debates and all-night sittings. The conspirators rented a stable in Cato Street off the Edgware Road and met here regularly. Thomas Hiden, the cowman working in the stable, was brought into the plot.

The conspirators learned from George Edwards that in four days' time all members of the government were attending a dinner at the home of Lord Harrowby in Hanover Square. Edwards' information was confirmed by newspaper reports and the conspirators recast their plans. Thistlewood was to deliver a bogus message to Lord Harrowby and gain admittance to the house with other conspirators. The ministers would be slain and some of them beheaded so that their heads could be displayed

to the London crowds. Then the cavalry barracks would be set alight by throwing fireballs into the straw sheds. Thistlewood would lead a triumphant march to the Bank of England and the Tower of London to form a new popular government. Ings, as secretary for the conspiracy, would distribute bills with the message, 'Your tyrants are destroyed. The friends of liberty are called upon to come forward. The provisional government is now sitting.'

In the meantime, Edwards had kept the government informed of the murder plot. At an emergency meeting of the cabinet the Duke of Wellington suggested that all ministers should be armed. On the morning of February 23 a conspirator named Dwyer approached a Major James and told him of the activities at Cato Street. This information was passed to the Home Office. That same afternoon, Thomas Hiden gave a warning note to Lord Harrowby while he was riding in Hyde Park.

That evening, as the conspirators were gathering their arms together at the Cato Street stable, Mr. Birnie, J.P. for the county of Middlesex with five Bow Street Runners, Ruthven, Bishop, Smithers, Ellis and Salmon, was planning their arrest. The Bow Street Runners were to enter Cato Street at one end and a detachment of Guards under Captain Fitzclarence were to come in at the other end and cut off all escape routes. At eight o'clock Davidson saw the Bow Street men and gave the alarm. Smithers was the first man to reach the stable loft and was stabbed to death as Thistlewood lunged at him with a twelve-inch dagger. In the confusion that followed, the conspirators escaped down a secret ladder leading to an outside alley. Captain Fitzclarence was late in bringing his Guards to Cato Street and of the twenty-five men in the loft eighteen, including Thistlewood, escaped. Ings, Tidd and Davidson were caught and an immediate reward of £1,000 was offered for information leading to the arrest of Thistlewood.

That same night Brunt was apprehended in bed at his house in Fox Court but Thistlewood survived the night at the home of an old friend, Jack Harris, who lived at 8 White Street near Finsbury Square. At a quarter to eight the following morning, Ruthven and Bishop drove into White Street in a Hackney and surprised Thistlewood before he had time to dress. He was taken into custody to join the other conspirators at Coldbath Fields prison. A Grand Jury was sworn in on March 27 and the arrested men were charged with high treason to which they pleaded 'not guilty'.

The trial opened on April 17 with a packed visitors' gallery. The first witness called by the Attorney-General was Robert Adams, the shoemaker who had been involved in the plot. He claimed that Thistlewood had told him that the shopkeepers of London were a set of aristocrats whose shops he would gladly see shut and plundered and that Hunt and Cobbett were no friends of the people and were possibly even government spies. Other witnesses spoke against Thistlewood before the counsel for the defence put the case for the prisoner, based mainly on the plea that although he wanted to get rid of the government he was loyal to the King and therefore not guilty of treason. At four o'clock in the afternoon on the last day of the trial the jury retired to consider their verdict. They returned to hear two charges read again and then retired for twenty minutes. Sir Walter Scott, sitting in the

visitors' gallery, was one who heard their verdict of 'guilty of murder and treason'.

When asked why sentence of death should not be passed against him, Thistlewood replied calmly that such a question was a mockery. He claimed that his trial had been grossly partial and contrary to the spirit of justice. His main concern had been the welfare of his starving countrymen who had been trampled upon by an inhuman government. Much of the violence he blamed on the government spy, Edwards, who was now being kept away from the trial. He concluded by saying, 'I have not had a fair trial and upon that ground, I protest that judgement ought not to be passed against me'.

The Lord Chief Justice stopped him speaking on the grounds that he was justifying assassination and refused his request to question certain witnesses. By April 28, Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, Davidson and Tidd knew their day of execution was to be on May 1. Strange, Bradburn, Cooper and Gilchrist were sentenced to deportation.

On April 30, workmen began erecting the scaffold and while this grim structure was being completed, thousands of people settled down for the night by the walls of Newgate Prison to make sure that on the following day they would obtain a good vantage point for watching the execution. All the houses that had windows giving any sort of view of the scaffold were booked at a handsome profit. The cheapest price of such a position was a pound.

Security precautions were organised from the early hours. At twenty minutes to six the crowds were roused by the sound of two detachments of Foot Guards marching from the prison. One detachment went via the Felons' door and passed down Brown's Yard opposite Newgate, where they were ordered to remain in case of any emergency. The other detachment went along Newgate Street towards the city with orders to look after general security.

The soldiers had hardly marched away before Mr. Sheriff Rothwell and the City Marshalls appeared. The names of the officers on duty from the different city wards were called. Thousands of police surrounded the scaffold to keep back the crowds.

At seven o'clock four boards were placed inside the railings that went round the gallows. Workmen then nailed large bills to the boards. These bills announced in large black print that, 'THE RIOT ACT HAS BEEN READ. DISPERSE IMMEDIATELY.' The crowd could not see the notices for they were placed on the ground on each side of the debtors' door. Only in the event of an emergency would the crowds see the warning notices.

Of the five condemned men, only Davidson asked to see a priest named the Reverend Dyson. On the morning of their execution the condemned men were allowed to say a last goodbye to their families. Thistlewood's final visitor was his son, Julian. Before leaving the prison the conspirators were once again asked if they wanted a priest but Thistlewood replied, 'We want no priest. The sooner we go the better. Our wish is to die as soon as possible.'

Thistlewood was led out first. He gazed round at the vast crowd. Someone seated high up in a balcony waved and shouted. There were cries of, 'God

bless you.' Thistlewood waved back and smiled slightly, but appeared to be unmoved. Near the scaffold a priest, the Reverend Cotton, tried to attract his attention. 'This is your last chance,' called the priest.

Thistlewood shook his head vigorously and turned away. Then he took an orange from his pocket and peeled it slowly: throwing the peel down from the scaffold as he did so.

Next on the scaffold came Richard Tidd. He smiled and waved to the crowd. As they cheered him he bowed and shouted encouragement to Thistlewood. Then Tidd took an orange from his pocket as Thistlewood had done. As he ate the orange Tidd continued to smile and wave at the crowd.

In contrast to Tidd, Davidson was subdued when he made his entry. He smiled slightly and bowed to the crowd. Then he turned towards the Reverend Cotton. While the priest and the negro prayed together the onlookers were attracted by the raucous shouts of John Brunt who swaggered onto the platform laughing and joking. He kicked the stiffener in his handkerchief away and spat after it. 'I shan't want that any more,' he laughed. He took up his position on the platform by his companions and exchanged loud backchat with Tidd. They were joined by Ings who also waved and bowed to the crowd.

'I'm not afraid to go before God or man,' shouted Ings. 'I know there is a God and I hope he will be merciful.' The executioner came forward and started to place the nooses round the necks of the five condemned men. Ings continued to laugh and chatter to the executioner, 'Now then old gentleman finish me tidily. Tie my handkerchief over my eyes. Careful now! Pull the rope tighter, it may slip.'

At six minutes past eight the five would-be assassins were hanging from the gallows. Ings was convulsed for several seconds but died within three minutes. As the crowd gazed at the five hanging bodies there were shouts of 'Shame', 'Now bring out Edwards', 'God rest their souls.'

For nearly half an hour the dead men hung by their necks. Then the executioner walked onto the platform once again and, reaching out for Thistlewood's legs, he moved him into a grotesque sitting position. He cut the rope and lowered the body into a coffin, leaving the dead man's head protruding from one end. This bizarre process was repeated with the bodies of Tidd, Ings, Brunt and Davidson.

The executioner stepped back and an eerie figure in a mask and clad in a blue jacket and trousers climbed onto the platform. With a quick slash, the masked man severed the head of Thistlewood with a razor-sharp knife. Holding the bloody head aloft, he shouted, 'This is the head of Arthur Thistlewood, a traitor.'

The masked man moved to each side of the gallows and repeated the same words each time. This grisly show was performed with each corpse. So ended the desperate plot of the Cato Street conspirators. Arthur Thistlewood had dedicated his life to the cause of bloody revolution. He had tried to fight the establishment of early nineteenth-century England and inevitably he was doomed to meet his end on the scaffold.

WORLD FOOD PROGRAMME AT WORK IN LIBERIA AND UPPER VOLTA

by Anthony Sylvester

'WE regard our Programme as capital investment in the countries we help, rather than a relief operation inspired by charity,' a Food and Agriculture Organisation official explained in Rome as he was briefing me for a visit to Liberia and Upper Volta.

I was to see in action a world-wide scheme to which some 90 donor countries have contributed a total of 523 million US dollars in commodities, cash and services for 1963-70. This being the United Nations Education Year it was particularly important to observe what the World Food Programme was doing to help national education (which is really the key to development in any true sense).

It may seem surprising that Liberia should have been selected as one of the targets for the World Food Programme and other UN activities, including the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. The usual image of this small country in West Africa, founded in mid-19th century by former slaves from America and West Indies, is that of a lucky oasis of prosperity, stability and Tubmanite common-sense in a part of the continent that is afflicted by poverty, disease and revolution.

Mr. William V. S. Tubman's long and pragmatic, if paternalistic, rule has brought its benefits. So has his emphatic and consistent siding with the USA and capitalism, which has let the doors of his country wide open to western interests — and scrupulously closed to the communist world. Monrovia is one of the few capitals on the African continent without a Soviet Embassy.

Liberia has welcomed, with both arms, shipping operators anxious to escape their domestic taxation, and provided them with a 'flag of convenience'. But it was Firestone and its rubber plantations that had for many years dominated Liberia's economy. It was only in the past ten years or so that all the rest began to shrink into insignificance compared to the mining of iron ore. With exports of about 20 million tons a year, worth over 100 million dollars, Liberia is the world's third largest supplier of the metal.

Yet, the door being open to what is coming in no less than to what is flowing out, Liberia is left rather poor in the end while her riches have been wasting away rapidly. Of the Gross National Product of 351.8 million dollars in 1968 more than one-third went to foreigners and their businesses. In 1967 the value added of iron ore output was 84.4 million dollars, but only 22.8 million of this was paid to Liberian interests. In 1968 iron ore accounted for 72 per cent of Liberia's exports, but for only 21 per cent of the Government revenue.

The presence of large foreign companies in the country, it is true, means a great deal more to Liberia than merely an addition to Government re-

venue. For instance, foreign-owned rubber plantations give employment to nearly 30,000 and a further 10,000 or so have found jobs in mining. Wages in such establishments are a good deal higher than elsewhere and workers are often provided with generous facilities for education, housing and health care. Even beyond what the statistics say, there are many ways by which the wealth at the top percolates, although in trickles, to the broad base at the bottom. And the process is no doubt speeding up. Only a generation ago travellers found little civilisation outside Monrovia. Today one can see, hundreds of miles inland and in even quite remote villages, huge American-made cars (if often dilapidated) parked outside mudhuts, which are now mostly covered with corrugated iron roofs. Transistor sets and bicycles are common everywhere. Yet the gap between those that can afford to buy beefsteak at 2 dollars per lb. in Monrovia and the vast majority of the people—some 80 per cent of the total of about 1.2 million—who only earn a few dollars a month in cash, is still intolerably wide.

Till quite recently and well after Mr. Tubman took over the Presidency in 1944, Liberia gave the appearance of a ramshackle set-up in which a tiny minority of a few tens of thousands of the descendants of original founding families were making an attempt to colonise the country, but without the where-withal in capital and technology of their white neighbours. Most of the native people were either left to their own devices or were crudely exploited.

Mr. Tubman has pinned to his mast the slogan of 'Unification and Integration', and quite important improvements have already been made. One has only to be reminded that ten years ago there was no public lighting or sewage system in Monrovia.

Yet, being small and fairly compact and having a stable political régime now dedicated to development, Liberia lends itself well to aid projects. There are fields where, one feels, only a few crash programmes are needed to create an entirely different situation.

Most Liberian farmers grow some rice which is becoming the staple food of the country. But half as much as is produced at home must be imported from abroad at the cost, in 1968, of over 8.5 million dollars. However, very substantial increases of rice yields could be achieved with relatively small improvements if the farmers were using better seed varieties and applied some of the modern methods of weed control, insecticides and fertilisers, and if they switched, at least partly, from upland farming to the cultivation of paddy in seasonal swamps and valley floors. FAO and Freedom From Hunger Campaign have been initiating schemes of clearing such areas, of which there are some 2 million acres, with the help of youth clubs. The United Nations Development Programme, the U.S.A. and the Republic of China (Taiwan) and several other interests have joined hands by setting up this year a pioneer rice growing project at Foya in the north-west of the country. One thousand five hundred acres will eventually be cleared, irrigated and put under paddy, involving hundreds of local families in the cultivation. Technological, marketing and social experiments and investigations will be carried out in the region to establish

the best pattern of rice culture under irrigation conditions with a view to generalising the experience over the entire country at a later stage.

But such development projects will have no lasting effect unless the present desperate shortage of experts and skilled men is made good and general levels of education in the country are raised.

There again, progress has been made in recent years. In 1968 a total of 175,000 enrolled in the country's schooling establishments, 67 per cent more than in 1965. The number of enrolments at the University of Liberia nearly doubled in the same period, reaching 1,282 in 1968. But the rapid expansion has often been made at the expense of quality, and in 1967, for example, only 16.5 per cent of the candidates passed the national examination. There has been an alarming percentage of drop-outs. To add to an already critical situation the Government recently decided on savage cuts in its national education budget in pursuit of an austerity programme made necessary by mounting foreign debts and a balance of payments crisis.

The United Nations Development Programme and the FAO have already done a vital service to the country by providing money and international staff for a College of Agriculture and Forestry at the University of Liberia. The College, open since 1961, is much more than a teaching institution. On the 400 acres of its arable and forest land experiments and demonstrations are carried out which are of direct and immediate significance to the country's economy. With the help of the FFHC a training centre has now been established at the College to offer 6-month courses for extension aides. The first 16 graduates are being posted this year at the Foya Pilot Rice Project.

But now the World Food Programme has timely intervened with three major projects costing together over 1.5 million dollars, providing free food to university and high-school students, trainees, workers at the University forest estate and agricultural data collectors and their families as well as to people attending functional literacy classes.

There is an excellent case for free foods being supplied to educational establishments when these have, as they do in Liberia, proper kitchen and canteen facilities. An attractive, well-balanced diet with suitable ingredients of animal proteins, fats and vitamins will encourage school attendance and improve the capacity of the students to learn. As students acquire the habit of healthy feeding this may well permanently influence their nutritional standards as well as those of their relatives and friends. Moreover, the Government should be able to use the savings made by getting WFP food free to improve and expand educational facilities. Thus runs the book—or a glossy pamphlet illustrated with pictures of grateful, happily smiling coloured people holding their food cans, or actually eating.

Yet, to ignore the troubles and difficulties is hardly fair to the hard-working, long-suffering men who actually administer the WFP aid in the field.

'Why send us bulgar wheat flour? No one here has ever heard of it. We don't know what to do with it.' 'Why no rice?' (—a particularly frequent complaint when this most popular item happens to be missing).

'Your last consignment of dried fish was infested by bugs. We had to burn it. And, mind, our people don't eat shark.' 'Why don't they use plastic bags for sugar? They would protect it from pests and humidity.' 'Why don't you simply give us cash?'

Such were some of the observations I heard when visiting educational establishments, most of them boarding schools or vocational centres, up and down Liberia, accompanied by a WFP official.

Of course, no less frequent were appreciative remarks. 'Without your food I just would not know what to do', the manager of a high school at Kakata said. Many pointed to the vital importance of free food after the Government has cut subsidies to schools. Food, although often criticised, gets eaten in the end, somehow, although not always by the people for whom it was originally intended. One consignment, intended for a functional literacy class, which in fact never materialised, was switched to an orphanage and was gratefully consumed there. WFP officials in Liberia estimate that only between 2 and 3 per cent of the food unloaded at Monrovia port fails to be eaten in the end.

Much depends on the ingenuity and expertise of the chef or school manager. In an American missionary school the lady in charge of the kitchen and canteen found no trouble at all with any of the food that she was receiving from WFP. Bulgar wheat flour? She knew how to prepare this and make it acceptable. Pest-infested food? Fish was scrupulously washed of insects and the flour sifted.

A nutrition expert has now been added to the WFP staff at Monrovia. She will travel regularly around the country, visiting schools and suggesting improvements in the preparation of meals.

After a year or so of considerable problems the three WFP projects are now clearly getting off the ground. Indeed, the officials are ready to take on another project: that of feeding the entire elementary school population. '*Festina lente*' or words to that effect would have been my advice had I been asked, which I was not!

Every WFP project normally extends over a period of three years. The hope is that the local authorities will subsequently be in a position to carry on the burden themselves. For these and other reasons nothing is more important than full and active participation of Government officials in the venture, from the start and at the highest level. Lack of such participation has been one of the troubles in Liberia in the past, but matters have been improving markedly since earlier in the year when a Government committee, with the Secretary of State (Prime Minister) as chairman, was established for co-operation with WFP. The small group of dedicated men and women, both local and international, who are administering the distribution of food now also have sufficient transport facilities, as new trucks and other vehicles have been acquired. This too was a serious problem at the start of the operation. It all takes time.

Arriving at the modern airport of Ouagadougou I found it hard to believe what I had heard of Upper Volta; that it was the poorest and most underprivileged country of the Dark Continent. It became even harder later

when I drove through broad avenues flanked by modern buildings, many of them of charming design. Great multitudes of local men and women were rushing about on small motor-cycles; and shops and supermarkets were well stocked with French-imported goods. Later, a visit to the 'African' parts of Ouagadougou modified substantially the initial impression of affluence. But the real and lamentable state of affairs in Upper Volta, the landlocked former French colony now precariously independent since 1959, can scarcely be gleaned from the capital city, or for that matter from any one of the few towns. People living in urban settlements make up only about five per cent of the total of over 5 million. The rest are small subsistence farmers or cattle raisers. Yet even a typical village looks misleadingly happy with its cheerful, exuberant crowds of naked children and friendly young men and women.

It is the official statistics that tell at least part of the grim picture. The entire population is afflicted by malaria. Measles cause annually the death of 25,000 children aged less than 4 years. Some 300,000 people suffer from river blindness, or onchocercosis. Over half the population have bilharzia. Trachoma hits 700,000. There are 140,000 lepers. Tuberculosis is rampant and 4,000 new cases are notified every year.

Much of this is due to malnutrition, particularly to lack of animal protein, fats and vitamins, and there may even be famine when rains are poor.

Quite modest aid can sometimes bring enormous results, when properly organised and applied. I saw a French organisation of young volunteers operate on a shoestring budget of just over 100,000 dollars a year with which they daily feed about 15,000 schoolchildren, two thirds of them in Ouagadougou. Every child in primary school in the capital city is provided with one wholesome meal a day from a central kitchen equipped with the help of FFHC. Each child has been photographed and his or her particulars taken down on a special form. I could see that on average they had put on 10 kg in weight, and the haemoglobin content in their blood went up from 65 to 70 per cent, after six months. School attendance, poor in the past, has become 100 per cent and the children have remarkably improved their interest in school and ability to learn. Another useful FFHC project is for distribution of materials and tools to village craft centres.

World Food Programme has mounted projects costing a total of over 4 million dollars, designed to tie in with key priorities in economic and social development. Since late 1968 a scheme has been in operation for supplying about 6,000 secondary school children with free food, and this has made it possible for the Government to save sufficient resources to construct two new school compounds, with another four being built.

Substantial aid, at the cost of about 1.5 million dollars, is given to hospitals, whereby the food, rich in protein and vitamins, is helping the patients to get better sooner and return to their normal work. Another WFP project is stimulating villagers to build their own wells under expert supervision while supplying them with free food rations. The aim of the Upper Volta Government is to have a well within a distance of a quarter of

a mile from every village. At present this is still far from being the case, and village women often spend up to 10 hours a day bringing home the water. Alternatively, many help themselves from disease-infested ponds or swamps. Thanks largely to the WFP help the programme of building wells in villages has been progressing at a fast pace, with about 400 being completed per annum.

Finally, the WFP has been helping in what is Upper Volta's largest current development project, a rice growing scheme in the Kou Valley, in the south-western part of the country. With the assistance of the Republic of China (Taiwan) an area of 1,700 hectares is being put under irrigation by using the waters of the Kou, a tributary of the Black Volta, with just over 100 km of newly-constructed canals. Some 9,000 people will eventually be settled here in three model villages when the Project is completed by the end of 1972. The settlers are being selected on their merits from all the regions of Upper Volta.

When I visited the Project the first 100 families had just settled in, having first cleared 2.5 acres each of bush and constructed their own small bungalows. Free food rations provided by a WFP project help the families until the first harvest is in. Eventually these farmers are expected to grow enough rice and sorghum and also vegetables in their small kitchen gardens, to earn cash and have a standard of living at least three times the customary local level.

Such schemes are pointers to the future. In theory there is no reason why Upper Volta should not relatively soon rise from her present predicament and backwardness. Just as in Liberia, in Upper Volta too cultivation of rice has tremendous potential, and so has the growing of all manner of vegetables, particularly for overseas markets. The growing of cotton, a medium-staple variety, has been making astonishing progress in the past few years. Output of cotton grew from 17,274 tons of medium staple in 1967-68 to 32,000 tons in 1969-70, nearly all of it for export to western Europe after ginning in Upper Volta's own four factories. Just over 1.1 thousand million francs CFA, or about 4 million dollars, was paid to cotton growers, all of them smallholders, last year, adding substantially to their purchasing power. There are reports of rich deposits of manganese and limestone and there is promise of copper to be found in more than one place. Bleak as the situation may seem in Upper Volta at the moment, it is not without hope. But outside help is desperately needed.

[Anthony Sylvester, a native of Yugoslavia, specialises in the problems of developing countries. His two books, *Living with Communism* and *Tunisia*, were published by Bodley Head, in 1966 and 1969 respectively.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

DICKENS IN PERSPECTIVE

Dickens 1970: Centenary Essays. Edited by Michael Slater. Chapman & Hall. 45s.

Charles Dickens, 1812-1870. Compiled by Ivor Brown. No. 95 in Jackdaw Publications, 12s.

The mystery and magic of Charles Dickens have dominated 1970, the year of his death centenary, to a degree only excelled by the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth celebrated in 1964. Not only in this country but throughout the world the occasion has produced vast numbers of tributary assessments and evaluations—far more than in 1912, the centenary year of the novelist's birth. Today we are farther removed from the phenomenon of his stupendous literary achievement; we are better equipped with biographical, sociological and critical material to see the titan whole. Something of this was in the mind of Henry James when he wrote in 1912, discussing Dickens in his autobiography:

> 'He did too much for us surely ever to leave us free—free of judgment, free of reaction, even should we care to be, which heaven forbid; he laid his hand on us in a way to undermine as in no other case the power of detached appraisement . . .'

Among the centenary estimates I welcome specially Dr. Michael Slater's *Dickens 1970.* In his symposium the Editor of 'The Dickensian' has assembled a group of distinguished academics and novelists, united in reasoned admiration of Charles Dickens. Their essays are divided into three parts: 'The Artist', 'The critic of Society' and 'The Fellow-Man'; and in Part One, 'The Comedy of Dickens', Professor Walter Allen challenges Bagehot's contention that Dickens's 'endless fertility in laughter-causing detail' is scarcely found at all in the later works. 'Comedy is the main instrument by which Dickens inflicts "the deeper scar", but it is irrelevant that Podsnap is a less comfortable, a less delightful creation than Pickwick. Both are superb comic characters . . .' A related theme, 'The Complexity of Dickens', is treated by Professor Barbara Hardy to illustrate the variety of the novels. As an example she cites 'Hard Times', pointing out 'a fine responsiveness between the central human case and the social indictment'. Dr. John Holloway's contribution, 'Dickens and the Symbol' claims at the outset that Dickens must be read in a different spirit from Jane Austen or George Eliot or Trollope, 'one more open, tolerant and exploratory and less tied to sobriety, exactitude or mere calm sense', and he explains this by quoting the symbolic or emblematic devices used in 'Little Dorrit', 'Dombey and Son' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit'. This is a rich and rewarding essay, peculiarly welcome to 1970 readers.

Part Two opens with Mr. Raymond Williams' 'Dickens and Social Ideas', a profound and penetrating analysis of Dickens who, while not, 'in any normal sense, a novelist of ideas', yet drew on the current ideas of his time to give point to and illustrate his characters, their actions and conversations. The Utilitarian movement in 'Hard Times' is one such instance, and Mr. Williams uses this instance in a valuable comparative survey of European fiction ranging from Tolstoy, George Eliot and Wells up to Thomas Mann and D. H. Lawrence.

This is followed by Dr. Slater's 'Dickens's Tract for the Times', a searching consideration of 'The Chimes', the story which in the first place derived from

the novelist's indignation at the law's callous treatment of a young seamstress tried for infanticide at the Old Bailey—a case which also prompted protests by Elizabeth Barrett, Thomas Hood and others.

In his essay on 'Dickens and the Public Service' Lord Snow turns to 'Little Dorrit' and the famous satire called 'The Circumlocution Office'. He argues against accepting the latter as a valid indictment of the civil service of the period and points out that although the novel is set in the 1820s, the references to the Circumlocution Office are almost entirely contemporary. How right he is in saluting the stroke of journalistic genius Dickens had in hitting on the name for the office. The satire itself is 'inaccurate, unhistorical', but it reminds us that 'a new generation of protesters have taken to denouncing "structures" wherever they exist.'

Part Three, 'The Fellow-Man', contains three admirable essays by Margaret Lane, Pamela Hansford Johnson and Angus Wilson, writing respectively on 'Dickens on the Hearth', 'The Sexual Life in Dickens's Novels' and 'Dickens on Children and Childhood'. Miss Lane conveys his passionate desire for the domestic ideal, 'with the minuteness of a painter re-working an obsessive theme. But quite as often, indeed I believe more frequently, his fictional marriages are bleak and disillusioned . . . The dream refused to identify with reality, as he eventually and disastrously proved in his own life.' Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson's outspoken essay on Dickens's treatment of the sexual life in his novels is a little masterpiece of enquiry and deduction. She notes the 'manic' restlessness both of the man and the artist and concludes that 'We are all to an extent creatures of our time: perhaps he was abnormally much a creature of his, constantly putting out a hand to touch his shackles and make quite sure, with a sigh of relief, that they were still secure.'

Finally, Professor Angus Wilson completes the symposium with a deeply perceptive, tender and absorbing essay on 'Dickens on Children and Childhood'. This most Dickensian of contemporary English novelists explores Dickens's autobiographical approach to the subject, his inherited attitude to the meaning and value of childhood in the social and industrial conditions of mid-Victorian England, and the way he was influenced by the shifting currents of prevalent thought. It is a remarkable concentrated enquiry.

A novel contribution to the centenary celebrations is the satchel compilation by Dr. Ivor Brown *Charles Dickens 1812-1870*. It contains a generous assortment of a score of facsimiles of Dickensiana, including letters, manuscript pages, programmes and designs and portrait sketches—all giving a delightful insight into the life and work of the great novelist. 'Jackdaw No. 95' should be a 'must' for Christmas.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

"TROUBLED LOYALTY"

The Political Diaries of C. P. Scott, 1911-1928. Edited by Trevor Wilson. Collins £3 5s.

This book is primarily concerned with the *Manchester Guardian* (C. P. Scott) and Lloyd George. I have borrowed the title 'Troubled Loyalty' from Christopher Syke's brilliant study of Adam von Trott. C. P. Scott will always be remembered as the man who created a great newspaper and it was the only paper Lloyd George cared about. In L.G.'s own words: 'It's very strange; it hasn't got a large circulation, yet it's the only paper that counts' and Smuts added 'He doesn't mind what the others say but when you (C. P. Scott) attack him he squirms.' In March 1920 L.G. said to C. P. Scott: 'Don't desert me . . . help my best self; come and see me sometimes and

correct my faults.' Scott adds: 'I think he partly meant that. He would be far happier to be a Liberal.'

Why this relationship? Scott opposed Lloyd George on Ireland, Conscription, the first Coalition and the Peace Treaty—and yet was fascinated by Lloyd George's vision of a nation organized and mobilized for war and by his recurrent radicalism. Scott was Liberalism incarnate, but he was forced to witness the disintegration of a great party. He became by slow degrees disillusioned with Asquith, Simon, Grey, McKenna, Runciman and scores of lesser personalities. He was never at home with any of the Conservatives, Balfour, Curzon, Birkenhead—or Baldwin. He was friendly but never intimate with Ramsay MacDonald. But he struggled and compromised with Lloyd George almost to the end. Why? I think he admired the vigour and daring of the man; he was obviously flattered by Lloyd George's constant concern about the *Manchester Guardian*'s leading articles, whether they praised or attacked him; he bravely hoped that, in an era of Coalitions, sooner or later there would be a Radical Government. He wrote to J. A. Hobson even in 1914: 'I confess I am beginning to feel that the existing Liberal party is played out and that if it is to count for anything in the future it must be reconstructed largely on a Labour basis.'

The diaries throw new light on many facets of British politics, thanks to the admirable editing of Mr. Trevor Wilson. Let me quote a few samples. From the editor September 1914:

> 'Who in this conflict would emerge as the 20th century Chatham, the saviour of his nation? Both men, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, saw the war as a great challenge and felt called to give a decisive lead. Hence their position was inherently one of rivalry. They could hardly be expected to foresee that they would have a war apiece.'

Then again in C. P. Scott's diary of March 6-8, 1916: 'It would be a great sacrifice to Churchill to throw up his position and salary in the Army, as he had no money and had had to borrow in order to provide for his wife while he was away.' And later, November 22, 1916: 'Breakfasted with Lloyd George at *St. James Court to which he had been compelled to return through pressure of new taxation.'

'January 6, 1924

'Called on MacDonald by appointment at his house in Howitt Road, Hampstead . . . he looked fagged and anxious . . . between secretaries and political journeyings he had in one month spent two years' savings.' These financial hazards of famous politicians, both in and out of office, are worth remembering at a time when their successors may be feeling the pinch.

*Paid for by Col. D. Davies (later Lord Davies Davies).

Mais revenons a les moutons. Lloyd George thought that the 'old hidebound Liberalism was played out'; he rejoiced to see the Liberal party leaders on the way to be purged by a little adversity. Here he differed from all the elite Liberals, from Asquith to Gilbert Murray. He saw the new task ahead, to build up the country, with the motto 'Peace Retrenchment and Reform'. He failed to realize that by now he had lost the confidence of Liberals, Labour and Conservatives, although he still inspired a radical group in the 1929 elections and had about him men like Ramsay Muir, E. D. Simon, Seebohm Rowntree and many other ardent reformers.

I was during all this period a soldier in the 1914-18 war, an undergraduate at Oxford and as President of the Union, listening to the Great Men who descended on us, Asquith, Churchill, Simon, Birkenhead, Ramsay MacDonald and Lloyd George; later fighting hopeless seats for Labour at Harrow, Oxford

and Worcester. Many of us were radicals and our sympathies were with C. P. Scott and the *Manchester Guardian*. We opposed the Black and Tans, we opposed the Treaty of Versailles, we welcomed the League of Nations and the Balfour Declaration. We were young and lucky to be alive. Siegfried Sassoon and Edmund Blunden expressed our feelings. We had begun to despair of all politicians. These diaries, alas, only add to that despair.

KENNETH LINDSAY

MILNER'S IMPERIAL KINDERGARTEN

Milner's Young Men: The 'kindergarten' in Edwardian Imperial Affairs. Walter Nimocks, Hodder and Stoughton, 42s.

Mr. Nimocks' study of the Kindergarten begun under Milner's administration in South Africa is a valuable and sound contribution to our understanding of the period. The author has based his narrative mainly on the letters exchanged between principal members of the staff of civil servants gathered in South Africa by Lord Milner and on the records of the Round Table movement which developed out of the South African association.

The book's main interest lies in the survey of the Round Table movement, devoted to creating a stronger imperial relationship between Britain and the Dominions. The author centres his history of the movement on the activities of Lionel Curtis, by far the most energetic, resourceful and active of the Round Table members. Indeed, the book's strongest point is its clarity and readability in dealing with the varied activities of those urging imperialism in its various forms before 1914. It is in this treatment that the author's use of the documents proves most beneficial.

Yet, it would seem that there is a certain lack of depth in the coverage. The book moves on a horizontal plane with occasional movements in a vertical direction, but not sufficient to challenge the reader into putting questions which would both enhance his understanding and relate the study more closely with contemporary problems. Thus while one is given quotations *in extenso* which explain the various attitudes towards and motivations behind imperialism, there is little questioning as to the psychological motives behind and benefits derived from imperialism.

In regard to the Kindergarten's activity in South Africa from 1900 until Union was achieved in 1909, the author seems content merely with recounting what happened; his account is sound without being challenging. For example, he relates the various struggles to achieve either Boer or British supremacy (and the relatively small role the Kindergarten played) but he does not develop to any extent the ever-present problem of the native majority. The problem after the end of the war was to *create* a nation where there had been none: South Africa must needs be a hybrid union yet possessing a national character. The basis of this was not loyalty to the Crown or love of the fatherland but the need of a racial minority with power to protect itself against a racial majority without power. The struggle between defeated Boer and victorious Briton as to who would exercise power is a most important one, but it ought to be placed against the underlying, implicit acceptance of what one may call the 'siege mentality' which was and is the basis of South African nationality, a nationality which is by definition 'white'.

Finally, in his survey of the group's activity after the South African era had ended, i.e. the Round Table movement, Mr. Nimocks gives quite adequate treatment to a movement which in reality had little influence on historical development. But he ought not therefore to argue that the movement was a 'failure'. There is a subtle but important difference between failing and being

a 'failure'; the Round Table movement failed; Edwardian imperialism was a failure. One could perhaps wish that Mr. Nimocks had dwelt more extensively on this failure. For example, was Edwardian imperialism a 'noble dream for world peace', or merely altruistic racialism providing a psychological 'prop' for insecure men, or both? But then, the book is about the Kindergarten, not imperialism.

As a study of a minority pressure group trying to convert an indifferent if not hostile majority and divided amongst itself the survey is most interesting. It helps one to see the basic truth of British Imperialism: the Empire was worthwhile as long as it made no demands. The Commonwealth was based not on a failure but on a 'non-starter'. British Imperialism was simply too much for Britain. At a time when the future of the Commonwealth may be said to lie in the hands of men politically if not morally myopic, a study of any phase of imperialism is worthwhile and this book is such a study.

J. E. B. MUNSON

SOCIALISM WITH A HUMAN FACE

Dubcek. William Shawcross. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 65s.

If the child is indeed father to the man one may see the future Alexander Dubcek in the lad who grew up in the Kirghizia Soviet agricultural commune, 1925-33, and later at Gorkiy. His father, a Slovak carpenter, had migrated there with 105 other Slovak families dedicated to an experiment in communal living, and though it ended in frustration its humane ideals helped to shape the serious young student who in later years sought to give his country's socialism a human face.

The Dubceks returned to Slovakia in 1938 to live through the Munich crisis, Nazi invasion and war. After the Husak uprising in August 1944 Dubcek served with the Jan Zizka partisan brigade in which he was twice wounded, his brother Julius killed. He saw how the villagers suffered in the ebb and flow of a conflict that stirred his humanitarian instincts and also left its mark on the future leader.

In 1945 he married Anna Ondrisova, the girl he had known from childhood who nursed him at her home when he was wounded. Of the church wedding, unusual for a communist, Shawcross says significantly: 'He was not, and still is not a man who allows dogma to interfere in his private life. His loyalty to the Party later became more complete than it was in 1945 but he has nevertheless always managed to prevent ideology from interfering with his personal commitments and beliefs.'

As a Party official in Slovakia he was loyal yet reservedly independent, sharing the disillusionment in the Communist government of 1948, the trials and purges—notably of Rudolph Slansky, executed on trumped-up charges of espionage and sabotage, though he had led the 1948 terror. No one, Shawcross claims, suffered at the hands of the quiet, diligent Dubcek during this period. When Karol Smidke, who had been accused of bourgeois-nationalism, died in 1952 Dubcek paid a courageous tribute to the disgraced leader and former comrade. He did so from 'that transparent honesty which has always characterized his public career. Dubcek is not a man who finds it easy to lie. He is a very emotional man whose affections and loyalties are deeply felt.'

Obviously, here was no flint-faced power-man of the kind Soviet communism demands. With documentary skill Shawcross traces his subsequent rise and fall through the intricacies of Czech politics, the conflict with President Novotny, whom he eventually succeeded as the Party's First Secretary, and the liberalising reforms that brought about the Soviet invasion and his downfall. Shawcross

concludes:

> Dubcek had many faults, but one glance at the rigid and unoriginal rule of Dr. Husak is enough to demonstrate how trifling were those faults beside his remarkable virtues. Dubcek set a completely new style in political leadership . . . no one but Dubcek could have summed up Prague Spring, as he did in September 1968, as the time when 'We began to trust the people and they began to trust us'.

Some of the author's views on events may be open to question but his industry is impressive and the Chronology 1918-70 and appended Dubcek speeches make the book valuable for students of Czechoslovakian affairs.

TREVOR ALLEN

GILBERT WHITE AND HIS SELBORNE

Gilbert White and His Selborne. Anthony Rye. William Kimber, 70s.

It is given to few writers to achieve immortality with one book and to have their name linked forever with the place where they were born. The celebration this year of the birth of Gilbert White in the vicarage at Selborne, Hampshire, in 1720, marks the publication of Anthony Rye's delightfully individual and evocative study of this most famous of all clerical naturalists. In *Gilbert White and His Selborne* he presents the man in his setting, 'a little, prim, upright man' who 'used to go poking about in the lanes and hedges with his stick, and then rather nattily stop to flick the dust off his shoes with his handkerchief . . . not over particular as to what things he handled—some of them pretty strange; and he liked strange beasts, even snakes!' He traces and portrays in detail White's forbears and family, his education at Oxford (Oriel), his succession of Hampshire curacies and tenure of one obstinately held living in Northamptonshire.

Grandson of a Vicar of Selborne (a living in the gift of Magdalen College, Oxford), the fact that White was an Oriel man meant that he could never be vicar in his own parish, but had to be content with periods as curate-in-charge. One of Mr. Rye's most compelling chapters deals with his modest hero's struggle first (and successfully) for an Oriel proctorship and, second, for the Provostship of his College, in which he failed. Another chapter, 'The Festal Summer', describes how the young people of two house-parties, young clerics and young ladies, from the Vicarage and The Wakes, ranged up the hangers to the woods and the Hermitage, dancing and frolicking and picnicking late into the summer nights.

White, by then forty-three, a bachelor, a sporting parson and naturalist, had much to occupy himself, improving The Wakes and filling his church duties. No wonder his long-prospected book was so slow in materialising. But when *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* was published in 1789 a little masterpiece was launched, 'a little cockleshell of a book' which made its way slowly at first, until (to quote Mr. Rye) 'it was seen to be a unique book, by a unique and wonderful writer. It stood as an imperative on rough shelves, with the Bible, Shakespeare, the Pilgrim's Progress'. White died four years later, in 1793; but all who visit Selborne must feel that his spirit haunts the place. That Mr. Rye, 'the Selborne poet', who has lived there for twenty years, feels this, is apparent in the tender insight shown in his book and in the delicate illustrations with which he has matched the text.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

A VIEW OF CONTEMPORARY DRAMA

The Third Theatre. Robert Brustein. Jonathan Cape, 45s.

Robert Brustein is Dean of the Yale School of Drama; his approach to the theatre, and to the world-situation in general is scarcely parochial. This

collection of his polemical essays and reviews provides a serious and usually sage view of contemporary drama—especially of the experimental theatre of 'off-off-Broadway'.

He is a stern critic, and some of his observations are not precisely moderate; risking a 'huge generalisation' he thinks that the majority of Englishmen are 'seriously unsettled by—if not actually hostile to—expressions of the intellect'.

The American scene, equally, is viewed with a considerable degree of *saeva indignatio*. Of a crude and brutal sounding presentation, he comments, 'At this demoralising moment in our history, it may be exactly the theatre we deserve'.

For he approves the New Theatre's concern with politics, and its hot questioning of Establishment values, which has led to the development of its own ideological understructure. He sees 'an increasing polarisation' between the intelligent spectator and the *commercial* stage, founded on a 'loss of faith in a mass society based on money and dedicated to spreading American power throughout the world'. The future of the theatre could lie especially, he points out, in an alliance between the resident theatre movement and the universities, with their vast potential of spectators. He comments, rather touchingly, that at the moment 'large numbers of the young are developing a real moral beauty'.

Perhaps, however, when the immediate impact of his rhetoric is exhausted, Mr. Brustein will be more closely read for his eloquent discussion and analysis of unusual and difficult plays. Barbara Garson's *Macbird*—a satirical parallel between Macbeth's Scotland and Lyndon Johnson's America—exposes 'dangerous private fantasies' and 'helps destroy anxieties merely by making our nightmares tangible and manifest'.

His assessment of new British dramatists is, apologetically, not totally enthusiastic—'none, to my mind, has turned into an artist of the first rank'. Their plays show 'excessive liberalism', a 'stale didacticism', sentimentality about the working classes and their habitat and (his most telling comment) 'a kind of laziness about working out a theme in action'. He seems to be amused by Arnold Wesker's "irrepressible impulse to indoctrinate the working classes with Higher Forms of Art'. He points to an unformulated quality in John Osborne's work, while admiring his sheer power and vocabulary of invective. Although critical of Pinter's 'reluctance to invest his works with anything more than atmosphere' he can be more appreciative than this judgement suggests—Pinter conveys a sense of bleakness on our planet by violating conventional cause-and-effect patterns, and by making speech an *obstacle* to communication.

So, with all his exuberant tendency to rash epigram, his somewhat moralistic attitudes, his scarifying gauge of dramatists' stature, he remains a powerful and individualistic censor of the modern stage.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Transfer of Power 1942-7, Volume 1 (H.M. Stationery Office, £7). This new series of documents on constitutional relations between Britain and America is edited by Dr. Nicholas Mansergh and E. W. R. Lumby. It follows the general lines of the *Documents on British Foreign Policy*, save that it covers documents chronologically instead of the topical arrangements conducted in the latter. The general theme is the transfer of power, but the Editors in their selection of the vast mass of documents have included documentary 'evidence of external or domestic Indian developments which . . . will clearly require to be taken into consideration when historical judgments come to be pronounced'. They have had full

access to official documents both from the Indian and Whitehall ends, including 'of the highest significance in respect of the formulation of policy', the Minutes of the Meeting of the War Cabinet Committee on India. Volume 1, *The Cripps Mission*, covers the four months from January to April, 1942, and reproduces over 700 documents wholly or in part. Two particularly important sets of documents are included: the records which Sir Stafford Cripps made of his interviews with Indians and extracts from a Diary kept by the Viceroy's private secretaries during the Cripps Mission, so far as 'they throw light on the views and actions of the Viceroy or Sir Stafford Cripps'. During these four months, 'the two themes, the Japanese threat to India and the British reaction to heightened Indian demands or appeals for a new departure epitomised in Sabru's cable to Churchill, dominated the period', while at the same time there were rapid changes both in the political and military spheres. 'Both are reflected in the documents'.

Psychiatric Dictionary (Oxford University Press, £7). This fourth edition 'is a continuing version of the Dictionary by Leland E. Hinsie and Jacob Shatzky, first published in 1940'. The present editor, Dr. Robert J. Campbell, with the assistance of Dr. Hinsie, has endeavoured to take account of the advances and changes in perspectives since the third edition was published in 1960. About five hundred entries have been deleted and some fourteen hundred new listings included. In making changes, the editor has been guided by several factors: 'clinical relevance, with the assumption that much basic knowledge is readily available in specialised texts; the frequency with which items recur in general texts and psychiatric journals; and the degree to which a new concept or method appears to have received confirmation in subsequent investigations'.

Belloc: a Biographical Anthology (Allen and Unwin, 75s.). Compiled and Edited by Herbert Van Thal and Jane Soames Nickerson, with a Foreword by Sir Arthur Bryant. Sir Arthur Bryant rightly hails Belloc as 'one of the greatest and most versatile English writers of our age'. This anthology amply confirms the judgment, proceeding chronologically with selections from the hundred and fifty published works listed in the valuable Bibliography which closes the volume — historical, biographical, travel, poetry, occasional fanciful and satirical verse and the delightful 'Bad Child's Book of Beasts' and 'Cautionary Tales'. This is a worthy companion to the Belloc selection in Everyman's Library (No. 948) introduced by Mr. J. B. Morton.

Collected Nature Stories (MacDonald 40s.). Here is a welcome book for nature-lovers by Henry Williamson, a handsome volume which contains the shorter stories which he produced in North Devon after the First World War. It is a companion volume to the *Henry Williamson Animal Saga* and so completes the collection of his nature writings in two volumes. Reading again the infinitely moving story 'The Mouse', the poignant tale of the old stag, 'Slumberleap', the power of Henry Williamson's writing impresses more than ever. More than thirty stories are included. The volume is lavishly illustrated with woodcuts and drawings by C. F. Tunnicliffe and Broome Lynne.

Cold Storage (Pergamon Press, 15s.) This is a welcome new voice in contemporary poetry, a first book of poems by Mr. Julian Ennis in the 'Poets Today' series. Animals live and dead, tributes to poets, schoolrooms and examinations, introspective moods, workaday philosophies, and other facets of alert contemporary thinking combine in a lively collection of work that is always lucid and sometimes memorable.

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UNIVERSITY

CARTOONING A LA MODE

by Bernard Hollowood

THE British press was slow to recognise the competition of T.V. For two decades it more or less ignored the new medium—*The Times* printing its potted programmes in minute type with obvious reluctance. Television was scorned by high-brows and middle-brows as a cheap gimmick. In the early 'fifties my nine-inch Pye 'console' receiver went on the blink and I rang the only other house with a tell-tale aerial in my part of West Surrey to find out whether the break in transmission was national or confined to the Hollowood ménage. The phone was answered by the owner of the manse himself:

'I wonder,' I said, 'whether you could tell me whether your T.V. set is working?'

'I *beg* your pardon. Who *is* that?'

'You see my set has gone dead and I'm not sure . . .'

'What *are* you talking about?'

'Television, T.V., the telly.'

'Oh,' said the tycoon. '*That*! I don't have the machine myself, but I believe my gardener has one. You'd better ring him.'

He did not try to hide the contempt in his voice.

To some extent the public's attitude to TV was fostered by the newspapers. They sensed its competitive potential and hoped that if ignored it would go away. Then in the mid-'fifties with the launching of I.T.V. the newspapers suddenly woke up to the fact that they had a life-and-death struggle on their hands. The new medium was beating them to the news and making inroads into their advertising revenue. It was also replacing the cinema and the theatre as a source of entertainment and small talk.

The newspapers tried to counter the competition of T.V. by converting themselves into magazines, or newspapers with magazine supplements. T.V. had robbed the papers of their most important visual aid, the press photograph. Overnight it had lost its immediacy and vitality and editors found it increasingly difficult to inject originality and freshness into the design of their pages. They needed something with eye-appeal, something that would

not appear as a pale, inferior imitation of the little screen. And they found that something in the cartoon.

Strip cartoons proliferated—even in the quality papers. To support the political pictorial comment of Papas, Abu and Gibberd the *Guardian* introduced its Horner strip, its Varoomshka serial and its Bill Tidy sporting prints. The *Telegraph* decorated its 'Way of the World' with pocket cartoons, its 'Peter Simple' column with lively Ffolkes sketches, and surprisingly used a *Private Eye* stripper, Garland, as its political commentator.

Of course the popular dailies had employed political, strip and sporting cartoonists for many years—the *Express* its Strube, Cummings and Ulyett, the *Mail* its Tom Webster, Illingworth, Emmwood and Trog, the *Herald* its Vicky and the *Evening Standard* its Low. But the quality papers had considered cartoons somewhat beneath them. They took themselves very seriously and were afraid to dabble in a commodity as unstable, as volatile as pictorial humour. Cartoons could not be edited satisfactorily by known methods. They tended to over-simplify the very issues, political and social, that leader writers took infinite pains to discuss objectively in balanced terms: they made statements in crude blacks and whites when editorial policy preferred fine shades of opinion hedged about with ifs and buts.

Moreover the cartoonist was reputed to be a very difficult animal to handle. The great Low was a radical and would draw only on his own terms. His employers could take his work or lump it, but he would accept neither instructions nor compromise. Vicky was equally independent and intractable. Such men might be accommodated within the brash pages of the pop papers, but they would surely prove too much of a handful for the posh Sundays and the highly respectable dailies.

Hard facts of finance and circulation eventually drove conservative editors to desperate measures and one after the other they opened their columns to the cartoonists. Sir William Haley of *The Times* took the plunge in the 'sixties after, I suspect, a period of doubt and trepidation on the diving-board. Hitherto the 'Thunderer' had restricted its humour, its intentional humour, to the jewelled prose of its Fourth Leaders, and the very notion of letting a cartoonist loose on the middle spread must have seemed a terrifying proposition. Sir William was helped to a decision by the artists themselves. They sensed the paper's need of them and battered repeatdly at its doors. One young *Punch* artist refused to be discouraged by a ceaseless stream of rejection slips and set about Sir William's conversion with exemplary zeal.

The excellent Haley, fully aware of his own limitations in this new field, canvassed the opinions of those with a little more experience. I was able to recommend the persistent cartoonist and thereafter looked eagerly at my *Times* for his baptismal effort. Strangely, nothing happened. I visualised the editor, with cold feet retreating from the diving-board in a blue funk. Then, months later, I heard that he was having a renewed attack of second thoughts. 'The cartoonist won't take no for an answer,' he told me.

The Times was fortunate to have Kenneth Mahood, of Northern Ireland, as its first cartoonist. He is a stylist and a satirist of considerable versa-

tility, and he was prolific enough to allow the paper to select contributions that were in line with general editorial policy. I am pretty certain that Sir William and his colleagues would have found lesser or less productive artists quite unmanageable.

It is widely assumed that the editing of cartoons is one of the easiest jobs in Fleet Street. What could be simpler! The artists submit their ideas, the editor riffles through them and turns his thumb either up or down. No arduous consumption of typescript, no vetting of facts, no subbing. In reality the process of selection can be terribly difficult. Low and Vicky were exceptions to the rule that puts the editorial process in the hands of an editorial team. At *Punch*, during my eleven years as editor (as at the headquarters of most dailies), the political cartoon was devised in committees and executed by an expert staff artist. This method may seem unnecessarily bureaucratic and destructive of flair, and would have been so if the members of the committee had each insisted on making some contribution to the accepted idea. At *Punch* the Table consisted of about twenty members and after lunch on Wednesdays those present (usually fourteen or fifteen) discussed, refined and gave shape to ideas thrown out in the editor's preliminary canter across the political spectrum. The fact that the Table comprised artists and writers in roughly equal numbers meant that we had a wide range of imagery and text (when necessary) to draw on. The artists roughed out their ideas and passed round their sketches; the literary types worked at the wording of titles or captions. And then, when the editor and the executive artist were both satisfied that the final approved idea was mutually acceptable—in conformity with the paper's general policy, and appetising in terms of draughtsmanship—the artist retreated to his studio and stamped the work with his own individual skills.

There were occasions when I found this procedure frustrating, but on the whole it worked admirably. I am quite sure that political cartooning by committee is infinitely preferable to the hit-or-miss, take-it-or-leave-it work of the average unaided artist—but only when the committee is as experienced and talented as that of *Punch*.

After a year or two *The Times* temporarily abandoned its political cartoon, and I suspect that the reason for the decision is contained in the above paragraph. In its place the paper tried the safer, less controversial pocket-cartoon—a model introduced during the Hitler war when newsprint and space were severely restricted. Osbert Lancaster, of the *Express*, is an acknowledged master in this medium which calls for wit and topicality rather than clever draughtsmanship, acute critical faculties and serious social purpose. The pocket-cartoon has a life expectancy of only a few hours: it streaks across the day's news like a comet and is lost to view as soon as the shadow of fresh tidings falls upon it. But readers who imagine that such cartoons are the product of a moment's inspiration and a quick scribble at the drawing-board are hopelessly wrong: social cartooning is a literary exercise demanding intense concentration and mental discipline. The successful performer trains himself to hunt absurdity in the thickets of the news and his own mind, a mind nourished on wide reading and an intense

interest in public affairs. He is a master of paradox and can forge ideational connections between people, events and trends that are beyond the range of the average reader's creative imagination.

Marx Boxer, 'Marc' of *The Times's* diary column, has the Lancaster touch and scores with his simple, almost naive drawings more often than not. As an artist he is in the Thurber field, gaily and confidently amateurish, but his captions are neat, pointed and deliciously sophisticated.

There is no doubt in my mind that the ability to draw well counts for much less these days than the capacity to produce humorous ideas. In its early and middle years *Punch's* artists were mostly academics who were content to exhibit their talent by illustrating jokes of excruciating feebleness and puerility. The drawing was everything: the joke, such as it was, constituted a small bonus of interest and amusement. Cartooning was a by-product of the major body of work turned out by the art schools and academies, and these—then as now—concentrated exclusively on the craft element in drawing and neglected the wider education that every artist needs if he is to apply his skills successfully.

Ideally, cartoons should be the work of humorists who are also proficient draughtsmen. But the type of man who 'goes in for' art with its long training and its consuming passion for technical perfection is unlikely (there are exceptions) to be much of an original thinker. He simply hasn't either the time or the energy for the necessary extracurricular cerebration. And so when editors tired of the *old* Punch-type humour and insisted on something better they were driven to accept the work of literary comedians whose pictorial skills were obviously limited.

Many, if not most, of our top cartoonists today are essentially amateur artists. They may be entirely self-taught, or perhaps they have taken a short course in pen-and-ink drawing. They draw well enough to put over their ideas, provided that these can be reduced to a simple artistic formula involving robot-like figures, uncomplicated backgrounds and no serious problems of composition or perspective.

The standard of drawing *required* by the cartoonist has steadily deteriorated and a fair number of today's stars are artistically illiterate when compared with such old masters as Hogarth, Rowlandson, Leech, Keene, Du Maurier, Tenniel and Partridge and such moderns as Shepard, Illingworth, Low, Hewison, Searle and Thelwell. Calman, of the *Sunday Times*, uses hieroglyphics to decorate his nimble witticisms; Frank Dickens, one of the most original of strip-cartoonists, seems to draw with boxing-gloves on; Larry settles for Thurberesque doodling, and the prolific David Langdon is content to leave his well-turned captions in the mouths of characters of rubber-stamp conformity.

Unfortunately, these successful and talented cartoonists have countless imitators who can neither draw nor write captions, and inexperienced editors often mistake the shadow of humour for the substance. Newspapers and magazines at home and abroad regularly feature cartoons of staggering vacuity, cartoons devoid of art, significance and humour. Counterfeit stuff.

When in doubt, as they invariably are, the posh papers usually play

safe with their cartoons. And they do this either by restricting the artist to the rôle of caricaturist or by seeking refuge in the outré, Richard Willson, of *The Observer*, is capable, I think, of producing, *with guidance*, perfectly respectable political cartoons, but his mentors see fewer problems, perhaps, in converting him into a British version of America's able caricaturist David Levine. Gerald Scarfe and Ralph Steadman, of the *Sunday Times* and *The Times*, are examples of practitioners of the outré. Both are uniquely talented, yet neither—on the evidence of his publishd work—has the self-discipline of the genuine cartoonist. Scarfe's comments on the political scene are jejune and inconsiderable. He masks the thinness of his ideas by clothing them in savagery and obscenity. Every public figure receives identical treatment from his pen—being reduced to decaying bags of flesh and bone.

The good caricaturist exaggerates the physical properties of his victims slyly and subtly: Scarfe magnifies them so that they fill his pictures and leave room for little else. He sees politicians either as bloated roués or emaciated cadavers. Steadman is similarly obsessed by physical irrelevancies.

These two artists have as little to say—to me—as the 'great' cartoonist of Punch's pioneering days. The difference is that both Scarfe and Steadman use a megaphone to say it.

Yet I can understand the editors who use their work. Sound draughtsmanship looks old-fashioned, and original humour and political satire are hard to come by. It is better business, perhaps, to be incomprehensible rather than conventional: it is easier to puzzle and shock than aim in vain at the perfect marriage of alphabet and image.

I happen to believe that political cartooning is decidedly more difficult now, in these days of consensus politics, than in the time of Will Dyson or Low. Then the Left was untried and therefore virtuous, and the Blimpish Right could be saddled with all the evils in existence. Now, unhappily, we are all gradualists and pragmatists and political controversy that is represented in blacks and whites seems irresponsible and uninformed. So I appreciate the difficulties confronting the Scarfes, Steadmans Emmwoods, Cummingses and Garlands and my criticism of their work really boils down to an underlying dissatisfaction with the current political scene and with the competence of newspaper editors to guide the cartooning talent at their disposal.

Most newspapers claim to be independent, yet they are all afraid to print cartoons critical of the Establishment, of *laisser-faire* economic and social policy or vested interests. Some, as we have seen, prefer their cartoonists to say nothing comprehensible or to restrict their activities to caricature: others, notably the *Mail*, allow or encourage them to campaign day in day out against the Labour Party and socialism. Jon and Emmwood, for example, savage Harold Wilson with tedious regularity, unrelenting ridicule and abuse. Both are competent draughtsmen, and it saddens me that they should continue to operate in this narrow field which is subject inevitably to the law of diminishing returns. Nothing is more boring to the reader than to *know* before he opens his paper what the cartoonist will be up to. Yet nine times out of ten the works of Jon, Scarfe and Co. are entirely

predictable in subject matter, message (if any) and treatment.

Papers like *The Times, Guardian, Sunday Times* and *Observer do* allow writers a fair amount of freedom, so that it is often possible to read diametrically opposite views in the same issue. Why, then, can't they offer the same freedom of expression to cartoonists? If *The Times* risks embarrassment by employing one partisan cartoonist, why doesn't it play safe by recruiting *two* cartoonists of differing political persuasion? Or three or more?

After so many strictures let me put the record straight by comparing the contemporary British cartoon very favourably with its counterpart in other countries. I find the drawings of Moscow's *Krokodil* hideously ugly and witless. They are crude in style and harb with insufferable regularity on the theme of capitalist wickedness and greed. The medium is as dull as the message. America has no national newspapers as we know them in Britain: the dailies are local or regional in circulation and those features that are widely syndicated have to appeal to readers living in a variety of climates and cultures. It follows, I think, that the successful cartoonist has to appeal to the lowest common denominator of understanding and intelligence and that his work suffers accordingly.

In Britain we are more fortunate. What a pity it is that our national newspapers don't make more use of their opportunities to make the cartoon a genuinely popular, stimulating and powerful branch of journalism. Television, let me remind them, can't handle cartoons successfully because it can't time their exposure on the screen to meet all tastes. Why not make the most of this natural advantage?

[Bernard Hollowood, author and cartoonist, was Editor of *Punch* from 1958-1968. Publications include: *Scowle and Other Papers, Pont, Cricket on the Brain, Britain Inside-Out, Money Is No Expense.*]

MIDDLE EASTERN DILEMMA

by H. J. Macmoolson

The background to the U.S. Peace Initiative

THE would-be peace-makers in the Middle East can be divided into (a) Arabs and Israelis living in the Middle East; (b) political and intellectual experts outside the Middle East; (c) the U.N.

While it is not impossible to find Arabs in the Middle East prepared to envisage a cessation of hostilities with the Jews of Israel provided that these Jews live as Jews within an overall Arab political framework and not as independent Israelis, the number of Arabs prepared to accept the Jews of Israel as members of their own independent sovereign state is extremely small. This minority is so small and silent that it is politically insignificant. The views of this minority are sometimes reflected by Arab intellectuals abroad, such as Cecil Hourani, and were supported by President Bourguiba of Tunisia prior to the Six Day War. President Bourguiba's efforts to promote an Arab policy based on the U.N. Partition Plan of 1947 failed to overcome the entrenched opposition of Arab establishment quarters. For an Arab to speak in favour of accepting Israel within the Arab world is to commit an act of heresy. Dissent on the question of Israel is virtually impossible. Even in Mandate days, Arabs interested in co-operation with the Jews were ruthlessly eliminated by the Mufti and his supporters. Today, El-Fatah murders such Arabs as collaborators with the enemy.

It is as difficult for an Arab peace-maker to argue effectively against the Arab dogma about Israel as it is for a Soviet liberal to argue for freedom of movement to and from the U.S.S.R. A revolution in Arab and Islamic thought would be required before the Arab peace-makers' views on Israel became fashionable and politically operative. Until such time, the Arab peace-maker will continue to be a brave member of the silent few, and the Arab approach to Israel will be dictated by the traditionalists who have always been prepared to accept Jews as a tolerated community within Islam. Arab secularism and socialism has not altered the traditional structure of Arab thought and feeling about Jews derived from the early days of Islam.

There is a variety of Israeli peace-makers, and always has been. Even the Israel government, considered to be hawkish, openly proclaims acceptance by the Arab world as its objective. Except for a vocal minority, such as supporters of Uri Avneri and Matzpen, the vast majority of Israeli peace-makers start from the premise that there should be a sovereign Jewish state in part of Palestine. Even those favouring some form of symbiosis with the Arab world, insist that this should be as a confederation between distinct national entities on an equal basis. In practical terms, this means an acceptance of the Arab right of residence and even statehood in the non-Israeli part of Palestine. Even the Israeli government accepts this Arab right. The disagreement between the

government and other peace-makers is over specifics — borders, the composition of the Arab state (Palestinian or Jordanian), and the structure of the Israeli relationship to such a state.

The Israeli peace-makers, despite efforts at dialogue, have so far failed to find partners who accept their starting premise in sufficient quantity to make any significant impact in the Arab world. These peace-makers often ignore the nature of the Arab rejection of Israel and its deep roots in the religious and ideological dimension of Islam. The very rationality of their language and proposals skates over the irrational background to the conflict. The Israeli peace-makers have, therefore, failed up to date to contribute relevantly towards promoting the revolution in Arab and Islamic thought without which Arab partners to dialogue will always be absent.

The common premises of all peace-makers outside the Middle East, whether protagonists of the Arab cause or even sympathisers with Israel, are that the *status quo* is untenable and that the cause of the conflict in the Middle East is the Arab grievances against Israel — refugees and lost territory. Based on these premises their recommendations tend to take the form of admonition to Israel to abide by the 1948 U.N. Resolution on refugees and, since 1967, to give up the occupied territories. At no point do these peace-makers seem to realise that the Arabs were opposed to the Zionist endeavour even before there were any refugees and any lost territory. The original Arab opposition was not due to any material losses suffered at the hands of the Jews in Palestine but was derived from a deep-seated principle—the Jews had no right to independent political sovereignty within any part of the Arab world. To permit Jewish sovereignty was to accept that the Jews could be politically equal to Moslems in the Arab world and this was contrary to long-established Islamic principle and practice. In a recent editorial, Heykal graphically reiterated this fundamental and traditionalist objection to Jewish sovereignty: 'Israel's secure and recognised boundaries, in our opinion, are a Jewish synagogue in Tel Aviv with ten metres around it'. (Al-Ahram, February 2, 1969.)

These external peace-makers do one of two things. They either ignore the source of Arab opposition to Israel and delude themselves into thinking that withdrawal from occupied territories and the return of the Palestinian refugees to their original homes should be sufficient to remove the causes of Arab grievances, forgetting that to the Arabs 'removal of the traces of aggression' refers as much to the 1947-48 war as to the 1956-57 and 1967 wars, and that the return of the refugees means as much a return to the political *status quo ante* the establishment of the state of Israel, as to a return to homes. The refugee question is indeed highly political, and a purely humanitarian solution is unlikely to end the fundamental political conflict. Or secondly, they accept the Arab position totally and recommend the dezionisation of Israel and the establishment of a binational entity in Palestine. The latter solution is totally unacceptable to the majority of Israelis.

In principle, partial solutions of the refugee and territorial issues are as unacceptable to the Arabs as they are acceptable to the Israelis. Peace-makers, too, often ignore this asymmetry to their peril.

Yet it is the partial solution that the U.N. Resolution of 1967 offers. The Arabs are required to accept Israel as an independent sovereign state (something they decided not to do at Khartoum where they resolved to uphold the traditional position *vis-à-vis* Jews; there was to be no *sulh* or reconciliation with Israel) in return for Israeli concessions on the territorial and refugee issues. The U.N. Resolution, eminently rational, was based on the false premise that the cause of war in the Middle East was Arab grievance over lost territory and the refugees. To the Arab the return of territory and refugees is politically meaningful only if it contributes towards the resolution of the ultimate problem—Jewish sovereignty—on acceptable terms. These terms—the ending of Jewish sovereignty in any part of Palestine—is clearly unacceptable to Israel.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the U.N. Resolution for all its rationality has failed to bring the two sides to the peace table. In a marginal way, it does act as an encouragement towards the adoption of a more rational political posture by both sides. But the failure of the U.N. to enforce the cease-fire and its acceptance of the openly declared Arab war of attrition have effectively reduced its authority as a peace-maker in the Middle East. The ball is firmly in the court of the Great Powers and they are more interested in advancing or preserving their respective positions in the Middle East than in seeking a disinterested reconciliation between Arab and Israeli.

Illusions of Arabs

(a) *Egypt.*

In his famous resignation speech of June 9, President Nasser described the result of the Six Day War as *naksa* or set-back—a battle had been lost but not the war. He also set himself the target of reversing this set-back and the Khartoum Conference endorsed his strategy. Nasser's war against Israel is a long one and goes back to before the 1956 Sinai campaign. Throughout he has sought to build up Egyptian power to ensure that the Palestine problem should be resolved, in a way to enhance Egyptian prestige throughout the Arab world. Nasser has always accepted that the battle may be a long one, but he has never despaired of the fact that in the long run Arab numbers are bound to prove decisive. This view forms part of the Arab dogma about Israel—an artificial intrusion in the Middle East bound to wither away as did the Crusader Kingdom, the French in Algeria, and the British in Egypt itself.

Nasser has never been under any illusion that in the last resort military power alone would enable Egypt to solve the Palestine problem in accordance with the wishes of the Arab world. In this respect, he is as realistic as the Israelis. But in order to build up his military power against Israel, he has become increasingly dependent on the U.S.S.R. and in effect pursues his war against Israel increasingly at the expense of the independence of both Egypt and the Arab world. The law of diminishing

returns has set in—the harder Nasser tries to reverse the 1967 set-back by force, the more irreversible becomes the Soviet hold over Egypt and the rest of the Arab world. Ultimately, the cost of any Egyptian military success against Israel will be Egyptian subjugation to the U.S.S.R. Unlike the Western powers, the U.S.S.R. is not afraid to use its overwhelming power to enforce its interests within its own sphere of influence—this is the meaning of the Brezhnev doctrine—and Egypt and the other Arab progressives are increasingly falling within the Soviet sphere of influence.

(b) *Palestinian militants*

El-Fatah strategy has aimed consistently at involving both the Arab states and the Arab masses in their war to reverse the U.N. Partition decision. In this they have been largely successful—the Six Day War, the devastation of the Suez Canal cities and the East Bank of the Jordan, and the disruption of life in Lebanon have brought the war nearer home to more and more Arabs. The second arm of the Fatah strategy has been to soften up, demoralise and isolate Israel in a long war of military and political attrition.

The Palestinian militants have certainly kept the fires of war burning but the net effect of their efforts has been to harden Israeli opinion, intensify the bond between the Jewish Diaspora and Israel, weaken the hold of the Arab governments, especially in Jordan and Lebanon, and facilitate Soviet penetration in the area.

The Palestinian militants are no nearer forming a viable independent government today than at any time in the past, and Heykal himself has made clear that a guerilla war cannot bring ultimate victory. Victory depends on the success of the Arab states against Israel, and is likely to lead to a repartition of Palestine for the benefit of the victor states and not of the Palestinians. Indeed, by facilitating Soviet penetration, the Palestinians have, for all their talk of national liberation, contributed towards denuding the Arab governments themselves of the possibility of deciding on anything ultimate in the Middle East independently.

Illusions of Israel

Few question the sincerity of the government of Israel in its desire for peace. Israel's military policy correlates with the state of war declared by the Arab states. While the Israelis have been eminently successful in defending and developing their state against the Arab will for its extinction, the state has conspicuously failed to legitimise itself in the eyes of the Arab world. Israel has kept itself immune from the political and ideological debates raging within the Arab world, and yet it is the political and ideological objection to Israel which underpins the state of war. If Israel is not an alien intrusion into the Arab world, what is it in the past, present, and future of the Zionist endeavour that makes it integral to the past, present and future of a predominantly Arab and Islamic Middle East? This is a vast question with profound ramifications, but upon the answers to this question depends the ultimate Arab acceptance of Israel as a friend.

While the military containment of Arab hostility is clearly a *sine qua non*

for Israel, the political and ideological battle to persuade the Arab world to revise its objections to Israel on principle is equally crucial. Indeed, until it is done, there will be no political or ideological reasons for the Arab world to give up its objection to Israel and the consequent state of war.

So long as the Israeli government expects the other side to make a phone call to call off the state of war without doing anything in the political and ideological domains to remove the traces of Arab objection to Israel, it is bound to be disappointed. Military stalemate is not enough.

The starting point for the task of political and ideological persuasion must be the Palestinians. Were they to be convinced of the compatibility of Jewish sovereignty with their own hopes and aspirations, the base would be established for a resolution of the Palestine problem on terms acceptable both to Israelis and Palestinians. And yet it is precisely here that the Israel government has been most silent since 1948. There was a solid case for the Israelis to complain bitterly on behalf of the Palestinians against Jordanian and Egyptian occupation and to encourage a movement for Palestinian independence in the West Bank and Gaza. The *fedayeen* could have been opposed as political agents for Egyptian domination. Today, El-Fatah could be opposed not only by military means but on political grounds as agents of everyone except the silent majority of Palestinians. Instead of denying the Palestinian entity, the Israeli Prime Minister might bring peace a little nearer by proposing a constructive political alternative acceptable to the majority of Palestinians.

It is only when the security interests of Israel are dovetailed with a political alternative to current Arab policy against Israel that these interests might attain a degree of legitimacy in Arab eyes. If the El-Fatah idea of a unitary Arab state in Palestine with a large Jewish community is not acceptable to the government and people of Israel, what political alternative does the government of Israel suggest which may be acceptable to the majority of Palestinians?

Illusions of the U.S.A.

Of all interested parties, the U.S.A. perhaps faces the greatest challenge in the Middle East. President Nixon noted this challenge in his State of the World message to Congress. The U.S.A. is only beginning to articulate a detailed response to this challenge, having hoped against hope that the Middle East crisis would somehow prove susceptible to a rational solution without requiring any decisive exercise of U.S. power.

Since June 1967, while the U.S.A. has tried to produce a package deal to stabilise the conflict in collaboration with the U.S.S.R., the U.S.S.R. has steadily increased its domination of Egypt and Syria and through them of the whole Arab 'progressive' camp. At every decisive turn since the Six Day War, the U.S.S.R. has managed to outpoint the U.S.A. Even the U.N. Resolution of 1967 was in effect a U.S.S.R. success; by offering the prospects of a rational solution, it lulled the U.S.A. into expecting sweet reasonableness from the U.S.S.R. and camouflaged the double track policy being pursued by the U.S.S.R.—i.e., (1) interventionist, via massive

rearmament of the Arab belligerents and infusion of Soviet personnel and encouragement via Arab extremists of an active war, and (2) detached, in the form of Four Power talks, etc. In the Four Power talks, all the movement has been towards the U.S.S.R. position; when it fell short, as in the case of the 1969 Rogers proposals, the U.S.S.R. blocked any Arab movement towards the U.S. position. Meanwhile, action along the interventionist track continued, and Nasser's declaration of a war of attrition in violation of both the cease-fire agreements and the U.N. Resolution was supported to the hilt in return for an increase in the Soviet physical presence in Egypt.

The U.S. reluctance to face a confrontation over apparent marginalia has been consistently exploited by the U.S.S.R. and is reaching a critical stage. Should the U.S.A. decide on inaction or postpone its active response indefinitely, the U.S.S.R. will in effect have eroded the U.S. position in the Middle East to such an extent that this position will become irretrievable, short of a full-scale confrontation. To avoid this, the U.S.A. seems to have moved towards a counterveiling double track policy—secret diplomacy backed by a toughening military posture.

Towards a policy without illusions

The U.S.S.R. alone seems to have acted under no illusions. Its objective has been to gain what the Western powers did not permit it to gain at Yalta—a firm foothold in the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean—and to fill the power vacuum left by the withdrawal of Britain and France from the Arab world. It has patiently exploited the Achilles heel of the Arab world—internal schism and belligerency against Israel—and is now progressing at an increased tempo towards a direct grip over the Arab world, while Arab eyes have been encouraged to turn their full attention against Israel and the West.

For the Arabs the choice is stark—continue the war against Israel and against each other and become a subprovince of the Soviet Empire; or seek to revise their dogma about Israel and seek independence from any Great Power intrusion. For Israel there is also a choice—continue a well-tried policy of active self-defence with the immunising credo of 'there is no alternative' or to enter actively into the Middle East to persuade the Arab world of a political and ideological alternative while continuing to act in self-defence. For the U.S.A. the choice is perhaps the most difficult—continue to sit back and see the gradual take-over of the Arab world and Israel by the U.S.S.R. leading to a nightmarish choice between a collision between N.A.T.O. and the U.S.S.R. or eventual Soviet domination of the Mediterranean, or to formulate an active Middle East policy to establish a framework of military, political, economic, and cultural obstacles to block Soviet expansion within which the Arab world and Israel may be able to discover in time a mutual interest in solving their differences and join together to prevent the Middle East falling once more under the domination of a Great Power. Despite the sudden death of President Nasser, the recently concluded cease-fire agreement gives grounds for hope that this aim may eventually be realised.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE ECCENTRICS GONE?

by James Turner

YOU will boil an egg and time it by your watch like everyone else. If, however, you do the reverse as Edward FitzGerald, the translator of *Omar Khayyam* did, boil your watch and time it by an egg, you will be an eccentric. On such a thin thread eccentricity depends. The dictionary definition is, 'Out of the usual course; not conforming to common rules; odd.' Very concise, but not really helpful for there are so many degrees and situations of eccentricity. In short, who is to say what is normal behaviour, what eccentric? At one time in the eighteenth century, for example, it was thought to be eccentric, it *was* eccentric, to attempt to fly. A second great eccentricity was to devote your life to trying to discover perpetual motion. Alexander Marchant, Sieur de St. Michel, Samuel Pepys's father-in-law, was such a one who 'at last grew full of whimsies and propositions of perpetual motion, etc., to kings, princes and others, which soaked his pocket, and brought all our family (says his son) so low by his not minding anything else, spending all he had got and getting no other employment to bring in more.'

When Henry Thoreau left the city of Concord on July 4th, 1845, and 'Lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbour, in a house which I had built myself, on the shores of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labour of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months,' he was being highly eccentric *for the time*. To-day hardly anyone questions those who opt out of the rat race, go as far away as they can, even if it is only to Cornwall, and live by 'the labour of their hands'. It is not eccentric these days. Indeed, it may be the only sane behaviour. It is regarded as eccentric, if not downright unlawful, to walk about in New York or Washington, but millions of people, in other cities, do walk and enjoy it. So that what may be eccentric at one time, in one place, is normal behaviour in another.

It was not with any sense of the ridiculous that James Graham went in for 'earth-bathing' with a girl of his acquaintance.

> He and a young lady of Newcastle stripped to their first suits and were interred up to the chin, their heads beautifully powdered and dressed, appearing not unlike two fine, full-grown cauliflowers.

But when, in 1780, he set himself up as a 'doctor' and created one of the great diversions of London, 'The Temple of Health' he was, for the time, bordering on the sexually eccentric which he found happened to pay off. In Royal Terrace, Adelphi, he built his famous 'Celestial Bed' which, by means of concealed magnets, created 'a sweet, undulating, titulating, vibratory, soul-dissolving, marrow-melting motion. It had levers which allowed the bottom of the bed to be raised by the gentleman so that he could follow his lady downhill, as it is called, which is certainly the most favourable posture for the great business of conception.' The then Duke of Devonshire is reputed to have paid £500 for one night's use and, no doubt, saw that he got full measure from 'the downhill frolic'.

At least one of the marks of the eccentric (whatever the definition may be) is his professionalism as the above case shows. Dame Edith Sitwell (herself a splendid eccentric) said, 'Eccentricity is not a form of madness. It is often a kind of innocent pride.' And, perhaps, in this comparison with madness, we can get a little closer to what eccentrics are for, at least, we can be sure of one thing, it is their logic which sets them, however finely-triggered, apart from the madmen.

Take the case of Samuel Thorley. He murdered and cut up a Miss Smith. Samuel was a butcher and, rather naturally, when his revolting murder was discovered, he went to the gallows. But, in one sense his judges missed the point of his 'experiment' for why did he kill Miss Smith? Because he had the idea that human flesh tasted like pork—many people had told him so—and he wanted to prove it. And for a butcher this experiment of his lies within a definition of eccentricity. Had he been a bank clerk, it would not have done so. But to go further and actually to eat joints from his lady which, incidentally, merely gave him indigestion, is not only revolting but, by any standards, mad. So one might logically say that an eccentric who carries out his eccentricity as far as to murder, is a madman. To be properly eccentric you must remain within the law.

Take the present day. Dr. Adair Girby, a man of 45, who lived for two years in a rough shelter of bricks and straw hacked out of a hawthorn bush on a bridle path near the village of Wolvey, Warwickshire was, in September, 1969, fined twenty pounds by the Nuneaton magistrates for 'obstructing the highway'. Nobody cared where his eccentricity led him (he only does ten weeks doctoring a year) until he got in people's way and like Samuel Thorley, did something illegal. Logical, of course. Whereas Kathleen Phelan who calls herself a 'professional vagabond', has never interfered with anyone. She is the wife of Jim Phelan, the 'lifer' who wrote fascinating books about his prison experiences. She is now 50 and travels all over the world earning her bread by telling stories. She is particularly happy in Morocco where, as she says, 'They like nomads who have no money and no fixed abode.' To be a vagabond for Kathleen is entirely logical. To us, in our safe little centrally-heated houses, it is eccentric but, since she is within the law, certainly not mad.

The great age of eccentrics was the 18th century, that 'Age of Reason'. T. H. White, the novelist, thought this might be due to bad teeth or rotten tonsils. Equally, he suggests the cause of so much eccentricity was the huge quantities of alcohol consumed, or even gout. The fact is that eccentrics were met with in every village and city.

These men and women were the peepshows of the world before Television and World Cup football matches. In a sense, then, a review of eccentricity resolves itself into a kind of tripartite tapestry with the great eccentrics as the centre-piece, surrounded by the lesser oddities who performed perhaps one eccentricity, endlessly repeated, all their lives; such as the renowned classical scholar, Old Parr, who insisted on dining before the usual time everybody ate, even when he was invited to exalted 'salons' like that of Lady Blessington; or Beckford, who spent over a million pounds on building

Fonthill Abbey, parts of which fell down while the builders were still working on it; or Redpost Fynes, a Devon squire, who painted all the gates of his estate fields a bright vermillion; or Lord Orford, Horace Walpole's nephew, who

> Every evening, precisely at the same hour, sitting round a table, would join his forehead to his mistress's (who is 40, red-faced, and with black teeth, and with whom he has lived these twenty years) and there they would sit for a quarter of an hour, like two parroquettes, without speaking.

To say nothing of Squire Mytton, of Shropshire, who was accustomed to enter his drawing room, in full hunting dress, riding on the back of a tame bear and who, in order to cure hiccoughs, set alight to his shirt, 'to frighten them away'. These are the kind of people who got themselves talked about, appeared in all the Memoirs of the times, were generally rich to begin with but ruined themselves by such absurdities.

In the centre of the three-part tapestry appear, then, those who may be called the Great Eccentrics because they lived out a set of rules different from other people's, but did no harm to anyone but themselves. They are the 'characters' you might have driven out to see from London, Ipswich, York or any other city in the same way as you go, to-day, to Whipsnade or Longleat to catch a glimpse of the lions.

One afternoon you might hope to see William Jennens, for example, walking on his estate at Acton, near Sudbury. He was a miser and lived until he was ninety. Inheriting from his father, in 1725, a mansion at Acton, he occupied only a few dark rooms in the cellars. He lived on filthy crusts and lighted himself to supper and bed with candle ends or no light at all. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, reporting his death, wrote:

> In his iron chest, the key of which could not be found till after a long search, were banknotes of the year 1788, to the amount of £19,000 and several thousands of new guineas. About £20,000 were found in money and bank notes at his town and country houses. He is reputed to have always kept £50,000 in his banker's hands for any sudden emergency and not to have drawn a draft on the bank for the last fourteen years.

Miserly as Jennens was, he had a devoted pupil in another rich man. John Elwes began in a normal way, spending money on lavish living in London, but under Jennen's tuition (they were neighbours) he became an artist in miserliness. John lived for sixty years in his mansion at Stoke, with every window broken and rain coming in at a hundred places in the room. Although he was worth at least a quarter of a million he wore the cast-off wig of a beggar which he picked up out of a wet ditch and pulled crow's nests to pieces to light his meagre fire. As for eating, that cost money, so:

> Game in the last stages of putrefaction or meat that walked about his plate, would he continue to eat rather than have any new thing killed before the old provision was finished. He one day dined upon the remaining parts of a moorhen which had been brought out of the river by a rat, and at another ate the undigested parts of a pike which a larger one had swallowed but had not finished.

But Jennens and Elwes might well have agreed with, if not actually uttered, the prayer of that notorious miser who was execrated by Pope in his poem *On the Use of Riches*,

> O Lord, Thou knowest that I have nine estates in the City of London, and

> likewise that I have lately purchased one estate in fee simple in the county of Essex; I beseech Thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg Thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties Thou mayst deal with them as Thou are pleased.

And while you were about it, having seen Jennens, you could have driven back to Sudbury and caught a glimpse of another great eccentric, 'Scheming' Jack Gainsborough, brother of the famous artist, Tom. He is very much in the centre of the tapestry for his eccentricity lasted all his lifetime and stemmed from the fact that he was never able to complete anything. He had no money at all. You might easily have seen his figure walking in the town:

> The tall bony frame, his long hands dangling out of a pair of huge cuffs and tarnished ruffles, his large prominent nose projecting from under a fierce-looking cocked hat . . . and enormous shoes decorated according to the prevailing fashion, with immense silver buckles.

Indeed, you might have been lucky enough to have arrived in Sudbury on the very day when Jack was trying out his latest invention, flying. Had you been you would have seen Jack appear 'on the roof of a neighbouring summerhouse'. Alas, it was all over far too soon for the spectators. Jack opened the huge metal wings he had been constructing for so long. When he thought he had got up enough momentum he leapt into the air. A huge bucolic laugh filled the town. Jack, unhurt, explained, as was usual with all his inventions, that 'Something has gone wrong. I should have jumped off the top of St. Peter's Church.'

A little later, say in the 1860's, if you were near Walton Hall, in Yorkshire, you might have glimpsed Charles Waterton, who was a great lover of animals in a period which did not much foster them. Waterton once visited the Zoological Gardens and seeing an orang-outang famous for its savagery, announced that he proposed to enter the cage to make the animal's acquaintance. Dr. Hobson, his biographer, described the scene:

> The meeting of those two celebrities was clearly a case of love at first sight, as the strangers not only embraced each other most affectionately, but positively hugged each other, and in their apparently uncontrollable joy, kissed one another several times.

Charles Waterton would have been delighted to display the 'horrid extinct' animals with which he was always decorating his house and concocting 'the skilful union of separate portions of reptiles'. Best of all he would have been pleased to show off his agility, as he did for Dr. Hobson:

> When Mr. Waterton was seventy-five years of age, I was witness to his scratching the back part of his head with the big toe of his right foot.

In the third panel of the tapestry are the lesser men and women who are no more than subjects of an anecdote. In the history of eccentricity they cannot be ignored, at least, on the score of Dr. Johnson's remark, 'I love anecdotes . . . If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system, we may be long in getting them, and get but few in comparison of what we might get.'

Such a man was Curtis whose real pleasure was attending executions—he dearly loved the company of the condemned but not yet hanged. There is also the man who:

> made a pretty large fortune in business who yet got up at four in the morning to walk the streets to pick up horse-shoes which had been slipped in the course of the night, with no other object than to see how many he could accumulate in the course of a year.

Or another great scholar, Porson, who is said to have carried a young lady round the room in his teeth. Or the Earl of Bridgewater who filled his house with cats and dogs dressed up as men and women; or John Deare, a sculptor, who 'caught a fatal cold by sleeping on a block of marble of peculiar shape, expecting to get inspiration in his dreams for carving it.'

The list of these anecdotal eccentrics is endless. They crowd into the picture and, in a sense, demand an explanation as to why they did such absurd things. Dr. Adair Girby explained it in 1969, by saying, 'I live like this because I don't have any rent or rates and because I am as happy as I can be.' Edward FitzGerald who not only boiled his watch and timed it by an egg, but hired a coach in Woodbridge to take him home to Boulge and then walked all the way in front of it, and who regularly walked along the bank of the River Deben with his boots round his neck, had a similar explanation:

> 'So runs the world away,' he wrote to a friend. 'You think I live in Epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day; one isn't always well or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear nor nightingales singing; nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such is life, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it.'

For all their sillinesses the great eccentrics existed in a climate altogether different from ours. Where we have contracted our lives within the small limits of safety, and never more than to-day, they opened their minds. They expanded in a limitless universe of individuality and happiness. Their climate, for all that some of them were misers, is the climate of the poet, the experimenter; imaginative, unbounded, original. They had no need of dark corners or the psychiatrist. They would not be levelled to ordinariness; they were virginally individual. For them the middle way was not enough. They could never have imagined themselves dead. The very thing which they possessed in abundance was their delight in life. They would all have agreed with Swift that 'A little grain of romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of the human race.'

ON POLLSTERS

by Sir George Catlin

FOR James Mill and his successors Representative Government was almost a divine gift, as well as a utilitarian gadget, enabling the glories of the Greek democracy of the market place to be restored amid the nation states of the nineteenth century. With fascinated gaze de Tocqueville watched the same political experiment in America. The voice of Stentor might fail to carry beyond the limits of agora or forum but the people, balloting for their representatives in Parliament or Congress, could 'make their voice heard' at one remove. There was, however, this 'little difference' of the 'one remove'.

The assumption here was and is that pure democracy, Athenian style, and government at least in accord with the voice and will of the people—*demo-kratia*: 'the people's power'—was a good thing; and that this could again be exercised, with universal suffrage, thanks to a slight detour by way of representation or even (despite Burke) 'delegation', so well known to trade unionists. In recent weeks Richard Crossman has pointed out, in the *New Statesman*, that not only is democracy, in Churchill's words, 'a bad system of government but we have not found a better' but rather that 'majority rule is a bad thing', being frequently obscurantist, reactionary and undesirable. This judgement has the merits of honesty and clarity and raises fascinating problems of aristocracy and elected oligarchy in political theory, too far-reaching to be discussed here. Our immediate problem is whether Representative Government, granted democratic assumptions, is the last word in governmental perfection or whether we cannot today get nearer to pure democracy, by a plebiscitary system, by referenda (advocated by many politicians from A. J. Balfour to Douglas Jay) and by polls.

The polls, putting specific questions on specific subjects, can mirror electoral opinion far more accurately than any General Election, where the parties offer the electorate a choice between two branded articles, both 'mixed bag' and so, like the curiate's egg, only partly satisfactory. The old difficulty was a technical one of the limits of the human voice—a difficulty entirely out of date in these days of political television and of computerised results of polling almost instantly available. Why not then have, to instruct the people's government, a small polling machine in every house, just as we have a radio or T.V. set—green stop for 'agree'; red for 'veto'; and yellow for 'a murrain of both Parties'—and restore by such polling the vigour of pure democracy? It is entirely practicable. On principle good democrats should insist upon it; and so should all those who damn Crossman's thesis that the majority of the public should not be trusted anyhow, but only those who are inspired by God to know that they know better than the rest what democracy and radicalism are all about.

Admittedly there are difficulties. Perhaps no group of men emerged from the recent British General Election with more red faces than the pollsters, although they had the best of commercial grounds for endeavouring to be

right. Not since the 1945 Election have the results been more surprising or contrary to the tipsters' bets. At least in 1945 Aneurin Bevan, Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, the Conservative private poll (disregarded by Churchill and Beaverbrook) and the tennis coach on the Calcutta hard courts—'British Army officers are going to vote Labour, sir'—were right.

There are indeed numerous excuses for this *bouleversement*. Is it indeed so startling that a General Election campaign, in speeches and on T.V., should actually make a difference? Should it not, on the contrary, be expected to do so, especially when reinforced by the exemplary honesty of Mr. Harold Wilson in allowing depressing trade and employment statistics to be published in the very days of the run-up to Polling Day? That public opinion poll agency which chose to check its statistics about intention, up to the last week, correctly noted the turn of the tide—or rather the return of opinion to the position of a few months earlier. Further, pollsters allow themselves a 2 per cent to 3 per cent margin of error and state this, although, when Governments may be formed on narrow majorities, this has its embarrassments. What is more difficult to explain is the unanimity, in their own wrong estimates, by the polling agencies; and, hence, the current loss of credibility of the whole public opinion poll system, once despised, then attacked, but recently regarded by politicians as almost Delphic.

It has indeed been suggested, by David Broder (*International Herald Tribune*, July 23, 1970) that opinion-polling today, at least in the United States, is peculiarly precarious. Not only is the public detached and fickle. Cynically it is 'turned off' politics altogether. If it 'does not know', this is not due to apathy but to distaste. Since a pollster can yet analyse the grounds for distaste, this answer seems to be too general. Again, it has been suggested that God's free Englishmen became so irritated by pollsters telling them what they would do that they deliberately went out to fox them and 'show them what' by voting in the opposite way. This seems an anti-predestinationist theory, amusing but improbable, especially as the voter did not know what the pollster was going to say until after the voter had expressed his intentions. Resentment against 'a nosey parker' is scarcely likely to go this far.

The explanations may be more technical. The samples may have been too small; and even statisticians can err about the necessary mathematical quota. There is, however, another possible technical explanation: that the women's vote, especially the housewife's vote, did Labour down. (If true, a follow-up poll could have pinpointed it.)

The famous fiasco of wrong prediction by *The Literary Digest* poll (which led to the collapse of that journal) in the case of President Truman's re-election in 1948, was due to an error of technique. The samples taken were indeed random—but taken at random from the telephone directories. Not all Democrat voters have telephones. It has been interestingly suggested that in 1970 the error of technique was due to a naïve assumption that, if the pollster interviewed husband and wife together, the little woman (who eyed the prices) would not admit that she was going to vote the opposite way to her loyal trades unionist husband. Hence '2 for Labour' went down

in the notebook, whereas the correct answer was 'zero'. By relevant correction of technique the pollsters can still save face.

It is a matter for further consideration whether the sampling technique is any longer necessary, whoever words the critical questions, or whether the whole country cannot be polled overnight when every inhabitant—down to the 'teeny-boppers' who have not yet got around to voting on their school interests but are on their way—has presented to him by the Government his own voting machine. However, it is not too soon for professional political scientists, on the whole an unenterprising crowd in Britain, or for professional politicians to begin to reflect whether they would prefer (a) the mirroring of *la volonté générale* in this way; or (b) government by party politicians who prefer to decide their policies in secret, or (c) by bureaucrats, by zoo-gardens of experts or a clerisy of men of high intellectual talent; or (d) by some elected oligarchy of privileged representatives who quarrel among themselves but who, neverthless, know best what the people wants or should want, and what is good for them.

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The November issue of the *Contemporary Review* will include articles by Lord Longford, Phyllis Bentley, Paul Tabori, A. L. Rowse and Sir Ian Mactaggart.

PAINS AND PLEASURES

a short story

by L. P. Hartley

THERE is always room for improvement, but not always time for it. Henry Kitson had over reached the allotted span. In his youth he had been something of a teleologist. An immense and varied field of ambition lay open to him. He would achieve an important and worthwhile aim in which his whole self, all the contents of his personality, would be completely and forever expressed.

These aims took different forms. He would climb the Matterhorn (in those days a considerable feat) and, if he had known about it, he would have wanted to climb the North face of the Eiger. He would also play the Moonlight Sonata quite perfectly: the last movement would have no terrors for him. Adding to these achievements he would learn to read and to speak at least five languages; his Aunt Patsy, his father's eldest sister, had done so, so why not he? He would reduce his handicap at golf which was 12, to scratch or even to plus something. He would write a book (he couldn't decide on what subject) that would be a classic. The name of Henry Kitson would resound down the ages.

Alas, none of these ambitions materialised and here he was, in his early 'seventies, with nothing to show for them. Despite the fact that he was comfortably off, with a pension from the firm in the City which had employed him for nearly half a century, and with the money he had saved up, he still regarded himself as the impecunious, ambitious young man he was at twenty-five.

Apart from the tendency which often overtakes elderly men to regard themselves as penniless, his situation was most fortunate. He had as general factotum a retired policeman who cleaned his cottage, cooked his meals and drove his car. Wilson ('Bill' to Henry Kitson) was perfect: he did everything he should, and nothing he shouldn't. In this he was very different from some of his predecessors, who had done everything they shouldn't, and nothing that they should.

Coming at the tail-end of this procession of mainly unsatisfactory characters ('character' was a word used in the old days, but in a different sense, when a prospective employer was asking for a reference) Bill had, of course, for Henry, an overwhelming advantage. After many years of domestic darkness, Bill was the light. Whenever Henry thought of him he gave (if he could remember to) thanksgiving to Heaven for Bill.

At the same time it was a great temptation, as it always is if the opportunity arises, to flog the willing horse. Bill, like Barkis, was willing; and Henry sometimes asked him to do jobs that he would never have dared to ask of any of Bill's less amenable forerunners.

With the advent of Bill, 'a soundless calm', in Emily Bronte's words, descended on Henry. Domestic troubles were over; nothing to resent; no

sense of Sisyphus bearing an unbearable weight uphill. No grievance at all. Had he lived by his grievances, was a question that Henry sometimes asked himself. Had his resistance to them, his instinct to fight back and assert himself and show what he was made of, somehow strengthened his hold on life, and prolonged it?

Now he had nothing to fight against. What Bill did with his spare time —if he occupied it, as Henry suspected, at the pub and the betting-shop, was no business of his. As far as he was concerned, Bill could do no wrong.

But just as someone who has always carried a weight on his shoulders, or on his mind or in his heart and who is suddenly relieved of it, feels an incentive to living suddenly taken away, even so Henry, lacking this incentive, found his life empty, almost purposeless.

Gratitude to Bill was his major preoccupation, but how to express it? Bill was by no means indifferent to money. He liked it and he knew more about it than Henry, with a lifetime's experience of business. Little presents! Bill was not averse to them. But they didn't represent, to Henry, even a small part of his indebtedness to Bill. Perhaps a bonus of ten per cent for honesty?

Henry Kitson's life stratified itself into a routine, pleasant but nearly featureless. There were, however, two features in his day which had an emotional content and significance, and to which he clung, for they represented what he liked, and what he disliked. As long as he stuck to them and could look forward to or dread them, he knew he was keeping the advance of senility at bay.

One was concerned with Bill. Bill in common with many other men, rich and poor, criminal and honest, liked a drink: and Henry saw to it that Bill's 'elevenses' should be a tot of whisky. With all the variations of vocal expression at his command, he would ask Bill if he would like a drink; and Bill, after a suitable display of hesitation, would say 'Yes'. From the time when he was called, at 8 o'clock, Henry looked forward to this little episode. At the word 'drink' Bill's dark eyes would glow like coals that had suddenly been set alight. 'Good health!' he would say, before he took his glass into the kitchen. Henry never failed to get pleasure from this simple interchange of amenities, just as he never failed to get pain from the other cardinal event of his day, and unfortunately he had longer to anticipate it. This was to put out his cat, Ginger, at bed time. He was fond of Ginger, but Ginger was old and set in his ways and did not like being put out. Being a neuter, he did not have the same motive that many cats have for prowling about at night, growling and yowling and keeping everyone within earshot awake. He wanted to be warm and comfortable; and although there was a shed and an outhouse in the garden which he must have known about, he preferred Henry's fireside, and when Henry opened the garden door to put him out he would streak past through Henry's legs and sit down in front of the fire, purring loudly and triumphantly.

Henry found this daily, or rather nightly ejection of Ginger very painful; but it was inevitable, for with age he had lost whatever house-training he ever had, and misbehaved abominably. It fell to Bill's lot to deal with these

misdemeanours, which always happened in a certain place, on some stone flags by the cellar-door. As someone said, 'it is impossible to make a cat understand that it should do what you want it to do'.

When bed-time approached, Henry picked Ginger up and carried him towards the garden-door, the fatal exit. Then Ginger would purr ingratiatingly, as though to say. 'You can't have the heart to do this'. Sometimes, in rebellious moods, he would struggle and claw and scratch: but the end was always the same. He made a desperate dash to get back into the house. Often, the hateful process had to be repeated more than once and Henry, peering through the glass door (which he couldn't resist doing), would see Ginger's amber eyes fixed on him with a look of heartrending reproach.

If ever he yielded to Ginger's protests, whether in the form of purr or scratch, and let him stay indoors, he refrained from asking Bill next morning what had happened outside the cellar-door.

Not that Bill ever complained. But as time passed, and the pension-supported Henry came to rely more and more on his daily routine of living, with nothing to jerk him out of it, the problem of pleasure and pain, as exemplified by Bill's whisky elevenses in the morning, and Ginger's compulsory expulsions at night, began to assume undue importance. Henry simple did not *want* his septuagenarian happiness to depend on these two absurd poles of emotional comfort and discomfort.

What *could* he do? Human beings were (so it was generally thought), more valuable and more important than dumb animals (a ridiculous expression, for many animals, including Ginger, were far from dumb). Certainly Bill was much more valuable to him than Ginger. Bill was an asset of the highest order whereas Ginger (except for Henry's affection for him) was merely a debit. He was very greedy; he did nothing to earn his keep; he could not, and did not try, to catch the most unsophisticated mouse; he was just a liability and a parasite.

Bill, though such a mild-mannered man, must in his time have been a tough character, and used to dealing with tough characters, criminals, murderers and such, as policemen have to be.

'I wish I knew what to do about Ginger,' Henry said. 'He makes such a fuss when I turn him out at night.'

'I know what you refer to, sir,' said the ex-policeman with an instinctive delicacy of utterance, 'and I think I know the solution. Indeed, I have been turning it over in my mind for some time. It's really quite simple.'

'You mean it would be simple to have Ginger put down?'

'Oh no, sir,' said Bill, horrified. 'Nothing as drastic as that. Ginger is a good old cat, he wouldn't hurt a mouse.' (This was only too true.) 'I am attached to him, just as you are, and when I said the solution is quite simple, it *is* quite simple, if you know what I mean.'

'I'm not sure that I do. What *is* the solution?'

'Just this, sir. Let him stay in at night. Give him a box with sawdust in it. I'll put his paw in it, and he will soon know what it's for.'

'What an excellent idea,' said Henry, a little patronisingly. 'I wonder that I never thought of it. There is an empty seed-box in the green-house, I think,

that would be just right for the purpose. And sawdust I suppose, is quite easy to get hold of.'

'Well, not all that easy, sir,' said Bill. 'But having in mind the ash-tree that fell down, which I am cutting up for firewood, it shouldn't be difficult, in fact I've got nearly enough already.'

'Thank you very much, Bill.'

Ginger was duly introduced to the box, and his paw gently embedded in the sawdust. This he took very well, purring all the time; but when the ceremony of initiation was over, he did not use the box for its intended cloacal purpose, but settled down in it, with his fore-paws tucked under him, and his tail neatly curled round his flank, and went to sleep.

Next day he was discovered still asleep in the sawdust box, but alas, only a few inches away, were the extremely malodorous vestiges of Ginger's digestion or indigestion, which the box had been intended to absorb.

'Never mind,' said Bill, 'he'll learn in time.'

But Ginger didn't learn. He spent many hours, sometimes all day, slumbering on his sawdust mattress, purring to himself, no doubt, instead of sitting in front of Henry's comfortable fire-place, purring to *him*.

'I'm afraid Ginger isn't going to learn, Bill,' said Henry.

'It looks like not,' said Bill. 'You can't teach an old cat new tricks.' He laughed at this sally. 'But we can give him a few days "grace".'

A few days passed, but Ginger did not learn. He still regarded the sawdust box as his bed. It was woundingly evident that he preferred it to Henry's fireside. All the same, he didn't relish the nightly ordeal of turning Ginger out.

'I'm afraid our experiment with Ginger hasn't been successful,' he said to Bill. 'He goes on making a nuisance of himself. I wonder if *you* would mind putting him out at night? He claws and clutches at me, but I dare say that with you he would be more—more *sensible*. Would you mind?'

'Of course not, Mr. Kitson,' replied Bill, who, when he remembered, preferred to call Henry 'Mr. Kitson', rather than 'sir'.

Days passed; Henry saw little of Ginger, so content was he on his sawdust bed that he didn't bother to visit Henry in the sitting-room. Sometimes, Henry caught fleeting glimpses of him in the garden, tail-twitching, intent on birds which he was far too old to catch. 'Blast him!' thought Henry. 'Ungrateful beast!'

One day there was a knock at his study door, 'Come in!' said Henry, who had always asked people not to knock. 'Come in! Who is it?'

'Oh, *Bill*!' he exclaimed, instantly welcoming. 'What can I do for you?'

He hadn't noticed how upset and how unlike himself Bill looked.

'It's like this, sir,' Bill began and stopped.

'Like what, Bill?' asked Henry, and his heart turned over with a presage of disaster.

'It's like this,' Bill paused, and repeated more slowly, and with a note of authority in his voice, that reminded Henry that he had once been a policeman, 'It's like this.'

'Like what?' Henry asked again.

'It's like this,' Bill said, and he looked taller under the top-light of Henry's study, and almost as if he was wearing uniform, 'I want to give in my notice. I want to ask for my stamps.'

'But *why*, Bill?" Henry asked, aghast.

'Well, Mr. Kitson, you may think it silly of me, but it's because of Ginger.'

'Because of Ginger?' Again Henry's heart smote him. 'You mean because of the mess he makes?'

'Oh no, Mr. Kitson. I don't mind that at all. It's all in the day's work, if you know what I mean.'

'Then what *do* you mind?'

'I mind putting him out at night, sir. He claws and clutches and scratches me—you wouldn't believe it. Not that I'd mind with a human being, I've had plenty of people to deal with much worse than he is. After all, he's only got his claws and I think he's lost most of his teeth, but all the same, I don't like it, sir, and that's why I'm giving in my notice and asking for my cards.'

Henry was not too distraught to ignore the dignity of Bill's resignation.

'What will you do now, Bill?' he asked.

'Oh, well, sir, I shall find something. There are jobs waiting for a single man. I'm not a single man, really, I'm a widower, which is the nearest thing, and I have no ties. I haven't put an advert in the paper yet, but I shall find a job, you may be sure.'

Henry, too, was sure Bill would find another job; but where would he find another Bill? It was all too wretched; but he knew men of Bill's type, and that they didn't change their minds easily once they were made up.

'Listen!' he said loudly, as if Bill was deaf. 'I don't mind putting Ginger out at night and clearing up after him. I know the way he claws and scratches, but I thought that with you, who feed him, he would behave better than he does with me. It seems that he hasn't, and I am very sorry, Bill, but I shall be only too glad to take him on, eating, sleeping, and whatever else he wants to do—and relieve you of the responsibility.'

'I couldn't ask you to do that, sir. You have been very good to me, but I shall find a job where there aren't any animals to work for.'

At this rather ungracious remark Henry Kitson groaned again.

'I know I ought not to have left all the dirty work to you, Bill,' he said, with a belated contrition that most people feel at one time or another. 'I know I shouldn't have, and if you agree to stay I'll be responsible for everything to do with Ginger, by day or by night.'

'Oh no, sir, I couldn't let you do that, a gentleman in your position. And in any case, it isn't *that* that I mind'

Henry groaned again. He was utterly at a loss. 'Then what *do* you mind, Bill?'

'I mind putting him out at night, Mr. Kitson. He creates so, you wouldn't believe it, but yes, you would, you've had it so often yourself. It isn't his scratching and mauling I mind, it's when he purrs and tries to pretend I'm doing him a kindness. I'm not that tender-hearted, but I know what it's like to spend a night in the cold,' the ex-policeman added.

Henry's eyes grew moist. 'Well, I'll put him out tonight.'

'Oh no, Mr. Kitson, I'll see to him.'

But Henry displayed unexpected firmness.

'No, no, let's leave him indoors. And if anything happens, I'll take care of it.'

'Very good, sir,' said Bill, smartly. 'Good night, sir,' he added, on a note of finality that echoed through the room when he was gone.

Ginger was lying in front of the fire, on one of his rare visits to Henry's study since he had yielded to the superior attractions of the sawdust box. He purred, as he always did when Henry so much as looked at him. Every now and then he stretched out his paw, as though trying to make himself more comfortable than he already was. Every now and then he half opened his eyes, and looked at Henry with what Henry called his 'beatific' expression, suggesting his mysterious but not unkindly insight into the past, the present, and the future.

'I won't disturb him,' Henry thought turning out the light, 'let him stay here, if he wants to.'

At eight o'clock the next morning, Bill appeared as usual, bringing Henry's early-morning tea. He drew the curtains.

'There it is!' he said.

Henry had heard this *aubade* before, but he was always foxed by it.

'Where is what?' he asked.

'The day,' said Bill.

Henry, nursing again his discomfiture at not having foreseen this obvious answer, sat up and looked out of the window. It was a dreary November day, but Bill didn't seem uncheerful.

'I'm afraid I've some bad news for you,' he said.

Henry tried to collect his waking thoughts. A pall enveloped them. How could Bill be so unkind?

'I suppose you mean that you are leaving?, he said, stretching out his hand for the tea-pot.

'Oh no, Mr. Kitson, it's much worse than that.'

'What can be worse?' thought Henry miserably, and uttered his thought aloud. 'What can be worse, Bill?'

'It's much worse,' said Bill.

Eight o'clock in the morning is not the best time to receive bad news, and especially if one doesn't know what it is. Henry relinquished the tea-pot and sank back on the pillow.

'Tell me,' he said.

'Well, Mr. Kitson,' said Bill, with his back to the light, while he was arranging Henry's clothes on a chair, 'to tell you the truth—'

'Oh, do tell me, Bill.'

'To tell you the *truth*,' Bill repeated, as if one sort of truth was more valuable than another, 'Ginger is dead.'

'Good God,' said Henry, who had envisaged some cosmic, nuclear disturbance, especially aimed at him. 'Good God!' he repeated, with intense relief. And then he remembered Ginger last night, sitting on the hearth-rug and purring loudly whenever Henry vouchsafed a look at him. 'Poor

Ginger!' he said.

'Yes, sir, and I feel very sorry about him too. Ginger was a good old cat. Would you like to see him, Mr. Kitson?'

'What, now?'

'Now, or any time. He's there, he isn't far away.'

Henry got out of bed. He put on his dressing-gown, and followed Bill downstairs.

'The usual place,' said Bill.

It was dark down there, so they turned on the light. Ginger was lying in his sawdust box, looking quite comfortable and life-like, except that his head seemed to be twisted over.

Henry stooped down and stroked his cold fur, and half listened for the purr that didn't come; then he led the way upstairs.

'He seemed so well last night,' he said to Bill.

'Oh yes, sir, but animals are like that, just like human beings, if you know what I mean. Here today and gone tomorrow.'

Henry felt the bitter sensation of loss that we are all bound to feel at one time or another.

'But he seemed so well last night,' he repeated.

'Yes,' replied Bill, 'but he was very old. We all have to go, sometime.'

An unworthy suspicion stirred in Henry's mind, but he stifled it.

'And now I've got to lose you, too, Bill,' he said.

'Oh no, sir,' said Bill, promptly. 'I've thought it over, and I don't want to go, that is, unless you want me to.'

A wave of relief—there was no other word for it—swept over Henry.

'Please stay,' he said, 'please stay, Bill.'

'Yes, I will, Mr. Kitson,' Bill answered and there was a surge and an uplift in his voice. 'We've got cutlets for lunch—will that be all right?'

His pronunciation was rather odd, and he made it sound like 'catlets'.

'Would you like a drink now, Bill?' Henry asked. 'Or is it too early?'

'I won't say no,' said Bill, and the light began to glow behind his coal-black eyes.

BACK DOOR FOR THE MAFIA ?

by Leonard Gribble

LIKE most secret societies, the Mafia prefers secrecy to publicity, whether its operations are in the island that saw its rise and eventual dispersal, and where today its roots remain strong and deeply embedded, or thousands of miles distant in a new world that provides an opportunity for fresh forms of violence and the development of an outlook responsible for enormous commercial profits geared to world-wide exploitation.

The success of the modern criminal Mafia is no secret. Indeed, it is one of the greatest commercial success stories of the second half of the twentieth century. Yet it still operates, as it did a century ago in and around Palermo, mainly through fear and intimidation.

It is a growth phenomenon that has surprised the world. Essentially criminal, it employs the law whenever it can as an ally and an *aide*. To be a Mafiosi is to be the dedicated and obedient henchman of a tyrannous cult. Once accepted there is no door through which a Mafiosi can escape except death—usually in some particularly painful and revolting form.

A hundred years ago in its Sicilian homeland it existed by successful and ruthless banditry and smuggling, and by creating a deep-founded fear of reprisals that intimidated almost all who wished to suppress it.

Today it controls a world-wide narcotics industry that is wholly illicit, covered and protected by façade industries that are not only legal, but successful in their own commercial right. The equivalent of many millions of pounds or dollars total Mafia profits in almost every country of the Western World annually, and there is growing suspicion that currencies of the Eastern Bloc are today swelling the vast sums in Mafia coffers.

This has not come about in any haphazard fashion. It is calculated and contrived, down to the last lira or franc.

Moreover, the Mafia has demonstrated an uncanny ability and tenacity in staving off disaster. Between 1874 and 1875 a determined effort was made by the Italian authorities of the time to stamp out what was considered to be a deadly social cancer. Nearly two years' effort was wasted. Fifty years later Mussolini and a courageous prefect of Palermo, Cesare Mori, attempted to root out the Mafia in Sicily and Italy. They had some success, but with the passage of years it was seen that they had pruned the Mafia rather than uprooted it. The pruned plant gained strength and accelerated its rate of growth.

Today, another half-century later, a further drive is continuing in Italy, if not to destroy the Mafia, at least to contain it.

Mussolini, the one-time journalist, believed in wide publicity for his Mafia-destroying campaign. Today the Italian authorities work in almost as much secrecy as the Mafia. However, their results receive world-wide coverage.

For example, only a few weeks ago, Professor Giovanni Frisina, the

middle-aged director of an important hospital in Sicily, found himself being tried by a court for being a Mafiosi and providing cover for Mafia activities. He was charged under a revised law that enables judges to exile from Sicily active Mafia suspects. Professor Frisina, who was a specialist in the surgical treatment of asthma, was accused before the court of being a Mafiosi who for ten years or more allowed wounded bandits and gangsters to receive secret treatment in his hospital, which became in time one of their local headquarters.

The court found him guilty as charged. He was accordingly banished to Ancona, the Adriatic province on the mainland of Italy, and ordered to report to the local police each day. He was to be indoors at home by ten o'clock each night. This banishment was to continue for three years until, the court assumed, the Mafiosi surgeon was no longer, in its own term, 'socially dangerous'.

A week after Professor Frisina heard the court deliver this sentence and so end his medical career in Sicily the people of Switzerland went to the polls with a particular slogan ringing in their ears. It had been devised by a Swiss named James Schwarzenbach, a political campaigner with strong nationalist leanings.

'Get the Mafia out of Switzerland!'

That was the Schwarzenbach slogan. It had been heard in packed political meetings throughout the country. A few voices had challenged the Schwarzenbach brand of local nationalism. Its originator was swift in rebuttal.

'Numbered accounts for American gangsters are a part of what the people of the world identify with Switzerland.'

This claim has certainly been featured by countless writers of thrillers and spy dramas. Perhaps Herr Schwarzenbach felt he had good reason to be dubious about the image of his native land in the eyes of foreigners. He certainly gave his countrymen to understand that he had reason to blame the Mafia for their part in creating that image. Gangsters and Mafia, as Herr Schwarzenbach knew well, are synonymous terms in certain areas of sociological thinking. Not least in the United States, where the Mafia has created empires of commercial wealth, and where its most vicious cells developed from the underworld influence of the notorious *Unione Siciliana*, taken over by a certain Alphonse Capone and his hoodlums after the massacre of the Bugs Moran mob in a Chicago garage on St. Valentine's Day, 1929.

Under the Capone *aegis* the Mafia in the New World began to sprawl. When Capone was sent to Alcatraz for tax evasion the Mafia members gathered in New York and formed a new syndicate. The only thing new about it was the intention not to court bad publicity. The former style of operation continued, with intimidation, threats, wounding and killings. Fresh rackets were created, fresh vice operations organised and unexplored territories taken over.

With the new operations and expansion came new names belonging to shadowy characters who avoided the social limelight.

They considered they were on to a good thing. It wasn't for many years

that the purpose and criminal exploits of the notorious Cosa Nostra became known, first told to an incredulous world when a frightened man's tongue wagged!

By that time the Mafia set-up in America and Sicily not only had strong affiliations and working arrangements, but was uniting to take over new territories in Europe. Mafia specialists were known to be organising plush casinos and gambling establishments where large sums were wagered and changed hands. Other Mafia specialists were arranging for drugs to be smuggled from the Middle East into Europe and from Europe to North America. Even larger sums changed hands in this illicit traffic. Most of the hands in which the money remain belonged to members of the Mafia.

The numbered bank accounts in Swiss banks grew and Herr Schwarzenbach became increasingly worried.

In this he was not alone.

When casino gambling was legalised in Britain, what were politely termed 'American interests' arrived from across the Atlantic to harvest some of the loose change on the green baize of the new gambling tables. Special attractions were laid on.

Gambling continued an active legal growth in Britain, and the American interests noticeably dwindled.

But they had not given up. For one thing the Mafia is not in the habit of readily surrendering a good thing even under the pressure of the law. Its history and exploits in the United States has given more than enough proof of its tenacity once allowed to become active.

Although the American gaming laws allow the Mafia practically no legal scope, it is known to be annually taking millions of dollars across the tables in its illegal casinos and gambling rooms. How much Mafia money is invested in the showy legalised casinos and clubs along the 'Strip' in Las Vegas is anyone's guess.

Those who feared the coming of Mafia exploiters to Britain when gambling clubs and casinos became legal institutions had good reason for their fears—which is possibly why a Home Secretary did what he deemed necessary to demonstrate that overseas exploitation of any kind would be viewed with complete absence of official sympathy. Once the quietly dressed front men of the Mafia are installed, the muscle men and extortionists and assassins follow, unobtrusively and with soft tread, to lose themselves in the shadows until required. Moreover, with cash from those numbered Swiss accounts Mafia operators can buy the services of local thugs who could be assimilated, used, got rid of, and a new underworld taken over to work on Mafia orders to further Mafia policies.

What has happened in the various States of the U.S.A. could be repeated by the Mafia using American and Sicilian members in the various countries of Europe. Britain would make the ideal jumping-off place.

Serving an official warning has only a limited value as a deterrent. It is a rebuff which means, in effect, the slamming of a national front door.

None-the-less, there are other ways of gaining a toe-hold on an unfriendly threshold.

In secluded country districts in the United States proprietors of modest hotels have had their establishments rented for a period of weeks. This kind of deal is usually offered on the telephone and followed up quickly by an agreement and cheque. The agreement has been drawn up by a lawyer, the cheque signed by the secretary of some small but legitimate club or business enterprise.

Ostensibly, the reason for the booking is a private conference. The entire hotel staff is required to move out until the temporary tenants have departed. The latter make arrangements for supplies of food and drink and even laundry services. Sometimes they arrived with guard dogs who have armed handlers. Long sleek, dark-coloured cars are parked well out of sight. A stranger finding himself on the scene would be intimidated by the tense atmosphere. Fortunes are changing hands. Debts owed when the play ceases have to be paid promptly, which could mean shares in legitimate businesses changing hands.

A game played by such near-fanatics can last a week. Seldom does the professional gambler lose. Seldom does he win only cash. When the cars depart and the regular hotel staff return something somewhere is not quite the same! A *capo Mafioso* will report to a group of men sitting around a table on the outcome of events at that inconspicuous small hotel.

A few months ago I was told by the manager of a modest hotel in the South of England of a phone call received in her office. A gentleman with a quiet voice asked about the possibility of hiring the establishment for a month. He would pay the high season rates for all rooms, plus a percentage. He required that the hotel should be vacated by five o'clock on a certain day and he, in turn, would hand over at the same hour on a day to be agreed. He was prepared to send a letter of agreement and a cheque by return—indeed, it would catch the first post after he put down the telephone. He would of course be supplying his own staff and dealing with his own suppliers and so wished the normal tradesmen warned to discontinue calling.

My friend had been born on the North American continent. This request was certainly something new, but it had a familiar ring. She 'phoned London for advice. The advice was sharp and unqualified.

'Have nothing to do with it. You could be heading into trouble.'

Later, she was told how Mafia gambling establishments of such a temporary nature are being tried out in several European countries. Money drawn on those numbered Swiss accounts made such arrangements possible. Men who have never before shown their faces are firmly entrenched in countries that have previously cold shouldered them.

Because of the furtive nature of such arrangements and the secrecy imposed there is no way of estimating the degree of success achieved by such cautious overtures. But it will be no surprise to some informed people in this country if a future sensational trial reveals Mafia involvement in the British underworld.

HUMANIST IDEALS

by John T. Wilson

IN a recent letter to a newspaper a correspondent complained that 'this country is controlled by a small group of humanists' manipulating government and nation into a huge orgy of permissiveness leading to the inevitable collapse of decent standards of civilisation.

This may come as a surprise to the British Humanist Association whose current total membership is under 4,000 and whose representation in parliament amounts to no more than the 40 or so MPs and peers who are members of the Humanist Parliamentary Group. In fact a large proportion of B.H.A. members—some 40 per cent—leave within a year and are replaced by new recruits, the present membership figures showing a slight overall decline. This leaves an extremely small hard-core membership, yet Humanism and the British Humanist Association is one of the most influential lobbies in the current political and social scene, carrying indeed much greater weight than numbers alone would seem to warrant. Why?

Basically the answer to this question lies in the kind of membership the B.H.A. has and in the nature of organised Humanism itself. An organisation which can boast the support of such diverse personalities as Lord Ritchie Calder, Edmund Leach, Brigid Brophy, Margaret Knight, Baroness Wootton, Professor A. J. Ayer, Sir Julian Huxley, Professor Glyn Jones, Joan Littlewood, Vanessa Redgrave and the late Bertrand Russell is clearly one which attracts an important degree of public support from people of wide-ranging and responsible views and interests. Of course the rank-and-file membership (as in most other organisations) is nothing like as famous, but members of the B.H.A. tend to be better-educated than an average cross-section of the general population, are predominantly male and middle-class, doing fairly responsible jobs.* This makes for a highly thoughtful, intelligent and literate membership knowing how to vocalise its concern on important issues and motivated to take an active part in community affairs. One would expect to see a gradual increase in the proportion of women in the B.H.A. membership in the future, for although women are emotionally and functionally directed towards home and domesticity, the development of current trends towards unisex and equality for women should result in an increasing number of non-religious women who are community-minded playing a more active role in organisations which give scope for the practical demonstration of social concern, as Humanism increasingly does. These women, however, are still likely to be better-educated and middle class.

What is it about Humanism which attracts such a membership? What exactly does organised Humanism, as represented by the B.H.A. stand for? Far from being a negative group held together only by a common hatred of religion, which is a misconception commonly held about Humanists, Humanism is a positive personal dynamic and offers a social philosophy geared to the needs of twentieth century society. Humanists believe, to quote

a B.H.A. leaflet, 'that human welfare and progress depend on a realistic approach to life. An approach guided by reason and scientific knowledge, and motivated by a real concern for humanity.'

For the Humanist the question of God, either as an intellectual problem or as a supernatural personality, is irrelevant, except when those acting in the name of religion propose to restrict the freedom of others or to create a social situation which Humanists consider to be contrary to the welfare of humanity at large. We can only be sure of this life, argues the Humanist, so to live a life based on rules traditionally derived from a belief in the supernatural seems neither rational nor wise. The Humanist, then, is a rationalist in the sense that he would argue that decisions on important matters affecting human welfare and happiness ought to be made on rational lines directed towards these ends rather than on lines predetermined by tradition, dogma, prejudice or subjective emotional criteria.

Humanism focuses, not merely on a limited number of particular issues, but on the total area of human life, for it is a concern with the *quality* of this present life which lies at the heart of Humanism. This means that Humanists are to be found involved in many particular causes, both as groups and as individuals—in causes like abortion and homosexual law reform, prisoner-rehabilitation work, World Conservation Year and moral education, to mention only a few, though not all Humanists will take the same view of these problems. What binds Humanists together is an attitude of mind, not a set of propositions or a fixed dogma, and that attitude of mind is one based on certain shared values chief of which are, first, the value of the tolerance which allows individual liberty, and second, the concern which leads to an acceptance of social responsibility.

Why should organised Humanists lay exclusive claim to these values? The answer is simply that they do not, but they do regard commitment to them as so important that simply to pay them lip-service is not enough. Many people would describe themselves vaguely as humanists, but lack formulated convictions about the nature and implications of these two fundamental humanist values of tolerance and concern. Humanism, then, through the B.H.A. and the 100 or so affiliated groups, serves to clarify the human and social issues arising from the problems and the direction of the secular society and to act as a co-ordinating agency for activities of a widely divergent nature which naturally spring from the two basic, commonly shared values. The Humanist, then, is a full person, interested in all aspects of our common humanity and social life and all issues affecting this, not simply a one-sided crank with one or two obsessive bees in his bonnet. In fact, Humanism has as long and as distinguished a pedigree as any of the major religions or world philosophies, going back in origin to the thinkers of the Greek Enlightenment, particularly Protagoras who asserted that 'Man is the measure of all things', through the Renaissance to the 'age of Reason' which gave rise to the Ethical Societies of the post-Darwinian nineteenth century—one of which, the 'Fellowship of the New Life', became the Fabian Society. After the second World War, the remains of the World Union of Freethinkers linked up in 1952 with the Ethical Union (formed in

1896) and the Dutch Humanist League to form the International Humanist and Ethical Union. The Ethical Union, linked temporarily with the Rationalist Press Association from 1963 to 1965 (the R.P.A. withdrew on a technical point relating to charity status), became known finally as the *British Humanist Association*, in 1967.

What Humanists are working for basically, is the ideal of an 'open' society—one in which there is acceptance of a wide variety of beliefs, lifestyles, individual differences; a tolerant, truly 'permissive' and *caring* society: not a utopian society of impossible perfection, but a society within reach and of which we now must lay the foundations. If Humanism needs any justification, to be a Humanist is to be a participant in the fellowship of humanity striving with human means to implement the goal of human happiness.

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*"Membership Composition of the British Humanist Association', by Colin B. Campbell, *The Sociological Review*, Vol. 13, No. 3, November, 1965.

[Mr. John T. Wilson is Secretary of the West Riding Humanist Group.]

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF MODERN JAPAN

by Raymond Lamont Brown

THE *History of Liu Sung Dynasty* (compiled about 513 A.D.) contains a reference to the request for confirmation of Japanese military overlordship in Korea with a loyal Japanese pledge of liegedom to the Chinese throne. Thus, it has been historically shown that Japan has had a foreign policy for at least fourteen hundred years. Contact was continually renewed during the fifth and sixth centuries with the continent of Asia and great benefits were received in Japan by that carrier of continental culture, Buddhism; but, with the last official mission to T'ang China, (A.D. 838), there came an end to direct Chinese influence in Japan.

Apart from the mongol invasions (unsuccessful) of 1274 and 1281, Japan's foreign policy and diplomacy was uneventful until the arrival of the Portuguese in 1543 and the beginning of foreign trade and the Christian missionary activity of these new 'barbarians'.

From these tentative beginnings Japanese overseas trade was developed through the desire for additional revenue, with direct competition with Western nations as a consequence. By 1600 or so the Dutch and British had landed in Japan and along with a demand for Chinese silk there was fostered a triangular trade with Europe. Yet through the growing fear of Christianity, a Seclusion Edict (1639) was enforced and foreign contacts were restricted to the Dutch and Chinese at Nagasaki. Towards the end of its two-and-a-half centuries of rule the Tokugawa Shogunate vacillated concerning foreign policy, and a spot check on three dates shows the sway of foreign policy: 1806, decision to extend courtesies to accidental intruders but to maintain a basic seclusion policy; 1825, decree calling for immediate repulsion of foreigners ('Don't Think Twice' edict); 1842, a return to the earlier foreign policy of a polite but firm attitude toward foreign intrusion.

By and large, until 1868 Japan remained a 'closed' country with only foreign contacts by accident (shipwreck and so on) and a few Russian, British and American intentional violations of the exclusion policy. 1854, however, saw a Treaty of Friendship with the U.S.A. and the Bakumatsu period (1853-67) did show a direct expansion of foreign contacts.

Foreign relations in the early Meiji period (from 1868) were greatly increased by the national incentive to modernise and 'civilise' the country to meet Western standards and in 1869 a Foreign Office was officially established. Apart from the Iwakura Mission to the U.S.A. and Europe, 1871-73, the major issues of Japanese foreign policy were concerned with jurisdictional questions: (Japanese mandates in Korea and so on).

The Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95 saw the rise of Japanese imperial aggressive power which was to colour foreign policy until World War II, although, guided by Foreign Minister Shidehara Kijuro (1872-1951), during the 1920's, Japan did end her 'diplomacy of imperialism' and participated in 'economic diplomacy' for a while. The Manchurian Incident (September, 1931), however, sparked off direct imperial aggression again, and a *fait*

accompli attitude towards territorial expansion in foreign policy with a period of terrorism, conspiracy and assassination. The Marco Polo Bridge Incident (July, 1937) re-opened the hostilities with China and the gradual formation of a militaristic state in Japan ensured an aggressive foreign policy until the Potsdam Declaration (1945).

Japan did not formally take over responsibility for her own foreign policy until the end of the U.S. Occupation in April, 1952, and since then a succession of Liberal Democratic Party governments have tended to follow a policy of maintaining close relations with the United States and its western allies, supplemented by a strong emphasis on the U.N. as a means of settling or ameliorating international disputes. Basically the government has placed primary emphasis on economic development and the essential foreign trade. Postwar governments, it will be noticed, have also been reluctant to build up Japanese military strength beyond the basic minimal level.

In 1966 Morinosuke Kajima had published *Nippon no Gaiko Seisaku*, which was then the only comprehensive book of its type relating to Japan's diplomacy. A law graduate of Tokyo University, and a member of the Japanese Foreign Office (*Gaimusho*) with experience in Japan's Commercial Bureaux in Europe and America, Kajima was at the time of publication chairman of the ruling L.D.P.'s Foreign Relations Research Committee and was in a unique position to observe at first hand the course of modern Japan's foreign policy.

The book, *Modern Japan's Foreign Policy**, is a condensed English version of *Nippon no Gaiko Seisaku* which represents thirteen years' exhaustive research concerning Japan's external relations. From the original Japanese text, Kajima has selected a number of significant topics relating to Japan's foreign policy which show such important developments as how, after complete industrial and economic decimation, Japan's voice in international affairs has grown and is ever growing in strength; her role as the leading free nation in Asia; and her future stand in world affairs. In the book's content is interwoven a number of essays on foreign policy (usually restrospective when read in 1970) from *Kokusai Jihyo* (International Current Review) the organ of the Kajima Institute of International Peace, of which Dr. Kajima is president.

Overshadowing all Japanese foreign policy since the war has been her relations with the U.S.A. The Japan-United States Security Treaty, which expires 1970 and is up for reassessment, being, next to economics, the strongest tie between Japan and America. It is almost certain that the treaty, a counterbalance to the Sino-Soviet alliance, will be maintained for another decade, for the L.D.P. fear economic recession with no U.S. commitment and the basis of a 'cold war' with America. Nevertheless the treaty's passage will not be easy for the Japan Communist Party, the Socialist Party and *Sohyo* (leftist elements) are greatly opposed to its renewal; yet with Mao's forces straining at the leash only a short distance across the East China Sea and the Sea of Japan, this facet of Japan's future foreign policy is hardly in doubt.

The very existence of Communist China does affect the future subsistence

of Japan and, what makes matters worse, there are few signs that Japan could consider, because of her treaty with the U.S.A., any normalisation of her relations with Mao's government. Even so, certain other obstacles in China's policy, such as her chauvinistic and militant attitude aimed not only at U.S. 'imperialism' and Soviet 'revisionism', but also at the U.N. itself, inhibit normal relations. Taking all these into consideration however, Japan in the main seems ready diplomatically to knock at Mao's door; as Kajima points out, 'it is dangerous to disregard permanently China's existence'. But he forcefully backs up Prime Minister Eisaku Sato's words at the 50th Extraordinary Session of the Japanese Diet, 'in face of China's high-posture diplomatic policy, Japan has no intention of kowtowing for the purpose of improving Sino-Japanese relations'.

Morinosuke Kajima is, however, firm in his belief that in Japan's national interest initial steps should be taken to recognise Communist China, but cites mutual agreement on four preconditions as being necessary: (1) Recognition of the Japan-United States Security Treaty; (2) the Japan-Republic of China Peace Treaty to be respected (Chiang Kai-shek's policy of 'repay enmity with virtue' after World War II and his non-insistence on reparation of war damage greatly impressed the Japanese); (3) renounce all rights of claim to reparation from Japan (i.e. for war damage); and (4) in accordance with the principles of non-interference in internal affairs, promise not to engage in communist subversive propaganda or to undertake indirect aggression against Japan. While not openly backing up Kajima's views Prime Minister Sato did not deprecate them outright and for more than five years Japan has been striving to promote an economic and cultural exchange on a non-government basis with Communist China, guided by the rather ideological, but basically not unsound, principle of separating politics from economics.

Having been an advocate of the formation of Pan-Asia (he was inspired by the Pan-Europe movement of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi of Austria, which finally culminated in the formation of the E.E.C. in 1957) Dr. Kajima has seen his theories for uniting co-operating delegates from Japan, U.S.A., Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Far East nations baulked from the Manchurian Incident right through to World War II. And today he sees collective organisation for the Pacific Region (O.P.E.C.) made extremely difficult to control with the Chinese mainland under Communist control. Nevertheless, he believes that in the latter half of the twentieth century Japan must work for the realisation of collective organisation in the Pacific; or there is very little future for Japanese diplomacy.

This leads to a further significant facet of Japan's modern and future foreign policy, her assistance to developing nations made possible by her fantastic economic booms. In the main the problems which today confront the developing nations of the world are similar to those which faced Japan at the time of the Meiji Restoration (1868). By 1950, only four years after her defeat, Japan was able to co-operate through foreign investment with poorer nations, and by 1952 had increased her commitment to an

average of $18,000,000 per year. Since she joined the Colombo Plan in 1954 Japan has regularly increased her foreign investments and established the O.E.C.F. (Overseas Economic Co-operation Fund) and the O.T.C.A. (Overseas Technical Co-operation Agency) both in 1961. Although there have been temporary periods of economic recession in Japan during the late 1960s, with the gradual improvement of her international position and development of economic strength, it is certain that Japan's foreign policy for many years to come will contain assistance to developing nations.

Because of her limited land space, poor natural resources and future overpopulation programmes, Japan rightfully places paramount importance on her economic diplomacy, which is designed to harmonise with the major international trend towards closer collaboration among the countries of the Free World. While co-operating with the various agencies of the U.N., noticeably U.N.C.T.A.D. (U.N. Conference on Trade and Development), G.A.T.T., O.E.C.D. and the I.M.F., Japanese economic diplomacy has been equally active on a regional basis, a prominent example being the Ministerial Conference for S.E. Asian Development. In 1962 and 1963 respectively Japan had concluded important treaties of Commerce and Navigation with Great Britain and France and over the past few years there has been a certain 'liberalisation' of the quantity and range of goods which can be exported to Japan. In simple terms the initial task facing Japan's economic diplomacy is to control, through progressive foreign policy, and through political and diplomatic means, the managerial policies of the gigantic enterprises, backed by U.S. capital and technological power, at present operating in Japan, and to speed up her liberalisation to a standard comparable with that of Western countries and to make every effort to accede as soon as possible to the requests of member nations of O.E.C.D.

Although the 'regularisation' of Russo-Japanese relations promoted a friendlier attitude some ten years ago with the resumption of normal diplomatic arrangements, such relations do tend to blow 'cool-cold', for both countries are in direct confrontation with respect to the balance of power in the Far East. A major bone of contention between Japan and Russia is the Soviet occupation of the Kuriles and part of Sakhalin and its surrounding islands over which Japan obtained sovereignty under the 1905 Portsmouth Peace Treaty. Unlike the Okinawan group (U.S. occupied), Japan is unlikely to gain northern territorial concessions from the Russians. These factors tend to prolong the 'coolness' of Russo-Japanese relations.

One of the major obstacles to Russo-Japanese trade (both countries signed a five-year agreement in Moscow, January 1966) is the fact that the U.S.S.R. can only offer a few items which Japan wants to import and the whole agreement is carried out on a balance of imports and exports. The Soviet Siberian Five-year Development Plan inaugurated in 1966 may help a little, for Siberia has almost inexhaustible supplies of the raw materials Japan desperately needs for industrial expansion. Even so, Japan's trade relations with the U.S.S.R. will no doubt remain tepid for at least another decade, although a 'thawing out' may come if there is a more hostile confrontation between Mao and the U.S.S.R.

While adhering to the nonproliferation of nuclear weapons in the Far East, Japanese foreign policy is quite definitely opposed to any limitation of research and development in the fields of peaceful uses of atomic energy. Morinosuke Kajima suggests that Japanese foreign policy may be aimed in the future at fostering an Asian-Pacific community of atomic energy, similar to EURATOM, for the co-ordination of regional co-operation in nuclear energy development.

Kajima sees a major role for Japan's foreign policy in the future, in the preservance of peace in the Far East, for in doing so, he maintains, Japan will ensure her own national security as well as peace. What is certain is that Japan today cannot afford to remain as an idle onlooker when it comes to the question of peace in Asia. Within her policy of not being involved militarily she can exert influence in the fields of politics, economics and culture for peace. This is certainly the major role that Japan should play in international affairs as an advanced nation of the free world in Asia—at least, as Kajima sees it.

Over and above the foreign policy topics, Dr. Kajima discusses such aspects as the Establishment of Japan-Korea relations, Vietnam Policy, Communist China's Nuclear Bomb Tests, Japanese Diplomacy and the political parties, as well as his own theories on such subjects as Neopacifism, which he regards as an essential ingredient of future Japanese foreign policy.

By and large it is a rather difficult task to determine the degree of Japan's success in foreign policy for so much depends on future and unforeseeable developments. However, with U.S. assistance, Japan has been able to liquidate most of the political costs of defeat and in the field of foreign trade she has done well. The Treaty of San Francisco restored her to a condition of peace and equality with the majority of her former enemies and in the main the tariff and other discriminations on Japanese goods in foreign markets have been ameliorated. In a limited verdict, Japan has coped satisfactorily with her major and most pressing problems, but her somewhat poor relations with the Chinese People's Republic, North Korea and North Vietnam continue to present major difficulties in foreign policy.

Kajima's book, with his skill as an arranger and compiler of secret diplomatic documents and history is the most important work on the subject of foreign policy in English to come out of Japan in recent times. It helps both the scholar and the general reader in the west to come to a better understanding of the basic motives behind and the development of modern Japanese foreign policy, and clears away much of the misconception, so easy to form, about Japanese foreign policy that can be gathered from certain biased accounts in Japanese newspapers and their translations.

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*Modern Japan's Foreign Policy by Morinosuke Kajima (Charles E. Tuttle, Tokyo, 1970, 55s.).

SEEDS THAT BEGAN THE GREAT RUBBER INDUSTRY

by F. W. Sadler

IT is just fifty years since Henry Alexander Wickham (at 75) was knighted for the remarkable part he played in bringing rubber seeds to Britain. He safely landed 70,000 rubber seeds in this country and, on reaching the age of 80, he received an honorarium of £8,000 in recognition of his pioneering work.

He was born on 29th May, 1846, and later went to Brazil as a planter. He held posts as Inspector of Forests and Commissioner of Crown Lands in India, and explored Central America, Australia, New Guinea, and the Pacific Islands, establishing many rubber plantations. In 1911, he was given 1,000 guineas by the rubber growers of Ceylon and Malaya. He died on 27th September, 1928.

Prior to 1876, the world's rubber was obtained from jungle forest trees in Brazil, watered by the mighty Amazon. There was no demand for the congealed juice of this South American tree until in the last century the secret of processing it was discovered, when demand far exceeded supply. Brazil, where the rubber tree, *Hevea brasilliensis*, grew wild, was virtually the sole source of supply. Nervous lest other countries might try to cultivate the rubber tree, and by increasing the supply reduce the rates, Brazil eventually put a ban on the export of rubber seeds and plants.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, the Marquis of Salisbury wandered into his library and picked up a book at random. It was the work of a young naturalist, Henry Alexander Wickham, called *A Journey Through the Wilderness* (1872). In one of the opening chapters there was a description of the rubber trees which Wickham had seen growing in Brazil where he was trying to earn a living growing coffee.

Lord Salisbury was aware that nearly four centuries before Christopher Columbus had seen the natives of Haiti with an object that bounced about in a strange way. It was a rubber ball—the first ever seen by a white man. Later, it was found that rubber was an excellent eraser—if you could afford to pay £1 for a piece one inch square.

The Marquis, believing there might be commercial possibilities in these trees which young Wickham had written about, got in touch with Sir Joseph Hooker, director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, who vowed he would do his utmost to ensure that such trees were transplanted in the most suitable areas of the British Empire.

Secretly, he interviewed several people of integrity. Some months later a Mr. Farris arrived in Brazil. He was announced as an explorer and big game hunter and with native porters proceeded up river on a hunting expedition.

Months later, Farris returned with a couple of crocodiles which he himself had stuffed.

'Is that all you managed to shoot?' laughed the Customs Officials as they inspected his baggage.

'It was a very disappointing trip,' Farris replied, dragging the crocodiles on board.

Immediately the ship left harbour, he locked the door of his cabin, slashed open the crocodiles to reveal some 2,000 seeds obtained from pods about the size of a goose egg. He placed them in tins and took them to Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew. Despite the greatest care, only a few germinated and although these began to grow they soon wilted and died. A few were sent to Calcutta, but they failed to thrive and so Sir Joseph was right back where he started. It was then that Wickham agreed to assist in the venture. The 'life' of the seeds was only a few weeks. They had to be kept in special conditions of moisture and temperature to have any chance of survival.

He schemed how best to get the seeds to England in a healthy condition. He concealed the identity of the Hevea seed giving as his reason that he had heard of the obstacles met in Peru to the export of quinine plants and feared he might meet similar trouble in Brazil. There is no basis for the widely held opinion that the seeds were smuggled. There was at that time no law prohibiting the export of planting material.

One morning he was surprised to see a newly-built ship, without cargo, on the upper reaches of the Amazon. He had no money but without hesitation and with his usual initiative chartered the vessel in the name of the Government of India.

Native girls packed the seeds into open-work cane baskets between layers of banana leaves. When they were safely aboard, he went ashore and explained to the chief Portuguese official that he had no time to spare since he was carrying fragile botanical specimens for Her Majesty the Queen's garden at Kew. Soon he was homeward bound.

At Kew, Wickham's seeds produced over 2,000 plants. On this occasion the plants survived, not only their rearing period in a Kew glasshouse, but the voyage to Ceylon during which they were coddled like incubator babies. From Ceylon, some 50 plants were taken to Malaya—and that was the foundation of one of the world's great industries.

With the Brazilian monopoly broken, from Malaya the plants were distributed to Indo-China, Siam, Indonesia, all the countries with a suitable climate for growing rubber plants. But it was not until a little over half a century ago that rubber began to 'boom'.

It was motoring that put the rubber industry on its feet, and but for Britain's part the motor industry could never have expanded, for Brazil could not supply one-tenth the rubber required. The rise of motoring, the need of tyres, spurred planting to a fever.

Somewhere between the two World Wars we passed imperceptibly into the rubber age. The stuff was scorned in 1850. Even in 1910 the Malayan plantations, the Netherlands Indies, and Ceylon together produced only 11,000 tons.

Rubber it seemed slumbered through the centuries unconsidered and practically overlooked. Today the islands of the East are studded with rubber plantations. And on the West Coast of Africa, Ghana has taken steps to vary her agriculture by reviving the cultivation of rubber. In that country's

Western Region, the climate, soil conditions and vegitation are favourable for its growth and development. Among the several industries to be established is a £600,000 rubber factory to be built at Abura in the Western Region, which will act as the country's principal rubber processing factory.

In the East, huge concerns are owned by British, Dutch or American interests, but thousands more are small establishments operated by the natives themselves. All the trees in these plantations are descended from those which Sir Henry Wickham collected from the Brazilian jungles in 1873. It was good that he should live another 55 years and know the astonishing results of his feat.

It was left to an American, one Charles Goodyear, in 1837, to be the first to produce rubber as we know it today. To this once poverty-stricken inventor, whose only laboratory was his bare kitchen, we owe the vital process of vulcanisation—by which rubber is kept constant at all temperatures. He discovered that rubber treated with sulphur was drier and more heat-resisting than when treated with nitrate. Thus the process of vulcanisation was born and companies were formed to exploit it. Later the poor inventor became rich but Goodyear used up every penny in rubber development and he was indebted to the tune of £40,000 when, in 1860—with sulphur-damaged lungs—he died at the age of 60.

Research continues into the further uses to which rubber can be put. What the growers and the chemists and manufacturers of real rubber will be able to do ultimately, we do not yet know. It took a war to make us all realise how big a part rubber plays in modern life.

NEPAL AND BIHAR'S GREATEST EARTHQUAKE

by Arthur Musselwhite

ON the afternoon of January 15 1934, occurred the most devastating earthquake in the recorded history of Nepal. I was in Kathmandu at the time, so I am able to give an eyewitness account of this dramatic event. Kathmandu is the capital of Nepal, the land of the Ranas and the Gurkha soldiers who have served the Indian Empire since the early days of the East Indian Company. Nepal was in complete isolation, no white man being allowed in without the express permission of the Maharaja.

Nepal's territory consists of 55,000 square miles, with a population of five million. It comprises the highest mountains in the world, with the deepest valleys, gouged by rushing rivers in the monsoon. As an independent state it is the last Hindu kingdom in the world. Its history is a mixture of mythology and legend centred round the Nepal valley. Nearby is Patan and the Bodenarth temple to Buddha. Also, Simbunath, the Hindu temple. Here two religions tolerate each other and in many ways combine the theologies of both, yet remain respectively Buddhist and Hindu. No one knows how many Buddhists there are, but at a conservative estimate it could be 500,000,000. All Buddhists revere Nepal, because Buddha was born in 563 B.C. in the garden of Lumbini which has been identified with the village of Rummindei in Nepal.

In the early afternoon, at 2.13 p.m. I was suddenly aroused by a vibration like a storm-tossed sea. The vibrations increased so that I had a sensation of sea-sickness. Across the fertile valley, Kathmandu shuddered as if a giant drill was at work underground. I could see this ancient city of the Gurkhas crumbling and swaying like a drunken man. All around me the houses rocked, chimneys crashed and the bungalow behind me shook as if a terrier dog was shaking a rat. The vibrations continued until the building collapsed. The servants came to me in terror: 'Where shall we go, what can we do, sahib?' I told them to remain in the open, away from any buildings.

Behind me the bungalow was a mass of rubbish; stones, bricks and mortar. Everywhere those terrified Nepalese who had not been trapped in their own houses stumbled into the clearing. They were mostly women and children, because the men were working in the fields. The land swayed and lurched and threw us to the ground, for the shocks were repeated every few minutes. Then came the ear-shattering roar, the awful thunder as if a giant had gone berserk. This was due to tensional effects. The earth's crust was torn apart and rent open.

To the south of Nepal lies the province of Bihar. Here the damage was so intense that it turned an area the size of England, Scotland and Wales into a desert. Here was the centre of the earthquake. This Indian province lies along the Ganges basin, bounded by the United Provinces, now called Uttar Pradesh. On the east is West Bengal. The lateral and vertical

vibrations buckled the railway tracks to form a figure S. All over this vast area the fissuring and faulting was so pronounced as to form drops of seven feet or more. This was a feature of the Japanese earthquake in 1891, the Alaska earthquake of 1899 and San Francisco in 1906.

In Bihar, large quantities of sand were brought up and strewn over the surface. The whole of this province had been a fertile prosperous land of tobacco, food grains, wheat, maise, oil seeds and jute, with a large cattle population. Until the advent of the synthetic dye, this was the land of the Indigo planter, of the early prosperous days of the British Raj.

At Muzaffarpur the slip-faulting was so pronounced as to form terraces or drops in the same way that the land is terraced in mountain areas. At Sitramarhi there occurred miniature volcanoes where sand and water welled up through the fissures. At Darbhanga the devastation meant that the old town had to be completely rebuilt. I was present at the initiation ceremony of restoration and rebuilding initiated by the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, and the Maharaja.

To the south, is the holy river of the Ganges. Here the waters boiled, foamed and roared as the river, thickened by mud, churned and spewed up the silt on the river banks. Fishermen's boats were tossed and dragged from their moorings. The steamer which carries passengers from north Bihar to the main line trains to Calcutta and Bombay was cut adrift so that all communications were severed. This mammoth roll from bank to bank caused an upheaval of mountainous seas which engulfed and flooded the surrounding country and added to the general destruction.

Nepal is a mountainous country, with the Himalayas to the north. Mount Everest can be glimpsed from Kathmandu. All this area of forest and mountain became bowed and torn, as in the wake of an avalanche.

The magnitude of the earthquake as recorded at the International Seismological Centre was 'eight-and-a-half'. This is in excess of the Californian earthquake and a little less than Krakatoa, the worst eruption of modern times. The exact centre was latitude 26 degrees and 86 East longitude. The Greenwich mean time was 08: 43: 18 hours as given by the National Science Foundation.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW
by Rosalind Wade

A Cat with Cream. Walter Winward. Cassell. 30s.; *Ali and Nino*. Kurban Said. Translated by Genia Graman. Hutchinson. 30s. *The War of '39*. Douglas Hayes. Macmillan. 35s.; *Malterverne*. Francois Mauriac. Translated by Jean Stewart. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 35s.; *The Glass Bead Game*. Hermann Hesse. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Jonathan Cape. 60s.; *Lovey Childs. A Philadelphian's Story*. John O'Hara. Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.; *Eagle in the Air*. Rose Robinson. W. H. Allen. 25s.; *Fingers in the Door*. Frank Tuohy. Macmillan. 30s.; *Stay With Me Till Morning*. John Braine. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.; *A Spy in the Family*. Alec Waugh. W. H. Allen. 30s.

Ever since Henry Fielding captivated a developing audience with the exploits of a young man bent on a kind of Rake's Progress towards maturity and common sense, authors from Dickens to de Maupassant have discovered in this universal theme a fascinating basis for their novels. The fashion persists and it is scarcely surprising if in the main batch of important fiction published during the late summer season no less than five are concerned with the adventures of very young men. There, the similarity ceases. Circumstances, style and period contrive to make these novels sharply dissimilar and likely to appeal to widely different audiences. Yet the central core of experience remains the same: the reaction of a sensitive personality to a hostile world.

A Cat with Cream by Walter Winward (Cassell, 30s.) is an aggressive, up to the minute commentary depicting the uglier aspect of present day London life. The author is himself young and has already written two successful novels. He describes his central character, Chris Bramwell, as 'not so much a drop out as a never has been in'. Chris is in a private mental home, following an 'orgy' during which he virtually smashed up his wealthy father's home. A wily psychiatrist persuades him to write out the experience as a necessary contribution to the therapy. The novel which follows is in effect the script of this confessional and follows freely a course of secret thought and imagery. With devastating frankness Chris describes his home life in affluent Bayswater and his excursions into an unattractive area behind Earls Court. The incidents of casual sexual congress between young people who have not so much as looked upon each other's faces add up to a grubby procession of girls and boys desperately attempting and failing to find within such experiences some kind of harbourage or support. Chris, wandering from pub to party without work or an objective is a pathetic figure; although he is the last person in the world to see himself as such. Outwardly, the death of his mother two years earlier seems barely to have touched him; yet his acute sense of loss is conveyed by vicarious means. Portraits which just fall short of caricature are the fabric of this lively, versatile novel in which every incident is conveyed with dynamic energy and wit, thus contriving to put the sorry picture into perspective against the wishes, one might suspect, of the characters themselves.

Very different is *Ali and Nino* by Kurban Said, translated by Genia Graman (Hutchinson, 30s.). The novel is something of a curiosity and its origins are worth noting. Little is known about the author except, as John Wain says in a specially written preface, that 'he has a genius strong enough to jump off the page'. Kurban Said was the pen name of an unidentified Tartar, and the

novel was published in Vienna by a now defunct firm in 1937. Soon afterwards the author fled from his native country when it came under Soviet Rule and settled in Italy, where he died a few years later. After the Second World War Genia Graman discovered a tattered copy of *Ali and Nino* in a Berlin bookshop and began work on a translation. The result is a novel written in a hauntingly evocative style and containing subject matter which could scarcely be more remote from our own times. Ali is a young Mahommedan living with his family in Baku just before the First World War. His country is still a province of Czarist Russia. His chosen bride is Nino, a young Georgian princess who has no trouble in passing school examinations and regards life in London or Paris as her ultimate objective. Their passionate, though unsophisticated courtship takes place against a background of impending war. In addition, blood feuds between the families and religious differences understandably impede the immature romance. Customs and protocol seem more relevant to the twelfth than the twentieth century. A magnificent countryside untouched by urban civilisation springs into view . . . 'I tore at the bridle. The horse reared and raced on. At last the clay huts of the suburbs were behind me. I saw the fields lying peacefully in the moonlight. Melon fields were now on our right, big round fruit looking like lumps of gold . . .'

The cynical and vaguely rebellious narrator of *The War of '39* by Douglas Hayes (Macmillan, 35s.) has little in common with high-minded Ali.

> When the bloody war is over
> Oh, how happy I shall be,
> When I get my civvy clothes on,
> No more soldiering for me. . . .

So goes the ditty hummed up and down the country in that strange autumn of the 'phoney' war; forgotten even by those who lived through it. *The War of '39* is the third of a trilogy and is intended to be read independently from the two foregoing novels, although in fact insufficient information is provided about past happenings and developments. What stands out and needs no amplification is the frustration of men dragged from civilian life into a war machine which was by no means ready either to absorb or make full use of them. Social contrasts in the lean and hungry 'thirties were sharper than is usually remembered. Thus, the transition to military life proved more painful for some than others. The hero of this novel is an actor with literary tastes. He adores all the current films in an age innocent of TV. Not unexpectedly, his sergeant conceives an immediate dislike for him. The dialogue which conveys this conflict is coarse and realistic. An attempt is made through terse economical vignettes to convey the actor's reactions to almost every facet of experience. Yet he is unconvincing as a person who loves poetry and good plays. His encounters with other human beings, whether heterosexual or perverse, fail to reveal him as a human being. Over-presentation of the action somehow omits the filling in of gaps in our understanding and the result is a crude, almost faceless youth about whose problems we care little, if at all.

Yet that the adolescent male may be portrayed as a fallible yet not dislikeable product of society is demonstrated by that supreme exponent of the dark turbulent years of immaturity, the late François Mauriac in his last novel, *Malterverne; un adolescent d'autrefois* translated by Jean Stewart (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 35s.). Mauriac was in his eighty-fifth year when he died a month or so ago. A Nobel prize winner and holder of the *Grand Prix of the Academie Francaise of Literature*, he showed no sign of flagging and had signed a contract for at least one further novel. The period of *Malterverne* is

the turn of the present century and the story concerns young Alain Gargac, heir presumptive to the Malterverne estates.

He is first encountered in late childhood living a seemingly uneventful life amid the forest lands near Bordeaux. But there are strong currents beneath the smooth waters. Alain is resentful of the peasant-like attitude of his conventional and domineering mother and the restrictions of an orthodox Catholic outlook. The most tragic and blundering thing which happens to Alain is the untimely death of his brother . . .

'I shall never forgive myself for having run away without a last sight of my brother. Mother kept guard to prevent me from entering the room. Through the half open door I caught a brief glimpse of displaced furniture and scattered linen, seen by the tremulous glimmer of a night-light . . .'

When Alain reaches manhood he attempts to assert his independence by inviting a young woman to his home for dinner. She rejects the formality of such an occasion and insists upon him supping with her in a sordid riverside cafe. The timidity and inhibition of the boy is daunting, even when seen in the perspective of seventy years. Finally, he migrates to Paris and perhaps for the first time comes fully alive, though still guided by the puritanical teaching of his priest . . . 'I avoid none of the cafes except the Harcourt where one is pestered by seedy, depressed prostitutes . . .'

The crisis comes with his joy that a girl he had been observing smiles at him! Yet the remarkable effect of this muted, pastel-tinted story of frustration and inexperience is that it is never unrealistic and remains nearer to the present truth than a crowd of hippies sleeping rough in Trafalgar Square.

Something of the same minor key controls the message of a complicated symphony of ideas in *The Glass Bead Game* by Hermann Hesse, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Jonathan Cape, 60s.), probably the most important publication of the summer season.

Hesse, the world famous German novelist who later assumed Swiss nationality, was outlawed by his own people for an unpopular brand of pacifism during the First World War. He has frequently been described as a natural disciple of the Swiss author, Gottfried Keller. Hesse's best known novel is *Der Steppenwolf*, mainly for its forceful indictment of the limitations of suburban life. For some readers it is too elusive and diffused with psycho-analytical imagery. Yet the overall message is clear; that Western civilisation will inevitably destroy itself unless the mystic power and logic of the Eastern cultures is re-absorbed.

But for the re-launching of Hermann Hesse on a new generation of readers an even stranger and more difficult work has been selected by the accomplished translators, Richard and Clara Winston. *The Glass Bead Game* of the title is an aesthetic sport played to perfection by a band of scholars in the year 2400. The pursuit of the game involves knowledge of many branches of science and culture, and those who participate lead of necessity a privileged and sequestered life. Many of the values are Eastern in origin. The chief protagonist, young Joseph Knecht, is seen passing through the full course of apprenticeship to the holding of the most exalted office in the 'game'. Obliquely, arguments are presented which Hesse believed would have averted the Second World War. 'My political faith is that of a democrat, my world outlook is that of a individualist . . .' he once said. This is a fair assessment of his point of view; and it continues to make Hesse a compelling and relevant voice today. Like Mauriac, he was awarded the Nobel prize and, in common with the French writer, he specialised in scenes of childhood. In fact, he

believed that childhood was the only period of life which is entirely natural and satisfactory. This is one of many arguable contentions which arise during the reading of this mammoth novel.

And so from the shining, highly romanticised portrait of Joseph Knecht to two very different presentations, this time of the problems of feminine youth. First, *Lovey Childs,* a *Philadelphian's Story* by John O'Hara (Hodder and Stoughton, 30s.). It is difficult to invest a girl's first emotional experience with innocence and unsophistication. Lovey Childs emerges from the first paragraph as a somewhat grubby personality; one who even in the cradle was as old as Time. The celebrated author of *Appointment in Samarra* chose a difficult technique for what was destined to be a posthumus novel. The period is the start of the 'twenties, when pockets of affluence in the United States stood out like awkward excrescences on the general drabness of the depression years. Lovey is wealthy; she goes to exclusive schools and makes friends among people similarly placed. She runs away; stumbles upon her mother's promiscuousness but seems not unduly moved: unless to find an objective for her own semi-crazy way of life. She marries a footballer who is equally wealthy and even more worthless. She leaves him and forms a passionate attachment for another woman. Finally she re-marries, and this time finds permanent happiness. *Lovey Childs* is one of John O'Hara's shortest novels. The characters are seldom fully described, yet contrive to make an immediate impact. Vivid cameos in dialogue have little to connect them or form a coherent narrative. Yet they stimulate the imagination and the extreme economy of style and presentation is amply justified. *Lovey Childs* may not seem quite the right image for the O'Hara swansong, yet it is thought-provoking and very readable.

Not far away as the crow flies yet infinitely removed in period and circumstances is the story of Jeannie Pierce in *Eagles in the Air* by Rose Robinson (W. H. Allen, 25s.). Rose Robinson was born in Chicago, is a graduate of the Art Institute of that City and has been a professional dancer. Like her heroine, she is an American negro, and stands out as one of the few women of her race to achieve distinction as a novelist. *Eagle in the Air* follows a similar pattern to many first novels of outstanding promise: the economical dialogue and unselfconscious ability to come straight to the point without irrelevancies, interspersed with occasions when the motivation of the characters proves to be an unsurmountable obstacle. This is particularly noticeable in the manner of ending Jeannie's first love affair. The girl is a student, thrown out of her university for her part in a 'sit-in'. She arrives penniless at the home of a once adored sister to face a hostile reception. She is turned out of the house after a jealous scene and decides to hitch-hike to the west coast. Through underpopulated, semi-civilised regions, faced with hunger, fatigue and penury she makes her way by lifts from people who vary from kindly do-gooders to the downright criminal. Little good comes of it all yet it is refreshingly authentic and only the proposed 'happy ending' strikes a false note.

And again, young people, their aspirations and frustrations, form the basis of most of the subject matter of Frank Tuohy's latest volume of short stories, *Fingers in the Door* (Macmillan, 30s.). At a time when the serious short story is all but dying for lack of opportunity it is good to come upon such a brilliant and satisfying collection. These stories do not aim to prove anything, nor to persuade the reader to accept any particular point of view, but then life itself seldom leads to a definite conclusion.

If any overall *motif* can be determined it is the passionate requirement for communication between human beings, and the difficulty most people experience in satisfying this need. This is most noticeable in the title story, which concerns a very young girl's absolute inability to behave naturally in her mother's presence, and in *The Palladian Bridge*, an account of the very first dawnings of callow love. Most poignant of all is *The Licence*, where a painfully shy adolescent is obliged to watch a sordidly-minded 'house-keeper' attempt to take over his widowed father's affections. But for humour and shrewd observation, *A Special Relationship*, describing a grim dinner party arranged by a former patient with a hospital ward sister, could scarcely be bettered.

Inevitably, when the problems of youth are exhausted those novelists who have no desire to venture into the realm of factual propagandist backgrounds are tempted to turn their attention to marriage and the family. Such a choice has been made by John Braine for his latest novel *Stay With Me Till Morning* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.) and it strikes a rather disappointing contrast to the dynamic and original *Room at the Top*. There is at the outset the possibility that the young BBC producer, Stephen Belgard, will equal the ambitious social climber of the earlier novel, yet somehow he fails to make the grade. Robina, the intermittent object of his affections, matures at breath-taking speed throughout the close packed narrative, from a voluptuous though virtuous maiden to a married woman for whom life has lost almost all promise of satisfaction. The provincial town of Charlbury in which the characters live out their restricted lives is cleverly presented. This is the 'closed Society', the Priestley country of *Bright Day* and *Blackout in Gretley*, yet with a difference. Running a mill is subject to the implacable law of Union leaders and the hazard of unofficial strikes; the women have washing-up machines and are on the pill. Yet the whole texture of this novel reveals a slightly dated pattern despite the *avant garde* attitude of the parents and their off-spring.

It contains few surprises, which could not be said of Alec Waugh's new novel *A Spy in the Family* (W. H. Allen 30s.), described on the dust jacket as an 'erotic comedy'. Here again the theme is marriage but the situation never aspires to touch reality. Ever since Alec Waugh delighted a sophisticated post-1914 public with *The Loom of Youth* and *Kept* he has maintained his position as one of the most entertaining and compulsive novelists of the last five decades. With an almost irresistible lightness of touch he conveys the pleasures of eating in good restaurants and basking on the Cote d'Azure. His usual subject matter would scarcely relate to the present time yet in his new novel he cleverly adapts his techniques to embrace the new way of life in which *au pair* girls take over from domestic staff and the hostess provides for a dinner party with casserole cooking. But *A Spy in the Family* is not intended as a social commentary of the 'seventies. Early on, a theme of drug-running, blackmail and double agents takes over from the easy blend of heartache and humour we had been expecting, and clearly the author has taken advantage of the general 'permissiveness' to record some fairly startling incidents. It is to some extent a new Alec Waugh and as such he may have to find a new public!

Also received. The Exiles by James Fox (Cassell, 35s.). Excellent and original novel about the fate of exiled governments in England during the war years. *Judith* by Stella Wilchek (Hodder and Stoughton, 42s.). Immensely long documentary novel based on the Biblical story backed by extensive research, although rather too smooth in style and narrative to be really gripping. *The Woods in Winter* by Stella Gibbons (Hodder and Stoughton, 30s.). A nostalgic

'thirties story about some queer characters with a taste for expressing their own individuality. Just when it all seems easy and unsophisticated the skill and shrewdness of this practised author emerges sharply. *Heads* by Edward Stewart (Andre Deutsch, 30s.). The author has much promise and will surely produce something better than this rather crudely told tale of murder and mutilation. *A Visit to Timon* by Rachel Trickett (Constable, 30s.). Erudite and hard to follow account of a don who retreats from public life until one of his former students forces him to face reality. *The Loving Adventures of Jaby* by Rosemary Nichols (Hale 25s.) amusing novella by a newly discovered young author/musician. And from Pan Books a long list of re-issues including many recent successes such as *The Love Beach* by Leslie Thomas and *Where Have all the Flowers Gone* by Joan Alexander, all at 5s.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR IN A PALESTINE SETTING

A Lifetime in Jerusalem. Edwin Samuel. The Memoirs of the Second Viscount Samuel. Vallentine Mitchell. 63s.

'As the eldest son of a very distinguished man, I sometimes felt rather like a sapling growing up in the shadow of a massive oak'—so writes Nebi Samuel about his father, the first Viscount Samuel, O.M. This honest observation occurs in the first chapter of 'A Lifetime in Jerusalem' by Edwin Samuel.

The chapter entitled 'My Father' is a fair specimen and foretaste of the remainder of the book, percipient but pedestrian. If this chapter is read in conjunction with the last chapter 'My Childhood', it becomes evident that Nebi (a nickname given to him, as Second Lieutenant Samuel, when in 1917 he was involved in repelling an attack on a village Nebi Samwil, called after the Prophet Samuel) was deeply influenced by his education and upbringing. He was the victim of a classical education at Westminster School, when he wanted to be an engineer; he never cared for Jewish Orthodoxy, though his parents practised a working compromise; he spent 50 years in Palestine and Israel and in my opinion hewed out for himself a most courageous line of conduct and public service, but always as a Westerner in an Oriental setting. In all these years he has been much helped by his charming sabra wife, Hadassah Grasovsky; their marriage took place at Government House on the Mount of Olives in 1920, when his father was High Commissioner and their two sons were born there. David, the eldest, who went to Balliol, is now a most distinguished scientist at the Weizmann Institute. So much for the background but with this additional comment.

I first met Nebi at Oxford in 1920 when he took a shortened course at Balliol and I well remember the meeting to which he refers in the text, when under the auspices of the Labour Club, of which I was chairman, he and T. E. Lawrence addressed us on Jewish and Arab nationalism. But eleven years later, like so many of my generation, he was awarded a Commonwealth Fellowship at Columbia University, but in his case as a member of the British Colonial Service. I fully understand his remark: 'I feel much at home in the United States generally and much excited by it. To me it is the centre of the modern world; and I have to keep in direct touch with it or I will fall behind.' The year in America gave him a new confidence in himself.

With this additional preparation, and previous practical experience between 1921 and 1931 as a District Officer at Ramallah, Jerusalem and Jaffa under the British Mandate, Nebi consecrated his life to Public Administration. The chapters on Immigration (1934-39), on Imperial Censorship (1939-1945) and

the Palestine Broadcasting Service (1945-1948), where he played important roles I personally find most interesting. These responsibilities, coupled with three years in the High Commissioner's Secretariat and a year in Galilee, gave Nebi a very detailed knowledge of public administration and of Palestine.

In the remaining years 1949-1969 he put this experience to good use, first in helping to train Israel Civil Servants and then in setting up an Institute of Public Administration at the famous Hebrew University. He overcame the handicap of having no Doctorate Degree and continued to lecture on British Institutions and Comparative Government, not only in Israel, but for periods of the year in American Universities. He was fortunate in his father, but also in meeting such men as Sir Wyndham Deedes, Sir Ronald Storrs, Ben Gurion, Sir Arthur Wauchope, of course Chaim Weizmann, and many other well-known personalities who influenced the Mandatory Government in Palestine.

These memoirs are written in a straight-forward style, relieved by a porky sense of humour and amusing anecdotal recollections. Future editions should correct a number of unnecessary typographical errors. The reader must not expect any sensational revelations nor any major contribution to the history of Palestine. He will, however, find an essentially human and often wise account of the trials and tribulations of an administrator during a critical period of Colonial government. It is within my own experience to say that Lord Samuel has, by countless acts of kindness and consideration, sweetened the relations between Britain and Israel. This is no mean achievement.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE INFORMED MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

The Member of Parliament and his Information. Anthony Barker and Michael Rush, for Political and Economic Planning and The Study of Parliament Group. George Allen & Unwin. 72s.

With the future of Parliamentary Select Committees in the balance, it is not surprising that a large and interesting part of a new study on the way information flows to and from Members of Parliament should deal with this controversial subject. The book is based on interviews with over 100 non-Ministerial M.P.s. The purpose of the authors was to discover what influence M.P.s consider they have over Ministers, how they get their information, and how well-informed they themselves feel.

Needless to say, the views on the usefulness of Select Committees vary from Member to Member, and cross party lines. A Conservative Member expresses a typical view: 'They are a waste of time; I don't see the point since they will gather no extra information one doesn't get now in the Chamber itself'. Says another Conservative: 'Let's have everything out in the open'. A Labour Member shares his opinion: 'I strongly favour them, and don't mind if the Agriculture Committee is rather anti-Common Market'. Another Labour Member was less enthusiastic: 'I am not happy unless they have American organisational powers and a seniority rule, since this works against patronage and placemanship'. Quite clearly, despite the enthusiasm shown by Mr. Crossman as Leader of the House when he set up the original specialised committees, most Members are still sceptical of their value. The stormy history of the Select Committee on Agriculture and its clashes with officialdom have convinced many that it was little more than a device for Ministers and Civil Servants to give only as much information as they wanted. Others still see it as the most effective method by which Ministers and Civil Servants can be cross-examined and pressured into revealing the sort of facts which for convenience they would prefer to keep hidden.

The book is a valuable guide to every facet of the working life of an M.P., his relations with his constituency, his views on the party machines, the importance of the Chamber, his relations with Ministers. There is an interesting chapter on information and research services provided by the House of Commons Library, amongst other sources. I have always been full of admiration for the skills of the research staff in the Library, and I find it a little surprising that such a small percentage of Members actually use its facilities in preparing speeches etc.

There is little doubt, however, from the detailed and careful analysis that the authors make, that Members do feel, and are inadequately informed on a whole variety of matters. The book is open-minded on the old argument as to whether full-time M.P.s are any better informed, better Parliamentarians, or more faithful servants of their constituents than those, in the majority, who in fact have an outside job of some kind. All in all, this scholarly work is a useful and informative contribution to understanding the complexities of the Parliamentary system. Whether it says anything new is another question.

ARTHUR DAVIDSON, M.P.

THE FACE OF INJUSTICE

The Sting of Justice. Bernard Lefkowitz and Kenneth G. Gross. W. H. Allen. 63s.

This is a disturbing book. It is a closely focused study of police officers' jumping to the easiest solution, and when the facts do not fit, slipping things in and clipping things out to shape the record of events nearer to their hearts' desire. The case with which it deals is an American double murder, the peculiarly savage killing of two New York career girls—Janice Wylie, daughter of the author, Max Wylie, and niece of the well known novelist, Philip Wylie, and her room-mate, Emily Hoffert—in their Manhattan apartment in August 1963. But the setting is immaterial. The fact that it was an American tragedy —at 3,000 miles remove—does not mitigate the anxiety which it stirs, for one recognises only too uneasily that under certain conditions the police machine can run amok in other places at other times.

The authors, Mr. Lefkowitz and Mr. Gross, are two American journalists, who, in the best crusading tradition, scrutinised the extraordinary and most reprehensible conduct of the New York police in their attempt to pin a homicide charge on an illiterate negro of nineteen, George Whitmore, Jr., whose I.Q. turned out to be only 87—i.e. border line subnormal. The evidence against him was virtually non-existent, yet by the zealous application of psychological pressure the detectives contrived to extract a full and detailed confession from the bewildered youth. They fed incriminating suggestions to him, and persuaded him to play them back to them as facts.

The story is an ugly one, told with skill and a painful vividness, that echoes the fictional 88th-Precinct world of Ed McBain—only this concerns the 73rd Precinct and is, as the Americans say, 'for real'. And in the reality is the horror, for George Whitmore, the square peg, was almost made to fit the police-padded round hole.

The book is long and complex—a serious defect is the lack of an index—and the reader is sometimes lost in the 478-page maze, but there is an infusion of horrifying fascination that compels one to follow each twist and turn to its unbelievable end. George Whitmore is finally exonerated and a grave miscarriage of justice averted. Or is it? For another suspect is rapidly hauled up in the police dragnet. His name is Ricky Robles, and he is

ultimately convicted of the double slaying. But there are still many who entertain serious doubts as to his guilt. So, although the Wylie-Hoffert murder file is officially closed, it is by no means certain that justice has really prevailed. What disturbs is not so much the one-that-got-away aspect—that is presuming that Robles is possibly innocent—but the one-that-nearly-did-not-get-away, George Whitmore. To see, as one sees here, the deliberate and cynical manipulation of a 'victim elect', the police tailoring a suspect to fit the garments of a condemned man, is quite terrifying. The one encouraging thing about the whole sorry business is the fact that this book has been permitted to see the light of print.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THE INFLUENCE OF TELEVISION

The Effects of Television. James Halloran, editor, Panther Books, 10s.

Television has come to hold a dominant position in mass communication. The potential of such a medium for good or evil would seem to be enormous and this present book sets out to review what is known about the influence of television.

The growth trend in television for the last twenty years has been strongly and steadily upwards and virtually all the other media have lost ground by comparison. One omission, however, from the list of media considered is books. The growth of the non-fiction topical paperback may well compensate for the reduction in the amount of detailed, informed comment carried in other media. Mr. Halloran's own book is an example of this.

A television presentation is serial in character with each episode or idea following the preceding one and then disappearing for good. The size and diversity of a television audience makes repetition unpopular. This characteristic is ideal for entertainment, where the aim is to amuse, to stir up simple emotions, to provide some temporary escape from the greater complexities of everyday life, without necessarily adding anything to the stock of ideas or attitudes that people have.

The expectations of most viewers are of entertainment rather than instruction so that the people concerned with the design and presentation of programmes have found that complexity is to be avoided and too much seriousness can be dull. The nature of the medium and the expectations of the audience are perhaps two reasons why the effects of television have not altogether confirmed the fears of its critics or the ambitions of its advocates as far as shaping the behaviour of people in general is concerned.

Neither Mr. Halloran nor the other contributors to his book would necessarily agree that the paragraphs above explain satisfactorily why the effects of television have not always been those predicted. The picture shown by research makes it clear that there is no simple explanation, nor can the effects of television be isolated from other influences in our society.

Television cannot, for example, be used as a scapegoat for the growth of violence in our society. This is not to say that television does not have an effect, but exactly what effect can depend not only on what is shown but how it is perceived and interpreted by the viewers. Halloran says it is reasonable to assume, that as most of us have little personal contact with violence, then television will be one of our main 'teachers' and sources of information of 'how it really is'. For some, it may actually reinforce violent norms.

It is not only the entertainment programmes that need to be considered when looking at the effects of television. News programmes, documentaries and current affairs programmes all display or discuss violence often in a less well-supervised

form. The way news is reported is a source of bias. Four of the factors put forward by Galtung as vital components of news value are discussed by Halloran. Top people and top nations make news. News reporting is person centred, and negative events are preferred to positive events.

'This structure of news reporting or "news values" may mean that certain minority or non-elite groups within any given country may have to engage in "negative" behaviour before they are noticed by the media, or before they are given the opportunity to put their point of view.' We thus have the prospect of violence proving to be almost an accepted method of gaining a hearing.

Dr. Blumler's contribution concerns the political effects of television. In particular he has developed a model of the communication process between politicians, via the media men and the voters. The picture becomes complex due to four major factors; namely, the politicians' desire to use the medium to influence voters, secondly, our insistence that the media should be autonomous, thirdly, the competition between different politicians and, fourthly, the role of the media people as commentators, critics and interpreters rather than just passive links in the communication chain. Dr. Blumler's model is a useful aid in examining the complexities that can arise.

An effect of another kind is that television has established itself as a major form of entertainment. This has affected not only the use made of other media but also other art forms. The cinema in particular has been a victim in this respect. Peter Masson however has concluded that apart from the cinema, television has had little direct effect on the reading and circulation of all forms of press media.

The final section of the book concerns television and education. The introduction of the Open University emphasises the possible impact television may have as an education medium in the future. The serial presentation and ephemeral nature of television does require that it be supplemented by other media and television is unlikely to make the acquisition of knowledge any less an act of will or conscious effort.

Mr Halloran's book is an encouraging sign of the times. The paperback is rapidly becoming a medium in its own right and we have here a factual, balanced, summary of actual research into a subject more prone than most to unsubstantiated comment and criticism. This book, with its excellent lists of references provides a useful corrective.

DAVID FREAN

GEORGE MEREDITH

George Meredith and English Comedy. V. S. Pritchett. Chatto & Windus. 21s.

Mr. V. S. Pritchett brings such a piercing understanding to his study of the 'most perplexing' of the nineteenth century novelists that, as always, he enhances all that he touches. In the last quarter of the century, Meredith moves away from Victorian novels of morality towards psychological observation. 'His people live in their imagination; it gives an ambience to their lives. They dwell in states of mind and heart, personal to them.' His acute perceptions do not arise out of a profound moral concern, and he is not able to originate great themes, but, in our comic and romantic tradition, he is a 'storehouse of ways and means, a fine diagnostician in his field as a poet will be'. Even if the actual theatre of his novels is often artificial, he is constantly forward-looking. Before Shaw, he was a feminist, and in *Diana of the Crossways* he shows us a female egoist putting up a fight in a man's world. He is a most intrusive writer, always buttonholing the reader with idiosyncratic personal commentary. Nor does he scruple to be autobiographical—'a tailor-novelist with a large wardrobe

who is always trying on new jackets in front of the reader'. Thus, in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* Meredith can be seen as a son, and as a father, deserted by his wife, as Meredith was deserted. Finally, Mr. Pritchett shows how the commercial demand for three-volume novels inflated the lyrical prose of the novelist who was first a poet, and then a wit, so that it appears 'difficult'. Where every line and image are intense, even Pre-Raphaelite, the mind and imagination may clog. And yet, surely, the modern reader should not flinch; 'he has been used to cracking images in his teeth like nuts'.

MOLLY TIBBS

A CLASSIC OF MODERN DRAMATISTS

Five Plays. John Mortimer. Methuen. 28s. Paperback edition 12s. 6d.

John Mortimer is a classic of modern dramatists, and this convenient collection of five plays shows the consistency of his style and the tenor of his themes. He belongs to no particular school; he is not so extreme as Ionesco or Pinter, but is certainly never a total realist, however telling his observation of life may be. Combining pathos and comedy, he is never hilariously funny, since his bedraggled worldly failures, showing 'the tottering course of British middle-class attitudes in decline' are too vulnerable and familiar. He works within 'that narrow seam which penetrates to the depths of your past' and, naturally, as a lawyer, turns to the world of *The Dock Brief*, where his gift for showing the elisions and over-lapping of conversation can be seen in this interchange between wretched criminal and feeble barrister. He always implies, without over-stating, depths of psychological suffering: in *What Shall We Tell Caroline?* the daughter escapes from her silent existence only after an exposure of the illusion on which her parents' life is based. In short, Mr. Mortimer is not so comic as he insists, or imagines.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Corridors of Frustration (Johnson, 45s.). Sir William Teeling has written a lively, frank and extremely readable volume of memoirs. His career falls into two parts. The years between going up to Oxford in 1921 and 1944 were spent as a deliberate preparation for a parliamentary career. Looking back, Sir William might agree that they were also the most satisfying. He did an enormous amount of travelling, writing books on public affairs, and carrying out assignments for the government, various public institutions and the Conservative Party. At last elected to Brighton as a Tory member at a wartime by-election in 1944, he continued as a backbench member for Brighton until he retired in 1969. Although an extremely active member, he found Parliament unsatisfying. 'In all the major things I wanted to do I have been frustrated in the Commons'; and the reader wonders why he persevered so long. There is a great deal, of course, of running comment on affairs as they often passed so near him; this perhaps is the main interest of the book. His views also recur on contemporary questions. Sir William is an Irish Roman Catholic by upbringing and still feels 'that Ulster is necessary to be in a United Ireland for the health of the nation' and that 'after a time' the 'horrifying happenings' could be forgotten, possibly in a united Europe, and linked with the Commonwealth. He is unduly alarmist about Germany: 'I believe there will soon be a new and alarming German Movement—a revival that we are not watching sufficiently'. Writing before the General Election, he is sceptical about

the leadership of Edward Heath as Prime Minister; after all, admittedly, he 'rooted' for Maudling in the Conservative Party leadership in 1965.

Whose Land? (Penguin Books, 8s.). This Pelican Original is a valuable 'history of the Peoples of Palestine' by Dr. James Parkes. It is 'to a very large extent based on *A History of Palestine from 135 AD to Modern Times*' first published in 1949. In this volume, Dr. Parkes concentrates 'on the actual peoples who live, or have lived, in the country', and 'has reduced its confused political history to the minimum necessary framework'. Dr. Parkes is, of course, an authority on Jewish history and his sympathies lies with Zionism.

The Second Underwater Book (Pelham Books, 45s.). Kendall McDonald has edited with excellent judgment this new volume on underwater exploration for the British Sub-Aqua Club. It contains twelve contributions by members of the Club, describing their very varied experiences in this growing sport. There is a warm and encouraging Foreword by Lord Mountbatten, himself a diver of great distinction and experience. These articles cover a very wide field, ranging for example from the exploration for sunken cities off the coast of Israel, by Alexander Flinder, the search for H.M.S. *Association* which foundered of the Scillies in 1707 told by Richard Larn, the discovery of treasure from the Dutch East Indiaman *Liefde* which foundered off the Shetlands in 1711 by Lieutenant - Commander Alan Bax R.N., and the moving story of how the great wrecks of H.M.S. *Repulse* and H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, sunk by the Japanese after Pearl Harbour, were traced by Lieutenant - Commander D. P. R. Lermitte and his team. One of the most fascinating articles is 'Diving for the Weather' by Dr. John Woods who discusses the importance of sub-aqua work in tracing currents and water temperatures for the Meteorological Office. The editor has himself contributed a delightful and lightly written account of finding, off the Spanish coast in the Mediterranean, an ancient mill stone, and toys playfully with the theory that it was the quern which was tied around St. Feliu's neck when he was martyred by being flung over a nearby cliff into the sea. This is an absorbing book which will attract a very wide readership. Even the archaeologist should have no fears, for the British Sub-Aqua Club is utterly responsible in all archaeological endeavours.

The Left Book Club (Victor Gollancz, 36s.). This 'historical record' has been written by John Lewis who was Convener of Left Book Club Groups from 1936-40. This was the heyday of the Club formed in May 1936 to provide initially a sound foundation for the publication and dissemination of left wing literature published by Victor Gollancz, the inspirer of the movement. By the outbreak of war, there were 57,000 members and 1,500 'Left Discussion Groups'. It was a remarkable achievement although the period was ripe for left wing propaganda in the wake of depression, the growth of nazism and the inspiration that curiously enough the Soviet Union gave to many elements of the British Left. The Club was quite prepared to forget Soviet autocracy in favour of economic and social developments in that country. Communist support of the Club made impossible official association with the British Labour Party. With the outbreak of war the Club inevitably declined and eventually died in 1946. It is right to publish its history, for the part it played in affecting public opinion in the pre-war years. It is a part of our political history.

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LOVE AMONG THE BRONTES

by Phyllis Bentley

'DID Brontë scholars like Mrs. Gaskell prefer to remain silent or not to dwell on certain subjects?' This question, as applied to Mrs. Gaskell and her presentation of Charlotte Brontë's post-Brussels correspondence with M. Heger, seems at first sight very easy to answer. 'Those letters!' Mrs. Gaskell exclaimed privately and with horror. The extracts from Charlotte's missives which she gave in her biography seem very normal and proper, not erotic and not at all calculated to awaken Victorian alarm. Compare them with the passages she might have quoted, and we shall see that poor Charlotte had, all unconsciously, indeed fallen in love with her master of the Rue d'Isabelle. I translate:

> 'Ah, Monsieur! I once wrote you a letter that was less than reasonable, because sorrow was at my heart; but I shall do so no more—I shall try to be selfish no longer; and even while I look upon your letters as one of the greatest felicities known to me . . . (July 24, 1844). Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams, in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me. . . . If my master withdraws his friendship from me entirely I shall be altogether without hope . . . (January 9, 1845). To forbid me to write to you, to refuse to answer me would be to tear from me my only joy on earth. . . . When day by day I await a letter and when day by day disappointment comes . . . I lose appetite and sleep — I pine away. (November 18, 1845)'

But when we investigate the matter more closely we find that though Charlotte's love was undeniable, Mrs. Gaskell may *perhaps* be acquitted of intent to conceal. We find that when Mrs. Gaskell visited the Pensionnat Heger in person in 1856, Madame Heger refused to see her—probably irritated by the pirated French edition of *Villette*, containing M. Paul Emanuel, that close fictitious portrait of M. Heger, which had recently appeared. M. Heger however received Mrs. Gaskell, and they liked and respected each other; later M. Heger sent Mrs. Gaskell, at her request, some specimens of Emily's and Charlotte's essays in French, and also 'some extracts of the letters which Mlle. Charlotte has written to me.'

These extracts, the only actual texts of the letters then available for Mrs. Gaskell's quotation — for Charlotte's letters were not presented to the British Museum by M. Heger's son till 1913 — were no doubt carefully chosen to be innocuous. The portraits of M. Heger at first reproduced in England show him as in middle life or (chiefly) as a venerable old professor, whereas during Charlotte's stay in Brussels he was a young man of 33, only seven years older than the passionate girl from Haworth. But we do not know whether this ageing was an intentional attempt at concealment.

Charlotte had three proposals of marriage, and two approaches which might have become proposals but did not. One was from an Irish curate, Mr. James Bryce, who accompanied his vicar one day to take tea with Mr. Brontë, and sent her a proposal of matrimony a few days later. Another was from the Rev. Henry Nussey, the brother of her great friend Ellen— this tempted her because of Ellen, but she decided she could not feel towards Henry as a woman should to her husband, and she returned a 'decided negative'. The third was from the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, her father's Irish curate, whom, after a tough struggle with Mr. Brontë, she presently married. At one time her publisher, lively George Smith, invited her hither and thither to such a point that Ellen Nussey began to talk 'nonsense' about 'Jupiter and Venus', and Charlotte rather sadly replied that if there were no barriers of age and fortune, and men and women married because they liked each other's nature, things might be different; but as it was — well, as it was, George Smith confessed to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, nearly fifty years later, that he believed his mother had been alarmed about the matter at one time, but eventually he married a very *petite*, pretty girl, just as Dr. Bretton married Paulina Home in *Villette*. Some months later a minor character in the Smith Elder firm, James Taylor, called at Haworth on his way from Scotland, and it seems clear that Charlotte expected a proposal. But when he came, 'my veins ran ice.' No doubt she chilled him, and the proposal was not made.

It is evident that Charlotte, though not beautiful, had considerable attraction.

Of Branwell Brontë's infatuation for Mrs. Robinson, the wife of his employer at Thorp Green, and her infatuation for him, we have heard a great deal. But how much of this dark affair as at present narrated is true, it is impossible to discover. We know that Anne was governess to the Robinson girls, and Branwell tutor to the Robinson boy, Edmund. We know that Anne left her employment somewhat suddenly — we are told that this was because one of the girls was planning an elopement with an actor (which she afterwards carried out) and that Anne could no longer accept responsibility for her in the prevailing atmosphere of deception. Was this true? The elopement, yes. For the rest, we don't know. Branwell says, and his sisters perhaps believed, that he loved Mrs. Robinson, that she loved him, that the Rev. Mr. Robinson, who in spite of his 'reverend' was and behaved as a country squire, discovered their love and sacked Branwell. Money was sent after him to Haworth by the hand of the coachman, Mr. Robinson wrote him an excoriating letter, and made a will

forbidding Mrs. Robinson to marry Branwell. He was sacked? Yes. Money sent? Yes. By whom? We don't know. Will made? No. The will contains no such proviso. Branwell was a terrible liar — we will come to that in a moment — and I personally don't believe a word of Mrs. Robinson's infatuation. Branwell probably just made it up, to conceal what he thought Haworth might consider a worse crime. What? Unknown. But we might guess. Edmund Robinson was accidentally drowned *unmarried*, at the age of 37, in 1869.

Nothing is recorded of any love affair for Emily. An American writer has suggested, basing this on the love of Cathy Earnshaw for Heathcliff, that Emily may have been attracted by some neighbouring farmer's lad, illiterate but powerful, whom she encountered on her walks across the moors. There is no scrap of evidence to support this. She may have encountered such a lad: or she may not. If she knew one such, she may have loved him or she may not. A powerful creative genius like Emily does not need realistic details to enable her to understand and portray the terrible conceptions of love felt by Heathcliff and Cathy.

It was left for dear, gentle Anne to suffer a love perfectly conventional, probably unrequited, which quietly, gently but certainly broke her heart. The object of this love was one of Mr. Brontë's curates, William Weightman, who came to Haworth in 1839, 'handsome, clean, prepossessing, good-humoured young man', as Charlotte describes him. A good classical scholar with a Durham degree, he was something of a lady-killer, and left a trail of yearning young ladies behind him. He sent the three Brontë girls Valentines, impressed Ellen Nussey, gave a lecture in Keighley and walked them home. Here he is in Church, as Charlotte sees him.

> 'He sits opposite to Anne at Church sighing softly and looking out of the corners of his eyes to win her attention — and Anne is so quiet, her look so downcast, they are a picture.'

But the cheerful young man died within three years, and Anne records in poems her grief for his sunny smile and 'soul so near divine'. She concealed her love, as was proper in that Victorian era. So much so indeed that Weightman facetiously gave Emily the nickname of The Major, because it is said she insisted on accompanying Ellen Nussey as chaperon, when she walked the moors alone with the young curate. But was it really Ellen Nussey whom Emily wished to chaperon? My guess it that it was Anne.

Far more interesting perhaps to the modern mind than these outward love affairs is the Brontës' feeling towards each other. A good deal of legend has sprung up here and needs to be cleared away.

First, how did the Brontës feel towards their father?

There is little direct evidence on this subject; after all, one may talk angrily about one's parents, but rarely write one's vexation plainly, even to intimate friends. Still, some pointers emerge.

Mr. Brontë was a Victorian parent, that is to say, he regarded himself as the head of the family, the supreme authority in the Parsonage, who expected absolute obedience. Mary Taylor, Charlotte's school friend, wrote

to Ellen Nussey after Charlotte's death that she could never think without gloomy anger of Charlotte's sacrifices to the selfish old man. On the other hand, Ellen Nussey on her first visit to the Parsonage in 1833 found Mr. Brontë 'very venerable', with a tone of high-bred courtesy. He was then considered somewhat of an invalid, with a liability to bronchial attacks, and lived in the most abstemious and simple manner. Aunt Branwell was then alive and, says Ellen, could be very lively and tilt arguments against Mr. Brontë 'without fear' — a couple of words which perhaps reveal unintentionally the family's general attitude. Mrs. Gaskell mentions his stern eyes. The villagers of Haworth liked and admired Mr. Brontë; he was a tall, strongly built man, fine looking, a B.A. of Cambridge University, a good preacher, an excellent raconteur; proud, kept himself to himself and understood that others wished to do the same; not afraid of anybody, whether strong in the arm or in the head; a hard worker in parish affairs, a man of firm religious views, never in debt, a man of absolute integrity.

In my opinion, Charlotte had a strong veneration and even love for her father in the early part of her life. Her dominant heroes, Mr. Rochester, Paul Emanuel and Robert Gerard Moore, owe much to him. In later life, when he revealed to her the ignoble, selfish side of his nature, she was particularly enraged because this gave her idol feet of clay. It is possible that M. Heger, a man of real intellectual brilliance, who without trying to do so ruled a school, began an awkward comparison in Charlotte's mind with her father. Mr. Brontë insisted on her going to stay with Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth and his wife, for snobbish reasons. We cannot be too grateful to him for this, since it was at the Kay-Shuttleworths' Windermere home that she met Mrs. Gaskell, but we can understand Charlotte's irritation; Sir James was a bore. Mr. Brontë objected to Mr. Nicholls' proposal on snobbish grounds. Charlotte, who was irritated by Mr. Nicholls for other reasons, was 'almost sickened' to find her rejection supported by such wanton antipathy. 'Compassion or relenting is no more to be looked for from Papa than sap from firewood . . . I dare not mention Mr. Nicholls' name to him.' When at last, later, she ventured to tell Papa of her correspondence with Nicholls;—'It was very hard and rough work at the time.'

Mr. Brontë taught Branwell. The boy was bright, even brilliant, at his lessons; that he learned Latin well is shown by his admirable translations from Horace. Probably, therefore, he regarded his father as a feared but at times indulgent teacher.

Emily, whose eyes viewed the universe without faltering, probably took a fairly realistic view of her father. She shows little respect for old Mr. Earnshaw or old Mr. Linton in *Wuthering Heights*, and Catherine's relations with her father in that book are not uniformly affectionate. 'Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy?' mourns Mr. Earnshaw once when Catherine sits calm and quiet at his knee. I think that Emily and Mr. Brontë were pretty much of a match in will-power when it came to the crunch; so when left alone, Charlotte in Brussels, Branwell and Anne at the Robinsons', they did not cross each other.

Anne was too religious in a conforming mode to experience any but conventional feelings towards her father. It is worth noting that no dominant fathers figure in either *Agnes Grey* or *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.*

Next, how did the three Brontë girls regard their brother?

It must be remembered that once there had been five Brontë sisters. Maria (born 1813) and Elizabeth (born 1815) perished young, their tendency to tuberculosis accentuated by the rigours of the Cowan Bridge school. Of Elizabeth we know almost nothing, but Maria was apparently a most intelligent, feeling, religious child, with whom her father was able to consult. At one time it was believed that Branwell's unpublished poem *Caroline* referred to Maria, and that he deeply loved her, but later research may have proved this a mistaken attribution.

In his teens Branwell was admired and even adored by his sisters. He was a brilliant talker, he played the organ, he painted, he wrote with facility, he read Latin. On him and his coming distinction the family's hopes were fixed. Charlotte in particular almost worshipped him. 'To you I address myself, as to you I have most to say.' Charlotte and Branwell shared the dream world of Great Glass Town, and still shared the dream world when the Duke of Zamorna became the king of Angria. Branwell invented the character of Rogue, who became that wicked prime minister, 'bright with beauty, dark with crime,' Northangerland. The modern reader will observe how much better a writer Charlotte is than her brother. Charlotte's characters are flesh and blood, passionately created; while Branwell details the instruments in the band celebrating Zamorna's coronation, Charlotte tells the tragic tale of Zamorna's mistress, Mina Laury.

Unfortunately Branwell did not fulfil his bright promise, and quite early in his life we begin to see why.

In 1834 — Branwell is 17, Charlotte 18 — Charlotte in *My Angria and the Angrians* tells how Zamorna and many noble Angrians leave Great Glass Town to go to Angria. Lord Charles Wellesley, Zamorna's younger brother, is one of these, and as he journeys along the road, he overtakes Patrick Benjamin Wiggins, who by his carroty hair and other traits is Patrick Branwell Brontë. Wiggins boasts of his walking powers, enters an inn where he takes tea and bread-and-butter, emerges and boasts of the ale, porter and cold beef he has devoured, and is very rude about his three sisters. 'I knew Wiggins' style of exaggeration,' remarks Lord Charles. So Charlotte already knew her brother's capacity for lying.

Branwell visits London, intending to study painting at the Royal Academy Schools, and returns at once, pretending that his money had been stolen. Branwell writes insolent letters to poets and editors; Branwell starts a studio in Bradford, which of course does not pay; Branwell becomes a tutor in Broughton-in-Furness, but is soon dismissed. Branwell becomes a railway clerk at two tiny stations, but is dismissed. Branwell becomes a tutor with the Robinsons, at Thorp Green, and is soon dismissed with contumely.

Now at last Charlotte turns against him. It must be remembered that the Mrs. Robinson fuss was peculiarly bitter to Charlotte. Partly, no doubt, she felt sheer jealousy that her brother should turn from her to another woman.

Partly she felt anger. She loved M. Heger, and concealed her love though it ate out her heart; then Branwell thought he loved some stupid woman, and wept and lay in bed!

Anne showed what she felt about Branwell in that sad little poem: *Domestic Peace*, and her portrayal of a drunkard, Arthur Huntingdon, in *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Charlotte thought the theme of this novel a mistake, and was grieved by Anne's distress as she pursued it. But in fact it is a very fine novel; Huntingdon's brandy-and-water breakfasts, the thick rich curls which clothe the depression in his skull, his deterioration, at first gradual then swift, have been observed in every wretched detail and recorded with devastating accuracy.

A tradition has grown that Emily was especially attached to Branwell, but I personally do not see evidence for its origin. Emily once remarked, when Charlotte and Ellen Nussey were speaking of Branwell: 'He is a hopeless being.' Her only other reference to her brother—if it is indeed a reference to him and not merely to a Gondalian—occurs in her famous poem:

'Well, some may hate, and some may scorn
And some may quite forget thy name;
But my sad heart must ever mourn
Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame!
'Twas thus I thought, an hour ago . . .
Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,
The slave of Falsehood, Pride and Pain —
My heart has nought akin to thine;
Thy soul is powerless over mine.'

She goes on to express compassion for this unhappy being. Compassion for Branwell, yes, but falsehood, vanity and pride are the faults most likely to alienate the love of a noble nature.

What did the sisters feel for each other? Charlotte regarded her younger sisters with an immense protectiveness in which I think there was no sexual element. Anne, very innocent, loved Charlotte very dutifully, but Emily, with deep adoring all-pervading tenderness. Emily loved Charlotte of course, but sometimes resented her elder-sister care, sometimes felt a kind of pity for her consuming ambition. Anne she loved and this love was reciprocated. They shared their dream-world, Gondal, together.

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LORD BURGHLEY: THE RELEVANCE OF A GREAT ELIZABETHAN TODAY

by A. L. Rowse

OF all the great Elizabethans, from whom has modern Britain most to learn? Which of them affords the example, has the message, that England in her present circumstances most needs? Which has most relevance to our situation today?

No doubt Elizabeth I herself has much to offer and would have plenty to say. We could do with her prudent caution, her refusal to be taken in by the appearance of things. In the conduct of foreign affairs, which determines the safety of the state, we could learn from the way she threaded her course through many crises, content with small gains, gradually building up a position that was too securely based to be overthrown. Above all was her realism, the close scrutiny she gave to the real resources of her small country, her constant effort to keep the strain put upon them by the demands of foreign policy, of dependents for support, within bounds. She knew better than to go beyond what the country could afford. A wise, tolerant, humane woman, she was never the victim of liberal illusions.

The running sore of modern Britain is her continued economic weakness, what people abroad call 'the English sickness': the constant strikes, the public and private waste, the refusal to save, the determination to consume and spend. In consequence, low productivity, a constant fall in the value of money, a perpetual strain on the balance of payments, the fever of inflation. It is a country living in a fool's paradise.

It is for this reason that, when asked which of the Elizabethans has most to offer us today, I should reply—Lord Burghley. For this was the area in which he set us so successful an example, guiding the country on consistent lines for forty years. In this particular field, the economic health of the state, it is his concern with the foundations of a country's strength and well-being, with its long-term interests, rather than short-term satisfactions, that we could do with today.

Neither Elizabeth nor Burghley chose to live in a world of illusion, footling along while the heart-strings of the country were being eaten away.

Though Burghley's attitude in these matters was a paternal one, we must not over-emphasise the element of control in it. Burghley was not out to run industries directly: he was out to encourage, help new industries to get started, give them the most propitious circumstances he could, and bring into the country the most suitable men to start them. He laid down the general frame-work of economic policy; he did not intervene in the actual running of industry. That he left to the people whose business it was; if they acted flagrantly against the public interest, he cracked down on them.

It was a precarious situation that Elizabeth took over from Mary Tudor: a small country of only five million people—half the population of the London area today—divided over religion; defeated abroad, having lost its

last continental possession in Calais; with the Treasury empty, ill-armed and dependent on foreign supplies of armaments.

That had first to be rectified. Lands of the bishops and their first-fruits, i.e. the first year's revenues of their sees, which the devout Mary had sentimentally restored to the Church, were taken back by the Crown. We find the Secretary retrenching the expenses of the royal Household, even cutting down the number of dishes served at table. By one means or another, money was got together to purchase armaments abroad. The French were driven out of Scotland; peace was made: the first corner turned. At the same time, the currency was restored to a sound basis, by the Recoinage in the first years of the reign—the necessary foundation of its lasting achievements. The restoration of the value of the pound was the basis of a successful finance policy. In consequence, the rate of interest Elizabeth had to pay on her loans was several points lower than for many years; she never had difficulty in raising loans or in meeting her obligations; the exchange rate of sterling appreciated more than 50 per cent compared with the lowest it had reached in Edward VI's reign.

The critical circumstances of those first years successfully surmounted, Burghley looked for more permanent solutions. He did not relish depending upon foreign sources for armaments: he wanted self-sufficiency in a matter so fundamental to the nation's security. But England was behind-hand in the technical advances made by the Renaissance abroad. We had no brass industry; little copper was mined and not much gunpowder made. Licences were given to dig for saltpetre; a patent was granted for making sulphur, a monopoly for the manufacture of gunpowder. Cecil took close personal interest in the search for minerals at home and brought in German experts to conduct it. His efforts were rewarded by the discovery of calamine—the ore necessary to mix with copper to make brass. He was similarly interested in the search for copper, especially in the mining operations of Höchstetter in Cumberland. In the end, copper was successfully extracted; a battery works set up. By the end of the reign, from being an importer, England became the chief exporter of cannon in Europe.

Again Burghley was keen to develop our own resources in making salt, for which we had been dependent on France; by the end of the reign production had increased so greatly as to supply the home-market. He encouraged the highly selective immigration of foreign experts with technical knowledge, manufacturers of the new draperies with their own capital and higher skill than native workers, the introducers of new trades and techniques to promote the country's productivity.

He gave consistent support to the immigration of Huguenot craftsmen into the country, victims of persecution and the religious wars abroad. In their thousands they flocked into the asylum of sense and moderation afforded by Elizabeth's England: no less than 4,000 into Norwich alone—they made it the second industrial city of the realm. Many thousands more crowded into London, bringing their trades with them—goldsmiths, jewellers, tailors, paper-makers, glass-makers, booksellers, printers, publishers. Flemish weavers were settled at Maidstone, where they introduced the

thread-manufacture, at Sandwich and Ipswich where they made sail-cloth, at Canterbury, where a musty chapel in the cathedral still perpetuates their fustian services. Colchester, a decaying town, was given a new lease of life by them. They introduced the 'new draperies'—lighter, more variegated and popular fabrics—and added these not only to home-consumption but to the export market: cloth still constituted the bulk of the export trade. Nor was their contribution solely a material one: Dekker the dramatist and Deloney the novelist came from such stock. These were all desirable immigrants, adding to the country's real resources, materially and culturally.

From the beginning of the reign Burghley concerned himself with the fisheries. From every point of view they were to be supported: they helped to pay for imports, the export of fish brought in bullion; the fisheries were the chief nursery of mariners, the foundation of the fleet. To provide as large an internal market for fish as possible, he added another fish-day to the week. There were already two—Friday and Saturday; he insisted on another—Wednesday. It was very unpopular with Parliament—the measure fell chiefly on the upper and middle classes, for the poor ate little meat anyway. But he got it accepted by Parliament: with some grumbling they made the sacrifice for the sake of maritime power.

It was officially calculated that there would be a saving of 67,500 cattle a year if London oberved all the fish-days. But there is no doubt about the increase in the number of fishing vessels and mariners. The towns of the east coast certified in 1576 that in the dozen years since the passing of the Act, fishing barks of 10 to 30 tons had increased by 140, 'and if the said law had not been made, so many in number or rather more would have been decayed within this realm.' And so on, all round the coasts. The increase in the number of merchant ships was even more considerable. The fleet was never held up for want of sailors throughout the long war with Spain.

In his concern with economic detail, Burghley is thinking all the time of the country's real material resources and developing them. Though he did not favour luxury trades, he backed the voyages of the seamen—such of them as were not an open challenge to a conflict with Spain. Historians have noted the striking contrast English policy in Burghley's hands affords with that of Philip's Spain: the nourishing of the nation's own resources and the development of real wealth, as opposed to an unbalanced dependence upon American silver and a shrinkage of industry and work at home. The one led to the England of the Industrial Revolution, 'the workshop of the world', and the other to Spain's decline.

Burghley was an economic nationalist, and that was not much appreciated in the Victorian age, when our interests required an attitude of *laissez faire* and free-trade. In Burghley's measures we have an early example of the methods by which a backward country catches up in industrial development and builds up its own resources. A favourable balance of trade was a crucial matter in this, besides being a fair barometer of economic health. Lord Burghley kept a watchful eye on the balance of trade. 'It is manifest,' he said, 'that nothing robbeth the realm of England but when more merchandise is brought into the realm than is carried forth,' and the balance

'must be paid with money.' The remedy for it, he said, was 'by all policies to abridge the use of such foreign commodities as be not necessary for us.' He specified particularly the import of wine, spices and silks. To pay for wine currency is withdrawn from the realm, and the drinking of wine 'diminisheth the use of ale and beer, and consequently decayeth tillage for grain: which of all labours in the realm should be favoured, and cherished and preferred before such an unnecessary foreign commodity as wine is.' This was self-evident to Burghley, for tillage meant manpower, a larger population on the soil: again we are back at his unsleeping concern for the nation's real strength. We have reason enough to appreciate the relevance of that today, economically enfeebled as we are in the world, a second-rate power bent on becoming a third-rate one.

Burghley's words imply another criterion—that of the necessity in degrees of production and consumption to the country's well-being. He concentrated on the productive: he had even less use for the non-productive than we had during the war, for he did not care greatly even for literature or the arts. The only literature he supported was improving literature, the only arts the useful arts—architecture and gardening, introducing new plants. He carried his principles consistently into the realm of finance, and even into the royal household. He did not hesitate to cut down the Queen's sackbut players for the sake of economy. Players were a very idle sort of people. (Perhaps Shakespeare did mean to portray some of the old statesman's characteristics in Polonius.) As for poets, he preferred a dead poet to a living one: he docked the Queen's generous grant of a pension to Spenser by a half.

We need not go all the way with Lord Burghley, but consider what his economies and his careful scrutiny of every item of expenditure achieved for Elizabethan England. Within a few years he was able to pay off the debts the Queen's government had inherited, meet current expenditure out of ordinary revenue, and sometimes even emergency demands, and to build up a considerable surplus. As the result of his watchful scrutiny, there was a steady increase in the revenues all through his time. There was a notable increase in the revenues from customs, partly from the expansion of trade, which his measures had fostered; partly from increased efficiency of administration and the higher standards of honesty he was able to secure. Throughout his life we waged an unceasing struggle to control public expenditure. The difference may be seen when he and the Queen were dead: the Stuarts very soon got into chronic financial difficulties.

During the dozen years between the crisis of 1572 and the outbreak of war with Spain, Burghley managed to accumulate a considerable reserve. When the war broke out, the government had £300,000 salted away in the Tower—a sum equal to about two years' revenue. I do not think, considering the expansion of trade, that this rate of saving had a deleterious effect on the nation's economy; while for the carrying on of the war, it gave an essential margin of safety. The course of the war showed that, for all the treasure of America, Spain could not stand the financial strain of the war as well as the smaller, but more efficient, economy of England. Sir John Neale sums up by saying that 'Finance was the key to the success of Elizabeth's govern-

ment.' Philip II's government twice went bankrupt.

All the same, as the war dragged on for two decades, it became a strain on the resources of a small people. Burghley was acutely aware of the losses to the merchant and trading classes, and the way taxation fell hardest on poor people. Elizabethans had no sympathy with the idle and the slack; they believed in initiative and rewarded incentive. The Armada was hardly out of the Channel before the Lord Treasurer analysed the principles which he considered should guide policy: 'To spend in time convenient is wisdom. To continue charges without needful cause bringeth repentance. To hold on charges without knowledge of the certainty thereof and of means to support them is lack of wisdom.'

For all the obviousness of these Polonius-like platitudes, they go to the heart of the matter. Very often the truth about matters that have become complex and confused is essentially simple. So many people in Britain today have lost sight of such elementary facts as that you can't increase consumption all round unless you increase production also. There has been a vast extension of social services and social expenditure since the war; there has been no such comparable expansion in productivity. We have already experienced the erosion of our position in the world, built up by past generations of hard work and industrial skill, of trading enterprise, of foresight and initiative going back to the Elizabethans. That was the beginning of the past three centuries' wonderful record for a small country.

Lord Burghley was no genius, unlike Keynes (of whom we have had too much), though he was an incomparable servant of the state, and he worked on a firmer foundation. We have more to learn from him. For the present circumstances of Britain approximate more to the precarious and competitive chances of Elizabethan England than they do to the comfortable industrial lead we enjoyed in the Victorian Age.

[A. L. Rowse is the author of *Tudor Cornwall* (1941), *The Elizabethans and America* (1959), *William Shakespeare: a biography* (1963).]

THE VERMIN OF THE AIR: IS THEIR SUMMARY DESTRUCTION IN LAW JUSTIFIED?

by Hugh Shepherd

'force of his own merit makes his way . . .'

IN these terms may the vermin of the air and their counterparts, the political kidnappers, console themselves as they go about their nefarious business. I refer to the custom of preying upon the innocent to gain narrow political and personal ends. The hijackers and the kidnappers are with us; international authority is desperately attempting to find a remedy. Both are holding, almost literally, decent society to ransom. Both threaten to spark off the conflagration which might decimate Western civilisation. To each there must be an appropriate *riposte*.

What has already been done in the United Kingdom?

> 'In ARCHBOLD'S CRIMINAL PLEADING (28th Edn., 1931) will be found a full conspectus of the various statutes on piracy which have been from time to time passed in this country defining the offence in various ways and creating new forms of offence as coming within the general term piracy. These, however, are immaterial for the purpose of the case because it must always be remembered that the matter under present discussion is not what is piracy under any municipal Act of any particular country, but what is piracy *jure gentium*. When it is sought to be contended, as it was in the case, that armed men sailing the seas on board a vessel without any commission from any State, could attack and kill everybody on board another vessel sailing under a national flag without committing the crime of piracy unless they stole, say, an article worth sixpence, their Lordships are almost tempted to say that a little common sense is a valuable quality in the interpretation of international law.'

In these words Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, in the case consulted by law students as the Case of Piracy Jure Gentium (1934, All England Reports Reprint, page 507) referred to the appropriate extract from the standard work on Criminal Law and Practice. Archbold has now reached its 37th edition and much water has flowed beneath piratical bridges (and air under pirate-bearing aircraft) since then. But the judgment stands as a model of what the common law permits, and even envisages—the total extermination of the vermin summarily as and when occasion permits. The recent capture of a girl caught in the piratical act of destroying an El Al airliner arouses pitiful emotions of charity and self-condemnation in many a breast. These are the emotions which may bring down a civilisation in utter ruin. Let us examine the fact of recent legislative history so far as this kingdom is concerned:

On September 14, 1963, the United Kingdom signed the Convention of Offences and certain other Acts committed on board Aircraft (Cmnd. 2261) and the act was ratified by the Tokyo Convention Act 1967; and by S.I. 1968 No. 469, the Act was brought into force in the United Kingdom (and by a later order also in certain overseas territories, i.e., the Isle of Man and

the Channel Islands) as from April 1, 1968; but s.2, regarding extradition, was not brought into force until as recently as December 4, 1969. See the Tokyo Convention Act 1967 (Commencement No. 2) Order 1969 (1969. No. 1688 (C53).

The facts, if applied to aircraft, are seen to be amply covered. It will be noted that depredation is the touch-stone rather than mere deprivation. See for example the matters in the Schedule relating to the Geneva Convention on the High Seas 1958 (Arts. 15-17) treated as of the law of nations (*de jure gentium*) now applied to the air. But the issue of jurisdiction is of the essence of the matter. As will be seen in the cases cited, a fastidious regard to one's area of jurisdiction could ruin everything; the rogue and the hi-jacker thrive on, or believe they thrive on, any uncertainties of the criminal international code. So with the nature of the punishment which might be 'awarded', desperate men will continue to take chances when it seems uncertain whether they will be treated as *hostes humanis generis*.

The hi-jackers who took Tsombe from a British-routed aircraft to Algeria, where he died in captivity two years later in circumstances which have never been satisfactorily explained, are a case in point. No doubt the hi-jackers received their reward and are free to do more piracy elsewhere, if the rewards compensate for the relative risks.

It is suggested that the law-makers, if they wish to rewrite the law, should not attempt to draw the boundaries of municipal jurisdictions too nicely.

The facts of what occurred in waters near Hong Kong about 40 years ago are described thus by the learned Lord Chancellor:—

> 'On Jan. 4, 1931, on the high seas, a number of armed Chinese nationals were cruising in two Chinese junks. They pursued and attacked a cargo junk which was also a Chinese vessel. The master of the cargo junk attempted to escape, and a chase ensued during which the pursuers came within 100 yards of the cargo junk. The chase continued for over half an hour, during which shots were fired by the attacking party, and while it was still proceeding, the steamship *Hang Sang* approached and subsequently also the steamship *Shui Chow*. The officers in command of these merchant vessels intervened and through their agency the pursuers were eventually taken in charge by the commander of H.M.S. *Somme*, which had arrived in consequence of a report made by wireless. They were brought as prisoners to Hong Kong and indicted for the crime of piracy. The jury found them Guilty subject to the following question of law: "Whether an accused person may be convicted of piracy in circumstances where no robbery has occurred." The Full Court of Hong Kong on further consideration came to the conclusion that robbery was necessary to support a conviction of piracy and in the result the accused were acquitted.'

The acquittal was not up for review: only the principle; and thus the Lord Chancellor, sitting as President of the judicial Committee of the Privy Council, set out their duty as follows:

> 'Upon Nov. 10, 1933, His Majesty in Council made the following order: "The question whether actual robbery is an essential element of the crime of piracy *jure gentium* or whether a frustrated attempt to commit a piratical robbery is not equally piracy *jure gentium* is referred to the Judicial Committee for their hearing and consideration."
>
> It is to this question that their Lordships have applied themselves, and they think it will be convenient to give their answer at once and then to make some further observations upon the matter. The answer is as follows:

"Actual robbery is not an essential element in the crime of piracy *jure gentium*. A frustrated attempt to commit a piratical robbery is equally piracy *jure gentium*."'

In considering such a question, the Board is permitted to consult and act upon a wider range of authority than that which it examines when the question for determination is one of municipal law only. The sources from which international law is derived include treaties between various States, State papers, municipal Acts of Parliament and the decisions of municipal courts, and last, but not least, opinions of jurisconsultants or textbook writers. It is a process of inductive reasoning. 'It must be remembered that in the strict sense international law still has no legislature, no executive and no judiciary, though in a certain sense there is now an international judiciary in the Hague Tribunal and attempts are being made by the League of Nations to draw up codes of international law.' Speaking generally, in embarking upon international law, their Lordships are to a great extent in the realm of opinion and in estimating the value of opinion it is permissible not only to give a consensus of views, but to select what appear to be the better views upon the question.

With regard to crimes as defined by international law, that law has no means of trying or punishing them. The recognition of them as constituting crimes and the trial and punishment of the criminals are left to the municipal law of each country.

As the report goes on:

'Their Lordships have been referred to a very large number of Acts of Parliament, decided cases and opinions of jurisconsults or textbook writers, some of which lend colour to the contention that robbery is a necessary ingredient of piracy, others to the opposite contention. Their Lordships do not propose to comment on all of them, but it will be convenient to begin the present discussion by referring to the Act of Henry 8, c.15, in the year 1536, which was entitled "An Act for the punishment of pirates and robbers of the sea" Before that Act, the jurisdiction over pirates was exercised by the High Court of Admiralty in England and that court administered the civil law. The civilians, however, had found themselves handicapped by some of their canons of procedure, as for example, that a man could not be found Guilty unless he either confessed or was proved Guilty by two witnesses. The Act recites the deficiency of the Admiralty jurisdiction in the trial of offences according to the civil law and after referring to "all treasons, felonies, robberies, murders and confederacies hereafter to be committed in or upon the sea, etc." (it is not necessary to set out the whole of it), proceeds to act that all offences committed at sea, etc., shall be tried according to the common law under the King's Commission to be directed to the Admiralty and others within the realm.'

Many of the doubts and difficulties inherent in considering subsequent definitions of piracy are probably due to a misapprehension of that Act. It has been thought, for example, that nothing could be piracy unless it amounted to a felony as distinguished from a misdemeanour, and that, as an attempt to commit a crime was only a misdemeanour at common law, an attempt to commit piracy could not constitute the crime of piracy because piracy is a felony as distinguished from a misdemeanour. This mistaken idea proceeds upon a misapprehension of the Act. In *Coke's Institutes* (1553-1634), Part III, Edn. 1809, after a discussion on felonies, robberies, murders and confederacies committed in or upon the sea, it is stated (p.112)

that the statute did not alter the offence of piracy or make the offence felony, but

> 'leaveth the offence as it was before this Act, namely, felony only by the civil law, but giveth a mean of triall by the common law and inflicteth such paine of death as if they had been attainted of any felony done upon the land.'

The distinction between felony and misdemeanour has now, to all intents and purposes, been removed. Perhaps this case had something to do with the reform; it takes a prolonged time—and this is a lesson for us today—for common sense and common law to re-assert themselves over procedural rules.

At the present time, in relation to the 'vermin of the air', proceduralists are still asking themselves whether procedural law may not over-rule substantive law? Meanwhile, civilised life is imperilled.

But this is not the only consideration. Underwriters have recently paid out nearly four million pounds for the burnt-out V.C.10 and anticipate a further claim amounting to several millions on the Jumbo-jet destroyed in the Middle-east. Inevitably the cost of insurance premiums will be drastically increased, always assuming that Lloyds and other underwriters are still prepared to offer 'all-in' coverage for passenger aircraft.

Today, hi-jackers on the roads are presumably taken care of by the domestic law. Those in the air are not. Officially, we are assured that international conventions are being considered which will take care of the problem of the hi-jacker of the skies. It is about time. The question some are asking is, 'Need we wait?' In a most thorough survey of the rules of international law concerning piracy (and what after all is hi-jacking but piracy, brought up-to-date?) Lord Sankey, L.C., over 30 years ago, had laid down guide-lines for the future. True, he was not thinking of air pirates; but of sea pirates, and in the particular context of the pirate-infested seas of the East. But he might well have been thinking of air lines and not sea lanes from the well-chosen remarks he made. He had dealt, unusually for that remote chamber the Privy Council, with international public law, and not with the refined niceties of Commonwealth private law, as was more usually the case then and still is today, nor with ultra-refined points of jurisdiction, as in the case arising from the Rhodesian fiasco last year—Madzimbamuto v. Lardner-Burke (1968) 3 All E.R. p.561 P.C.

We are lucky in having at hand the results of the important work done by the Harvard Law School, *Research into International Law*, published in 1932, where all the cases which could have thrown any light on the matter were reviewed (pp.749-1013). In addition a sub-committee of the League of Nations (document C 196, M 70, 1927 V) threw up the following *dictum* by Mr. Matsuda, the Japanese jurist, who was then ambassador in Rome:

> 'According to international law, piracy consists in sailing the seas for private ends without authorization from the government of any State with the object of committing depredations upon property or acts of violence against persons.'

The emphasis throughout is on depredation; and normal attitudes of progressive adjustments and of fitting analogy well justify the view taken at Geneva and Tokyo in the present era, i.e., an acceptance of the application of the same rules to piracy in the air as on the sea.

THE COMMON MARKET

Should Britain Federate with France, Germany and Italy?

by Sir Ian Mactaggart

TO read the current controversy about whether 'we should enter Europe' is often to be misled into thinking that the E.E.C. *is* Europe, or that to join it is either inevitable or progressive. While much money has been spent on skilful, professional, and often evasively misleading propaganda on this issue, much too little of the truth has yet reached the public. This is the more serious as we are being asked to consider the most important economic issue in Britain's history since the repeal of the Corn Laws almost 150 years ago, the most important international political issue since 1914 and 1939, and perhaps the most important constitutional issue since Magna Carta.

It is certainly not a question to be considered lightly, or a decision to be taken without fully informing the public; and yet there is less effort spent on telling the voters of Britain the facts than there was on the introduction of the last issue of the Highway Code.

The E.E.C. consists of France, Germany and Italy, the other three members being less than $\frac{1}{3}$ of its population. Altogether it makes up 21 per cent of Europe's area and 28 per cent of its population. They are joined not in a Free Trade Area like E.F.T.A., but by a form of Government which is empowered to pass laws, described as regulations, or decisions, in the entire economic and social spheres. Most of more than 10,000 laws so far passed are in the commercial field, covering for example customs duties, price directives, transport policy and indirect taxes. They apply over the whole community and will apply also in any new country joining them. They are not available, at least publicly, in English. The present powers of law-making and the expressed intentions of the Brussels Government cover a far wider field.

We must consider carefully whether these are the partners, and this the constitution, which we wish to impose on Britain over the entire area of economic and social legislation.

With Mr. Heath, many of us are sure that youth — and many others — expect us to break down the world's barriers. Unfortunately the E.E.C. and the Treaty of Rome, as far as Britain is concerned, put up new and higher economic barriers against the great majority of the people with whom we trade, particularly the Commonwealth, reducing them against our principal competitors in Europe. They will also raise political barriers against the U.S.A. and the Commonwealth.

To join a Political Federation is one thing, perhaps even a good thing, but to do so irrevocably and blindly, without looking critically at what we are joining, or without being certain that what we will get is an improvement, would be a betrayal of all those ideas of democracy, individual

freedom and national independence for which so many of our ancestors have fought and struggled and died.

It is worth briefly considering the characteristics of France, Germany and Italy over the past century or so, hoping indeed that they have changed fundamentally, but retaining a reasonable scepticism in the light of history. All have suffered catastrophic inflation; two have had wholly undemocratic governments, all have conscription, none have a tradition of toleration of minorities. Their populations vacillate between revolution or total lack of respect for governmental institutions on the one hand and excessively fanatical nationalism on the other. Their Common Agricultural Policy is designed to maintain by taxing (they hope!) Britain's food, to support Europe's system of mainly peasant farming, the most inefficient and backward in the developed world.

There are those who feel that Britain is at present too weak to be effective, and must join a larger group of nations. We have been respected when we were very much poorer than now. It is foolish to think of Britain as the world power she was a century ago, but it is just as ridiculous and pompous to imagine that we could dominate or even greatly influence an enlarged E.E.C. where we should have one-fifth or one-seventh of the votes. It is worth considering how our intention to apply for membership began.

In 1958 when the E.E.C. was being formed Britain declared she was 'not interested'. This may have been unfortunate. We probably had much more strength and prestige than we have now, and we were led by that great master of political confidence trickery Harold Macmillan. We might then have made the E.E.C. very different, but there wasn't much doubt in the minds of some. Mr. Reginald Maudling said in 1959: 'I can think of no more retrograde step, politically or economically, than that Britain should join the E.E.C.'.

In 1961 the position changed. Macmillan talked to President Kennedy in Nassau. He returned to Britain, announced the agreement on Polaris missiles and submarines, made a speech saying that Britain would join the E.E.C., and next week Britain was granted a much-needed loan of £716 million from the U.S.-controlled I.M.F. There may of course be no connection between these happenings. It was State Department policy that Britain should join the E.E.C.

American foreign policy makers may well have now realised that the E.E.C.'s economic policies are largely directed against them as a principal competitor, and that internationally the Six or an enlarged community may well have interests substantially opposed to those of the U.S.A. with enough strength to defend them. Many have wondered at the reason, under Heath, and even more remarkably Wilson, for Britain's curious determination to join at any political price and very nearly any financial sacrifice.

Since a great many intelligent people, including members of parliament, have not read the Treaty of Rome; and as it was by so doing that I was myself converted, still being an enthusiast for international co-operation,

to a determined fighter against joining, I am convinced it would, if understood, be rejected by an overwhelming majority of our voters as an intolerable constitution governing a large part of our lawmaking. And since it will, if we join, be our first written constitution, I shall describe briefly how the Government of the E.E.C. works under the Treaty.

We cannot legally or peacefully escape once we are in. The Treaty is, unlike any other we have ever signed, timeless and irrevocable. It sets up four institutions. Characteristically, none of them is appreciably democratic.

The principal source of government is the Commission which consists of between 9 and 14 civil servants, at least one from each country. Their loyalty is not national, but to their colleagues and to the E.E.C. They are at present most public spirited and excellent men, which is just as well, because they wield enormous power. The laws are made by them, sometimes acting alone, more often by putting a proposal to the Council of Ministers, one of whom is appointed directly by each member Government. The Council of Ministers may accept a proposal or reject it. Even this not very democratic body has no power to amend a proposal. Its decisions are taken unanimously or, increasingly, by a weighted or qualified majority, in which Britain might expect to have one-fifth or perhaps one-seventh of the voting power.

There is also the Assembly. Ah, you might say, here at last is Democracy! At least it is appointed by member Governments, not by Parliaments, from those who have been elected by somebody somewhere. This is true, but almost no powers have been given to this appointed body. There is nothing which requires that it should even be shown the Community's laws before they are passed, although as a matter of courtesy they may be allowed to see and debate them. They have no authority at all to amend laws; their only privilege being, by a two-thirds majority, to dismiss the entire Commission. As a great, bold experiment in democracy there has been for some years a discussion on whether the Assembly might have control of about 5 per cent of the Commission's Budget, being the Assembly's own administration costs. What price 'no taxation without representation' in Europe? Even *The Times* remarks that 'there is a long history of resolutions of the Assembly being ignored by the council of ministers.'

You may well think, as did Winston Churchill, that democracy is a bad form of Government, but that anything else is, in the end, a good deal worse. Most of us in this country are suspicious of forms of government which rely on the excellence, dedication and response to the popular will of civil servants, particularly when there are no checks and balances at all.

There is a fourth institution, the Court of Justice, which could, as it has done in the American Constitution, exercise some brake on the powers of Government. It however has the duty, as is customary on the Continent, of going to great lengths to discover what the original intention of the lawmakers was. This takes priority in their decisions over any consideration of common law, precedent or equity. The Court also follows the

Continental practice of presuming guilt until innocence is proven. This does not yet affect criminal law but only civil, social and commercial cases.

Whatever hopes or intentions we may have, this is the system to which we are asked to subscribe irrevocably, and these are the institutions and methods on which, as a precondition of being allowed to apply for membership, our Government has already expressed the clear view that it has no reservation about accepting in full.

The system certainly could not work here unless we felt ourselves politically one Nation with France, Germany and Italy. Such a feeling is not apparent. If it ever existed it is getting less. This increasing disillusion reflects no discredit at all on our wisdom. The system would be intolerable if it were operated in Britain by British civil servants. If it were understood, it would surely be rejected by an overwhelming majority of our voters. They would also, reasonably enough, not consider that it would be a better system if it were run by Belgian, French or Italian civil servants rather than British ones.

That such a system should have been accepted without question by both Labour and Conservative Governments says little for their respect for the ideals and perspicacity of the voters who elected them. The importance of an issue of such magnitude being put directly before the voters through a referendum is clear.

Those who have been asked by the opinion polls in this country whether we should negotiate have, I believe, not realised the total political commitment which is a precondition of negotiation. It is no coincidence however, that the more people in all walks of life find out about what entry really implies politically and economically, the more they turn against it. I have great faith in the political commonsense of the English which has produced and steadily improved our system of government until it is the envy of the world. It is not only in war but also in politics that, however much apprehension anyone may feel in the meantime, we win the last battle.

Political catastrophe is much more difficult to recover from than economic disaster and its effect on Britain would be worse, not only for us but for the world. We are often told nowadays that it is worth putting up with the very harmful economic effects of entry in order to obtain the political benefits. It is curious that in spite of the large sums of money which have been spent on propaganda there have nowhere been seen editions of the Treaty of Rome, being hailed with universal acclaim by groups of enthusiasts as our marvellous new and better constitution. Rather do we find apologies, optimistic hope of change, confusion and quibbling when, in a debate, anyone tries to explain how it actually works.

These comments have been directed towards political consequences rather than to economics. The financial price which we shall have to pay on the most optimistic estimate is a high one. The propagandists of entry argue that it is worth while paying the price for the political benefits. While I am content to leave it to the public to decide whether there is any sum of money which they would be prepared to accept as compensation for such great

political *dis*advantages, there are nevertheless some economic points which need discussion.

Mr. Macmillan argued in 1961 that great political risks had to be taken in return for the economic benefits of joining. That we shall suffer to the extent of £400-1,000 million a year on our none too sufficient balance of payments is now accepted with a resigned shrug. We are told that our economic growth will be greater if we join, and that if ours had grown as did that of the Six since 1958, wages would have been higher by some £5 a week. This is an interesting application of an irrelevant statistic. It is surely much more likely that joining the EEC would have had the same effect on our growth rate that it had on theirs, and that the consequent 1 per cent or so average fall in our rate of growth would have made our wages about £4 a week *less* than they are at present. The position in truth is enormously more complicated. The EFTA average rate of growth is much above the EEC's, and if we had grown like Hong Kong we would have more than doubled our 1958 real wages.

Much more serious is the commitment which we are apparently begging to be allowed to take on of the Common Agricultural Policy. There have been considerable political arguments about whether we ought to have been subsidising food in Britain for so long. We are now asked, not only to stop subsidising it but to tax it, and do it in such a way as deliberately to cause the maximum long term economic damage to our suppliers and old friends in the Commonwealth. This is bad enough in itself, but there is also the proposals (*not negotiable*) that the amount of tax or levy on the food of the British people shall be decided by the votes of France, Germany and Italy—among them we may have a 1/7th say—and that 90 per cent of this levy and of our customs duties plus other taxes which they will levy will be paid over to Brussels.

There are two exceedingly serious and important aspects of this policy which have been too little ventilated by discussion. The first is the effect of such a policy of dear food on the distribution of incomes. While incomes have risen substantially in the EEC, real wage rates of the average working man are, except perhaps in Germany, substantially below Britain's, while the rich in Germany are left with an income some five times what they would have if they were subject to British taxes. Since they are therefore able to save substantially, this makes some contribution to their higher growth rate, and since taxes are supposed to be eventually uniform in the New EEC, no doubt there will be some votes for entry from millionaires. Even allowing that our taxes are indeed too high, we are not being sold the idea of entry on the basis that our poor will be taxed on their food to maintain the savings of the rich and the old fashioned farming methods of the peasants. All farmers in Europe are not peasants, but on average they require more than twice the labour force of British farmers to produce the same amount.

Much more serious is the effect that this policy has on world trade, and the curiously Schachtian dumping policy which has European butter reputedly selling in Hong Kong at 1/- a pound wholesale. This policy is the

most harmful conceivable if we are to bring the underdeveloped world up to a reasonable standard of living. Any aid which we can give them must be a tiny fraction of the funds that such countries can obtain from trading. If we trade with them we must buy from them what they have, usually raw materials and agricultural produce, so that they can buy from us the tractors and factories and machinery which is needed to build up their economies. It has been on this type of reciprocal and mutually beneficial exchange that Britain has developed her world trade. The United Nations Indicative World Plan produced at the end of last year, asserted firmly after four years of study that only on the basis of such mutual trade was there any hope of appreciably relieving world poverty or improving the lot of the poorer nations.

The Common Agricultural Policy of the EEC is directed to the precise opposite of this idea. It is very uncomfortable for us. It produces surpluses which are not only wasteful but harmful. It promotes and maintains inefficiency, and it acts to the detriment of the poor not only in Europe but in the whole world. Most people in this country don't like the idea. The poll produced by the Opinion Research Centre in June of this year showed 18 per cent for joining the Common Market and 67 per cent against.

There were two pledges made by Mr. Heath at the June election in this connection. The first was that we would negotiate. This we are doing. The second was that Britain would not join unless the British public supported the idea. It is perfectly clear that whatever support there may have been for joining is dwindling and that there is as much unanimity against it as there has ever been on any such serious issue. The voting would, it seems, be about 3—1 against and the gap is widening. On the reasonable assumption that Mr. Heath will do as he said, Britain will not join the EEC.

This is confirmed by private information that a number of politicians who certainly know what they are talking about, said to include an ex-Prime Minister and a leading Peer, have expressed the opinion that in the end we will not join. If this is true, the news will come as a breath of fresh air to most of us. We may now hope that our policy, particularly towards the Commonwealth, will not be inhibited as it has been over the last nine years by the need to sit on the fence or turn our backs on the trade which they clearly wish to continue with us.

Britain is a surprisingly effective country. We are one of the only three nations with a viable aircraft industry; one of four with an export industry in computers. We lead the world in the peaceful use of atomic energy, and our stability, democracy and decency and freedom are properly envied by the world. None of this springs from idleness or inefficiency and we have no need whatever to rely on crutches donated by others from our own taxes. If we resist entry we will not stand alone, but together with millions of friends in the Commonwealth and elsewhere with whom we have in the past made our mark both in trade and in world affairs. We can, and I now believe we will, by co-operating with, but not joining, France, Germany and Italy, build political stability and economic progress to the great benefit of ourselves and of the entire world.

HADRIAN LIKED ATHENS BETTER. OK?

by T. S. Matthews

ADAM was the first expatriate. Not, if old stories are to be believed, an altogether willing one; but then, what remittance man, when sentiment softens him up, will not claim to be an exile who longs for home? More than likely, after all those habituating years in the land of Nod, Adam grew reconciled to his place of banishment—and more than reconciled; accustomed to it, even rather patriotic-possessive about it. Here, after all, on this side of those impassable mountains and rivers that separated him from paradise, was his real home, the predominant background of his long life. If he lived to be 930, as the Bible reports, his brief honeymoon in Eden must at last have faded to a blurred snapshot of his far-off youth.

I too am an expatriate, though not of Adam's standing and with nothing like his cover story. I am following the footsteps of millions of others since human time began. There have been instances of whole migrant nations: for example, the Jews.

The most persistent and long-winded of all Adam's progeny, the Jews have been expatriates for most of their history or, as they prefer to put it, *exiles*. Have they grown as reconciled to their lot as Adam perhaps did? They have done their share of wailing about the waters of Babylon; but now that they have a homeland again the great majority of them, if you'll notice, have found various reasons for not returning there.

Outside the Iron Curtain and Israel the Jews have played hob with patriotism. The Maccabean Jews, the Zionists, remain the minority and not always dominant. The one government that world-scattered Jewry acknowledges is the Book; the record written in Judaism's common tongue of the words and acts of their God. It was a renegade Jew named Saul of Tarsus who first turned patriotism upside down. When he had seen the light of his new faith he refocused it (some say) into something quite different from its founder's intention: he made it an iconoclastic, quasi-political secret society. Anybody and everybody were grist for his mill: expatriates, slaves, Gentiles, other undesirable characters. He formed them into an international conspiracy of secret agents, dedicated to the overthrow or take-over of all existing governments. St. Paul himself showed the way by renouncing his Jewish birthright, invoking his Roman citizenship to save him from his outraged fellow Jews, and then rendering unto Caesar the counterfeit coinage of lip-service and formal obedience. His Christian followers could contend that they were strictly observant of the Roman law, only reserving a higher loyalty for the King of Heaven. Caesar, whose finite empire was not of a structure to contain such metaphysics, naturally held that a loyalty so divided was in effect disloyal.

This imperial view of the seditious nature of Christianity expressed itself by crucifying Christians, burning them alive or throwing them to wild beasts at the Coliseum. The epidemic Christian growth, however, spread more quickly and toughly than the Roman blood-letters could attend to it; and if

Christianity did not of itself choke the Empire to death, it clogged and infected the imperial arteries and made victory easier for the invading bacilli.

Rome did not condone any departure from its own strict definition of proper civic behaviour by its own citizens and subjects. Rome's emperors were to some extent above this general law. For example, one of the latest and best of the emperors, Hadrian, was perhaps the most notable expatriate who ever lived. A Spaniard by birth, he disliked Rome and cared little for his native land; above all places in the civilized world he preferred Athens, where he spent as much time as his demanding job would allow him. This was as if the President of General Motors elected to live in London and run his empire from there, because he found life in Detroit unbearable. When it became necessary, as occasionally it did, for Hadrian to spend more time in Rome, he showed what he thought of the city by building a model town for himself miles away, at Tivoli.

What could there have been about Athens that made Hadrian like it so much better than Rome? What could there be about London that would make his modern counterpart, that mythical President of General Motors, prefer it to Detroit or to New York? There must have been, there must be, many answers, but perhaps they boil down to one: personal taste. And it's no use disputing about taste. The great majority of Romans in Hadrian's day would surely have disagreed with Hadrian and would have rated Rome, the boom-town capital of the world, far superior to Athens; just as the vast majority of New Yorkers today (and Detroiters as well) would unhesitatingly pronounce New York at the top of the scale, and London second-rate.

The world is not as neat as its maps. The Roman Empire, like its feebler Holy Roman successor, was not so much an entity as a conglomeration of small nations, city-states and tribes, a loosening miscellany, an increasingly amorphous and unwieldy rag-bag that eventually fell apart into its patchwork pieces. The citizens of these little kingdoms, duchies and city-states were less noted for patriotism and loyalty than for treachery and sedition. The very idea of patriotism or first duty to one's country rather than to family or liege lord came comparatively late in Europe's history, and in earlier times would have been on a par with heresy. 'My country right or wrong,' that ringingly nonsensical sentiment which has attracted huge mob followings in our day, would not have been comprehensible in the Middle Ages, and would certainly have been universally condemned as a blasphemous absurdity.

The British Empire, whose history was comparatively brief, though its span was world-wide, brought into view many ambiguities and paradoxes. One such teaser was the relation of the jingo patriot to the colonial. Thanks in large part to jingo enterprise, distant colonies were peopled by emigrants from Britain. When these colonies prospered and began to develop their own outline and accent the question arose: to whom did the colonial owe his first loyalty, to the old country or the new? In only a few generations these settlers ceased to count themselves expatriates from Britain and became

Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, etc.

Sometimes they found themselves in a tragic dilemma, torn between two loyalties. When the American colonies rebelled against the feeble despotism of George III's ministers, the infant nation produced its first and most famous traitor. Benedict Arnold was George Washington's right-hand man and brilliant lieutenant. When he turned his coat and went over to the British side it was a sad and treacherous blow to the Americans; but from his point of view he must have been an expatriate going home where he belonged, a prodigal returning to the haven of his father's house.

Benedict Arnold's case dramatized a general and continuing American problem: how can expatriate foreigners be transformed into Americans? This plaguey conundrum still persists, though its terms are darker now. Through the first six generations of American history (from 1776 to the present) Americans have tried hard to believe in the success of their human alchemy, which hey presto, can transmute in its magical melting pot any amount of baser metal into gold. Or, if that is putting it too extremely, Americans have tried to believe that the mongrel breed they are developing is in most if not all respects superior to other species. This American faith has been desperately strained at times, and is by no means unanimously held today: few white Americans look forward to assimilating the blacks, many blacks do not wish to be absorbed by the whites, and America's Jews, many of whom assert that they want nothing better than to be 'gentilized', in fact remain as obstinately separate as ever.

Like the Jews, who after 6,000 years of argument still cannot agree on the definition of a Jew, Americans have begun to speculate about what an American is. Henry James, an expatriate who was preoccupied by this problem and at last, perhaps because he felt that his world was ending, cut the Gordian knot by becoming a British subject, wrote many books in which the question of being an American, particularly an American abroad, was raised, lowered, turned this way and that to catch various lights and shadows, without ever being satisfactorily answered.

When the civilized world was almost entirely contained within the Roman Empire a Roman citizen could feel himself a citizen of the world. The rulers of present-day Russia are still too superstitious to expose their innocent people to the blandishments and corruption of the evil spirits that roam the earth outside the holy Russian borders. To be a Russian citizen means, with only rare exceptions, lifelong confinement to Russian territory. The American is not so confined as the Russian, but he is not free. Though he has some perquisites comparable to those of a citizen of the Roman Empire —perquisites which include freedom to travel and money to pay his fare— this freedom to travel is limited, as the Romans' was, to friendly or pacified countries. Americans are not permitted to visit Communist China, Korea, Vietnam, Albania or Cuba. And even for rich Americans foreign travel is a luxury that most are too poor or too tied-down to be able to afford.

Xenophobia, the fear of foreigners, is a superstition arising from ignorance, which in turn is caused by isolation. Xenophobia is contagious. Every nation in the world, to some degree, has been bitten by this bug. The U.S.

temperature fluctuates: at some points it has been almost as high as Russia's. In order to compete with the Soviets' worldwide spy system the Americans have been forced into ludicrously large appropriations for cloak-and-dagger work and even more ludicrously inept diplomatic disguises. The effects on the American psyche cannot be measured but some of them can be seen. To the question, 'What is an American?' the most immediate American answer is: 'Someone who lives in America.' Citizens who choose to live outside the country are generally regarded with suspicion. Although an expatriate is not necessarily suspected of being a foreign spy, the act of removing himself to a foreign country is seen as a criticism of his native land, and to that extent is considered disloyal.

This general condemnation does not apply to some specific cases. Any American who has an acceptable excuse for living abroad (e.g., a job in a foreign branch of an American firm) is exempted—so long as he periodically announces his homesickness, or at least does not persistently state his preference for the outlandish place in which he lives. Many of these absentees have in fact taken French leave of their country; but some out-and-out expatriates, if they have made names for themselves, are nevertheless given a clean bill of health.

We remember our birthplace, indelibly; we are attached to it more profoundly than to the navel-string that once joined us to our mothers. *'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.'* Nobody chooses his native country, and comparatively few people are lucky enough or determined enough to decide for themselves where they really want to live, and to go and live there. If you have the luck, or the determination, you may decide—even if you are an American—that you would rather live outside America than within it. You may decide, even if you are an American, that there are spreading aspects of American life you dislike, disapprove of, even hate; and that these hateful aspects are inexorably blotting out the American ways you liked and thought were good.

I haven't got Hadrian's job, thank God; but I think I feel about being an American a little the way he did about being a Roman. I am a citizen, as he was, of the most horrifying nation in the world; the most envied, the most despised, the most hated, the most calumniated, the most helplessly powerful, and, behind its facade of material sophistication, the most barbarous. *I am an American.* I'm not proud of it nor ashamed of it; just stuck with it.

But not as stuck as some! I can move, and have: right off the continental shelf and across the carpet to the other side of the fence, where the grass is in fact greener. *I'm an expatriate.* Not proud of it, nor ashamed of it; just stuck with it. Unless America becomes as frightened as Russia and shuts itself behind barbed wire, hundreds of thousands of my fellow-citizens will also, by luck or good management find greener grass.

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RELIGIONS AND SUFFERING*

by The Earl of Longford

NO one can question the value of this weighty and, at the same time, most readable book. It is powerfully documented but never prolix, and at all times it is carefully selective. In 291 pages Dr. Bowker takes us right through the main ideas of suffering which have been propounded in Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Marxism (including Chinese Marxism), Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Manichaeism and Jainism. There is no existing book, as far as I am aware, to compare with it. Nor will it be quickly superseded. All who are interested in the idea of suffering will remain in Dr. Bowker's debt.

That does not mean that one is incapable of criticism. Most obviously one misses a final chapter in which the many rich insights of the preceding pages are drawn together. Some passages of comparison near the end are not a substitute. Dr. Bowker sets out to expound the formation and development in these varying codes, rather than to criticise or evaluate the emergent solutions. One has every reason to be aware that he himself is a devout Christian. It would seem, however, that he earnestly desires that the practitioners of other faiths should be able to disregard his starting point. It is intended clearly that they should be able to feel that their beliefs have received treatment as fair as that which he has accorded his own. A laudable purpose. But it leads him to play down his criticisms so carefully that one is never sure how far he accepts the plausibility of all these rival and very complex attitudes.

It would be almost true to say that the various creeds are laid before us with an air of equal validity. Not quite true perhaps. Dr. Bowker uncovers special difficulties in the Dualist religions—Zoroastrianism, Manichaeism and Jainism. Dualism, he tells us, has been worked out in at least two great and widely influential systems of thought—Zoroastrianism and Manichaeism, although whether Zoroaster was himself a Dualist remains doubtful. Jainism is treated as a borderline case. The essence of Dualism is the idea of two warring co-eternal principles, a good one and a bad one, and Jainism does not quite say this though it has many affinities with Dualism. On the other hand Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism, differing widely in so many respects possess one fundamental similarity. They recognise that Dualism is an extremely attractive way of understanding the experiences of suffering, but that it is ultimately misleading. Dr. Bowker patently agrees with them.

The Marxist chapter stands rather on its own. It could be argued that logically it does not quite fit in with the others. Yet one would be very sorry to have missed it, particularly the Chinese section of it. 'Suffering', says Dr. Bowker, 'lies at the foundation of Marxist thought', because Marx was first stirred to his vehement and passionate appeals for revolutionary action by

**Problems of Suffering in Religions of the World.* John Bowker. Cambridge University Press, £3 10s. 0d.

his observations of the appalling conditions in which working people lived and died. In that respect he was hardly a rare phenomenon, but Dr. Bowker relates suffering more closely to Marx's philosophy as he proceeds. It is the suffering of the masses which produces the inevitability of class struggle. In other words, if the class struggle is the basis of the whole of Marx's philosophy of social history, suffering, which lies behind the class struggle, is a still more fundamental element. Dr. Bowker develops another aspect of the Marxist approach to suffering with quotations from Lenin, Radek and Stalin. There is general Marxist agreement that it is better for a few to suffer even innocently than for the process of revolution to be deflected. Dr. Bowker is next at pains to distinguish the peculiarly Chinese elements in the Marxism of Mao. Briefly Mao is presented as regarding the infliction of pain and suffering as being of 'limited value' even though, as Dr. Bowker points out, he has used them sometimes on a wide scale. What is not altogether satisfactory is Dr. Bowker's attribution to Marxism of an 'instrumental' view of suffering. By this he means that the price to be paid for the revolution is 'worth it'. There is no particular harm in the word instrumental except that it is the word Dr. Bowker uses freely for the purifying effect of suffering as postulated, in some form at least, by most religions, notably Christianity. The purification of a human person by mortification, for instance, and the purification of a community by revolution are far apart. Confusion is engendered by dragging in the same epithet (instrumental) to describe them.

On the whole Islam disposes of the problem of suffering in the simplest fashion. The traditional answers are propounded. First, that suffering is a punishment for sin, second that it is a trial or test. Suffering helps to create a faithful disposition and it also helps to discriminate the sincere from the insincere. After that, the Mohammedan need not bother his head further and if any facts disturb this theory they are set aside or re-interpreted. 'Since Jesus was one of God's faithful servants and since God always protects his servants and is never defeated, it follows that those who thought that they had put an end to Jesus on the cross must have been mistaken.' It is not surprising that Dr. Bowker finds missing from the Quran the profound analysis of tragedy and defeat which we come across in Judaism or even more in Christianity.

The essays on Hinduism and Buddhism are profound and fascinating. Dr. Bowker is generous to both religions. 'Morality is connected with suffering in Hinduism as much as it is in Judaism but it is a different connection. The problem of Job cannot arise, because it may always be the case that occurrences of suffering are a consequence of activities not simply in this existence but in previous ones as well.' The proper response to suffering must be detachment: 'Thereby seeing suffering in its relative perspective'. Yet as Gandhi showed and said: 'non-violence in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. It does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer, but it means the pitting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant'.

Buddhism, according to Dr. Bowker, is of all religions the one which concentrates most immediately and directly on suffering. This does not make

it in his view pessimistic but realistic. The way leading to cessation of suffering is summarised in the noble eight-fold path. 'It involves the complete cessation of that very thirst which produces re-existence and re-becoming'. The chapter ends with a moving account of the Buddhist monk burning himself to death in Vietnam. 'In the Buddhist belief life is eternal, life is universal . . . this is not suicide. He does not think that he is destroying himself, he believes in the good fruition of his act of self-sacrifice for the sake of others . . . the monk believes that he is practising the doctrine of highest compassion by sacrificing himself in order to call the attention of, and to seek help from, the people of the world (quoted from letter of Thich Nhat Hanh's to Martin Luther King).' One asks whether the Act of sacrificing is dependent for its effect on general awareness that it has occurred? Or is it seen as in itself redemptive, working through invisible channels of love? But one could ask the same question of the blood sacrifice offered by Patrick Pearce and other devout Irish Christians at Easter 1916.

The chapters on Judaism and Christianity cover more familiar ground. The more profound became the Jewish understanding of God, the more acute became the problem not of the *fact* of suffering but of the *distribution* of it. For a long time the idea was accepted that suffering was a punishment for sin, but unfortunately, as Dr. Bowker points out, 'this idea was open to an important objection: it was not true'. Hence arose the special poignancy of the situation of Job which was defined 'artificially and completely as innocent'. The alternative or supplementary notion of suffering as a test of faith was also deeply embedded in the Jewish tradition, passing over in later time into the conception of suffering as an ennobling force. Dr. Bowker, however, finds the supreme contribution of Israel in the growing awareness that suffering can be made redemptive. This appears almost casually in Job—in Deutero-Isaiah as a 'superb vision' and, of course, the vision was to be vastly deepened and widened through the Passion of Christ. Dr. Bowker no doubt speaks for all Christians when he says that the life of Christ becomes an essential element in their response to suffering.

Most of them would probably agree with his further comment that it does not eliminate the problem or provide any final solution. No doubt the noblest Christians have always felt the presence of God a sufficient reply to teasing intellectual questions at moments of greatest difficulty. The quotations from Dr. Wilson's radio talk about his tortures at the hands of the Japanese is quite overwhelming. 'They asked me why God did not save me.' He replied 'He does not save me by freeing me from pain or punishment, but He saves me by giving me the spirit to bear it.' And so, in one sense or another, have spoken all the Saints.

Yet there is still a whole lot of intellectual work to be got through before a Christian view of suffering can be said to be sufficiently clarified. The Saints and the simple believers will not require it. But many who are struggling to believe, or could be tempted to believe, would benefit greatly. It should begin from this proposition: that it is ever so much easier to be convinced that a benevolent power does indeed rule the universe if one accepts the Christian story, than if one tries to get along without it.

PROFILE

AN INTERVIEW WITH VASCO PRATOLINI

by Paul Tabori

A STOCKY man with a huge dome of a forehead, horn rimmed glasses and an expression of general suspicion, Vasco Pratolini, the leading Marxist writer of Italy, lives far from his native Florence in a modern, sunny and noisy apartment house in Rome. The somewhat forbidding expression softens when he begins to talk—he becomes Southern in his gestures, in his spluttering eagerness to transform the rush of his thoughts into words. Highly articulate, he is constantly seeking for the *mot juste* in speech as he does in writing.

Born of a working class family, he grew up in the Florence that knew little about art and nothing about tourists; the business of every day life was too harsh for intellectual or aesthetic luxuries. His literary career began with an article he contributed to *Letteratura* when he was twenty-four. In 1938 he founded, together with Alfonso Gatto, the literary magazine *Campi di Marte* which had a short but distinguished career. He survived the war more or less in hiding, having little liking either for the Fascist regime or for its martial adventures. When it was over, he found himself teaching at the Neapolitan Institute of Art. But when his *Cronache di Poveri Amanti* won the Libera Stampa prize in 1947 he abandoned teaching for literature.

One of the most-honoured Italian writers, he has been awarded the Viareggio Prize for his *Metello* in 1955 and two years later the *Accademia dei Lincei* conferred on him the Premio Nazionale Feltrinelli—the Italian equivalent of the Nobel Prize—for the whole body of his work. In 1960 he won the Charles Veillon International Prize for *Le Scialo*.

'The chronicler of the poor' rarely moves outside the working class milieu in which he seems to find inexhaustible material. Three of his novels have been filmed and his work has been very widely translated. Two of his plays—*La Domenica della povera gente* (with G. D. Giagni) and *Lungo Viaggio di Natale* have had successful runs and he has translated *Bubu of Montparanasse* and other French fiction into Italian.

I interviewed Pratolini in his functional Roman apartment with the shouts of playing children drifting through the open windows. He is a highly peripatetic speaker whose gestures are sweeping and expressive and who is sometimes so passionately eager to put his thoughts into words that he splutters and stammers in his impatience.

P.T.: Recently three attitudes defining the relationship of the creative writer and the world have been formulated. One was expressed by Arthur Koestler who said that the choice is between total lack of freedom and relative freedom; the other maintains that though the ivory towers have become badly battered, they are still the most natural and logical dwelling-places for the writer. Finally, a little while ago, Graham Greene stated that though he found a great deal of stupidity among the Communist leaders, if he were

faced with the choice of living either in America or in the Soviet Union, he would prefer to reside in Moscow. Which of these three conceptions are the closest to your views, Signor Pratolini?

Pratolini: None, I am afraid. I certainly think that the writer should travel as much as possible, absorb the wonderful variety of the world—but he should live and work in his own native country and nowhere else. Not because writers are true to their vocation if they are chauvinists or narrow-minded nationalists—but each writer must work within the disciplines of his own tongue, within his own native land. And the more international and universal he wishes his work to be, the closer he has to stick to his mother-tongue, the deeper roots he must strike in his own soil.

P.T.: I am afraid you haven't quite answered my original question. Surely to work for his own people, to use his own language, to preserve his roots, the writer must have freedom.

Pratolini: Well, to begin with, I do not believe in the theory of the ivory tower at all. A writer has to carry all kinds of responsibilities—and, above all, social ones. There is absolutely no excuse—neither artistic nor any other—for a writer to refuse to accept these responsibilities. I deny that we have the right to place ourselves above the daily struggle for life. The ivory tower is an aristocratic conception—and I do not allow that the true writer can claim to belong to the aristocracy.

P.T.: Do you think then that the writer must fulfil a social function? That, in effect he must be a social realist? Some time ago Aragon said that socialist realism was the only possible form of literature—but that each writer must define it for himself. Do you agree?

Pratolini: I agree completely with Aragon. But I do not believe that social realism has anything to do with creative art, even if you accept the directives of Zhdanov. It was something evolved for purely political reasons. Whether it has fulfilled a useful role remains to be seen. But it has nothing to do with literature and I personally have never accepted it as a guiding principle. I think I can offer my books as proof of this rejection.

P.T.: How would you then define socialist realism?

Pratolini: I never have been a social realist nor has any critic considered me as one. I believe in critical realism; I believe in the presentation and examination of life through the prism of critical intelligence which must be applied to all classes and all conditions.

P.T.: Would you accept the principle that no one except the writer himself has any authority over the writer's work and that therefore the writer, as a creative artist, must be essentially an anarchist?

Pratolini: I have great respect for anarchists and the principle of anarchy as directed against capitalist society as a utopistic ideal. But as a writer I cannot agree with your formulation—at least not until I know what your definition of anarchy and anarchist is.

P.T.: What I meant had nothing to do with an anarchistic political theory. Perhaps 'anarchy' in this respect is just the shortest way of saying that a writer must not accept any outside authority in his choice of subject, his style, or in his ideas and their expression?

Pratolini: I think the difference between us, my friend, is a simple one. You imagine the writer—or any artist—as being divorced from society, a privileged individual, who has no social responsibilities. My conviction is that it is the acceptance of such responsibilities that make him a creative artist. And as he lives in society so he owes a debt to the people who are his readers or listeners. He cannot annoy or irritate them.

P.T.: 'Annoy' is a strange expression to use in this context. Isn't it at least one of the tasks of the writer to be an irritant?

Pratolini: Yes, but not to the point of anarchism.

P.T.: You indicated that I spoke as an idealist when I claimed that basically all creative artists must be anarchists. But this is, I feel, a totally realistic attitude. For when the writer becomes a conformist, he serves whatever regime—or whatever social organisation he lives under. And by doing so he really destroys himself. Don't you think that this danger exists?

Pratoloni: I certainly did not mean to suggest that the writer has to serve any political regime. But he has to have a knowledge of reality. Through this knowledge he will discover and develop his art. Art is not rapture. The writer has to live within and for his own time and not attempt to be a prophet, an explorer of the future or someone who is bent on creating a message for future generations. If he is lucky, he might live to see some of his ideas become reality and find acceptance in his own age. But he cannot fight a future which he has no power to shape.

P.T.: It seems that we are beginning to agree on my definition of 'anarchy' and the writer's role in society. It is an obvious truth that most totalitarian regimes have destroyed literature in their own countries. In such a situation how can the creative writer function?

Pratolini: It is not by a single book or a series of books that one can destroy dictatorship. There are, of course, difficult situations when one has to choose exile—as Dante did in his age, as Silone, Koestler and Thomas Mann did in ours. But there are other possibilities—like the choice made by the majority of Czechoslovak writers who have stayed within their own frontiers to try to work for the restitution of liberty. Today every writer should remain in his own country.

P.T.: Surely not *every* writer?

Pratolini: Well, I was actually thinking of the Italian situation. No one has to go into exile from here. As for our Czechoslovak colleagues, their engagement is largely political and not literary. They have made their choice not as writers but as political fighters.

P.T.: True, but very often in such a situation when the writers are being persecuted their stature increases. One can quote, if you like, the recent Hungarian example where a poet became a far more important person than in 'normal' times when there were no pressures.

Pratolini: Oh, I agree and it is exactly in these situations that the writer should *not withdraw* to an ivory tower. For instance, Balzac prepared eloquent apologies of the Bourbon Restoration; Zola presented visionary tapestries of heredity and decadence, closely linked to the events of his age. I often think of Machiavelli in his exile—during the day he would mingle

with the peasants of the little village which was his forced residence. He would drink with them, talk with them, play at their rustic games with them. Then he would go home, take a bath and dress himself in his courtier's dress before he sat down to write.

P.T.: Thereby retiring into an ivory tower?

Pratolini: Not at all. By putting aside his everyday clothes and donning ceremonial dress he showed respect for his craft and his ideas. He still must have remembered the hours and days he spent with his fellow-villagers. But he also felt that he was, by his writing, serving the interests of these people. Of course, being a gentleman of the fifteenth century, his vision of how these interests could be served was necessarily an aristocratic one.

P.T.: Let us now take up the other side of the problem. I have mentioned the Koestlerian differentiation between complete lack of freedom and comparative or relative freedom. In the capitalist world the pressures are different. On one side, you have the pressure of censorship—on the other the exigencies of the best seller. How do you see these pressures in the capitalistic countries, including Italy?

Pratolini: Let me get back first to the problem of Marxism. For me this is still important not as a political but as an economic doctrine.

P.T.: Do you think then that the original Marxist theory—even with its modifications—is still valid? The withering away of the state, the proletarian revolution arising of the growing impoverishment of the working classes, the destruction of capitalism—are these still viable?

Pratolini: Yes, I do believe that the fundamental lines of the original theory must remain unchanged even though the details may not be entirely applicable. For instance, the fight for the establishment of trade unions that continued for so long in England and elsewhere has been won in most countries and so it is no longer a problem. But capitalism only accepted those demands of labour when forced to do so. This was achieved through the fight of the proletariat and there are still a good many tasks to be completed. Thus the Marxist theory remains applicable to future conflicts. If it hadn't been for the stubborn fight of the peasants and workers, we would still be living in the age of the *droit du seigneur*, the *ius primae noctis*. And if we have not progressed faster, it is to a large extent the fault of the Social Democrats in the various countries, who were satisfied with minor victories, who adopted gradualism as their policy instead of revolution, thus aiding the survival of capitalism.

P.T.: Are you familiar with the often-quoted Chinese saying: 'It is better to light a small candle than to curse the darkness?'

Pratolini: Yes, I know it. But sometimes a small candle isn't enough if the darkness is all-enveloping. Maybe we have to put our small candles all together?

P.T.: May we move on to another topic? In our age there is an increasing preoccupation with form as opposed to content. Do you think that this is a healthy development?

Pratolini: I certainly think that form is extremely important, for without form a work cannot be a work of art. For me, however, most of the avant

garde of the seventies is extremely *vieux jeux*. But the fact that all these fads and experiments have reappeared is a kind of warning signal that there is something seriously wrong with Art. What seems to happen in all these new movements is that they produce one or two outstanding representatives while the rest climb on the band wagon and are mere imitators. For instance, in the *nouveau roman* group the truly important figure for me is not Robbe-Grillet but Claude Simon. Michel Butor is an essayist thinly disguised as a novelist; Natalie Sarraute is painfully vegetating rather than creating. But Claude Simon is a major writer. She filled the form with content and preserved the basic values of the novel—thus turning the *nouveau roman* into a modern classic.

P.T.: There have been several voices pointing out that very few writers are actively linked to the world-wide revolt of youth. Do you agree with this?

Pratolini: Certainly in Italy youth seems to have turned away completely from fiction. Very few young people bother to read novels, as publishing statistics show. Their interest appears to be the essay and polemics. As for losing contact with youth, I don't think this is particularly a literary problem but perhaps one of the generations. The revolt of youth is certainly world-wide and I have great sympathy for it because I believe that each generation must revolt against the theories of the preceding one.

P.T.: I have met some of the leaders of revolutionary youth and my impression was that while they have renounced and denounced the beliefs and theories of their fathers, they have singularly few ideas of their own.

Pratolini: I think that's a typical claim—by the fathers! I have myself argued with young people at various conferences and meetings and they have attacked me violently enough. This is so much better than being accepted by them. Nor do I want to truckle to youth or play the part of their uncritical supporter—for that would be a sign of senility. Certainly there is a good deal of confusion in the world-wide movements — but though they may be quoting Marcuse one day and Mao the other, that does not mean that they haven't got their own ideas. They do have them. And whether they are French or Chinese, Czechoslovak or Italian, they all agree on one point; they do not want to accept the world as they found it or their fathers presented it to them.

P.T.: One final question: what are your present literary plans?

Pratolini: I publish a new book every two or three years, and as I haven't published anything for two years, a new one is due before long. This is about a man of fifty, covering his life from the end of the last war through the next twenty years. It deals with his love-affairs and with his ideological travail. Croce had a famous phrase, posing the question: 'Why can't we say that we are Catholics?' thus demanding a clear avowal of faith. In this book the question is posed as a double negative: 'Why can't we say that we are not Communists?' I feel that this should be possible for men of the left in to-day's world — and I am trying to show how my very unheroic hero arrives at this conclusion.

P.T: I look forward to reading it. And thank you Signor Pratolinin. . .

DRAKE AND DEE

by Molly Mortimer

ONE of the fascinating 'ifs' of history was the offer of Russia's throne to James I. After the death of Ivan the Terrible, the boyars had taken an oath to have a non-Russian Czar, but delay brought them another Romanov. Arthur Dee, Ivan's doctor, confidant, and probably a British spy, followed in his famous father's steps. For Dr. John Dee, Elizabeth's I's astrologer and adviser so impressed the Czar by his 'intelligence' activities that an offer of work in Czarist employ was made him.

Astrologers have lived on the borders of diplomacy from ancient times right down to Cagliostri, Napoleon and Hitler. Certainly the sixteenth century Continental view that in England the Secret Service and the occult were one and the same is due in no small measure to Doctor Dee, some time Cambridge scholar.

The Tudor age was supreme in Europe in cryptography. Francis Bacon invented one system, and it was used for many things besides spywork: by lovers and, some declare, to prove who wrote Shakespeare. But it was Dee, as a roving agent, who re-discovered the complicated system of Trimethius (a fifteenth century monk), and made use of it to the benefit of his country and the headaches of many scholars.

As an astrologer he was free to prophesy in dark glass, and the *Libri Mysteriorum*, the 'angelic conversations', alleged to have been held via the scoundrelly medium Kelly, were an admirable medium also for passing coded information. Dee may well, like many of his contemporaries, have believed in the occult, but there is no doubt that his accurate forecasts about the Armada; the instructions to Drake to meet Spain in the Channel and not in port; to use fireships; and to tell him the direction of those ships, owed less to purported conversations with Uriel and Michael than to his efficiently organised spy system. In 1587, as a classic example, Dee foiled a Spanish attempt to wreck the nerve centre of British shipbuilding by burning the Forest of Dean. His information which enabled the Venderers to take action in time, was neatly conveyed through a chat with the angel Madimi.

Dee was also an early expert in psychological warfare. He spread 'gloom and despondency' brilliantly through his forecasts of storm and the toppling of an empire in 1588. Other European astrologers also forecast storms (which were borne out, whether by observation or insight). Dee's doomladen statements, which he spread via Rudolf of Bohemia who had a strong belief in astrology and a wide correspondence, helped to discourage Spain's recruitment and delay the Armada for those precious weeks until England, unprepared and parsimonious as ever, was ready and Drake could leave his bowls.

Dee was obliged to hide his light under the bushel of black magic; but today he deserves a place beside Drake as a patriot who saved England from invasion.

EASTBOURNE — AND AFTERWARDS

A Report on the Liberal Party Conference

by Francis Boyd

IS the idea of Liberalism—concern for individual well-being in all its aspects in a representative political system based on reason and consent—relevant in a world obsessed with mass community organisation, industry and finance? Is the Liberal party in its familiar shape the most effective means of protecting and applying Liberal standards now? Should the Liberal party be maintained as an independent, non-aligned, political unit within the existing or a reformed Parliamentary system? Can the party be kept alive and strengthened so that it acquires a commanding voice in national and local government?

These are the questions that were being asked by Liberals and outside commentators when the Liberal Assembly was held at Eastbourne in September. The broad effect of the Assembly's debates and decisions was, as anyone who knows the party might have guessed, that the Liberal workers intend the party to survive as an independent body, though with some changes in organisation and shifts of emphasis. The leadership clearly does not want the idea of Liberalism to be diluted by injections of anarchy, violence or authoritarianism, and in this it had the backing of the bulk of the delegates. But there is an element in the party that is not frightened when any such labels are stuck on their proposals for radical action now.

The Assembly met at a sombre moment in the party's affairs. The general election of June 18 had reduced the number of Liberal M.P.s from 13, when Parliament was dissolved, to 6. The greatest loss was that of Mr. Eric Lubbock, the hero from Orpington. He first won the seat from the Tories in the famous by-election of March, 1962, and held it in 1964 and 1966. He became the symbol of a period of revival in the Liberal party; but, more than that, he was a vital member of the House of Commons—assiduous, radical, constant in attacking Toryism. But the starkest fact of the general election from the Liberals' point of view was that, while in 1966 12 M.P.s were returned on a total Liberal poll of 2.3 million (8.6 per cent of all who voted), in 1970 only six Liberals were elected on a total Liberal poll of 2.1 million (7.5 per cent). (The thirteenth Liberal M.P. when Parliament was dissolved was Mr. Wallace Lawler, who had won Ladywood from Labour in the by-election of 1969. At the 1970 general election, Labour regained the seat.)

This mean harvest from over two million votes stimulated the persistent Liberal demand for electoral reform. Mr. Desmond Banks, chairman of the party's executive, took every opportunity he could after the election to force the other parties and the public to acknowledge the unrepresentative nature of the present electoral system. He demanded a remedy. But the traditional Liberal case for electoral reform has been strengthened by the growing support for 'participation'—the right of individuals to have a

larger say in the conduct of their own affairs. This is an issue on which all Liberals, whether of the Right, Left, or Centre can unite.

In the general depression which the Liberals suffered after the election, but before the Assembly met, individual Liberals, and the Young Liberals, had begun their analysis of the causes of the party's failure (electoral system apart).

Three main criticisms appeared. Mr. Emlyn Hooson, M.P. for Montgomery and leader of the Welsh Liberal party, argued that the Liberals had lost votes because Mr. Jo Grimond, during his leadership of the party, had flirted with the Left, and Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the present leader, during the general election campaign of 1970, had also given an impression of flirting with the Left by apparently assuming a Labour victory although this was later denied. Mr. Hooson, who presumably knows the mind of Welsh Liberalism, wants no traffic with socialism.

Mr. David Steel, M.P. for Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles, took an opposite line: unless the Liberals showed themselves to be radical they had no chance of gaining popular support.

A third line of criticism was opened by the Young Liberals, led by their national chairman, Mr. Tony Greaves, and their press officer, Mr. Peter Hain, of anti-apartheid fame. They demand that the Liberals should abandon what the Young Liberals regard as an obsession with the Parliamentary process and should concentrate on community action—action on local grievances, or specific general issues such as racialism, in co-operation with others of whatever party happens to agree with them.

Supporters of this course of action always look for help to Mr. Grimond (who held his seat at Orkney and Shetland in June, 1970, with a reduced majority in a three-cornered fight). Mr. Grimond was present at one or two sessions of the Eastbourne Assembly, but he did not speak. During one debate, a Young Liberal rose on a point of order to suggest that delegates should show their appreciation of Mr. Grimond's presence. With this nudge, they did so.

Mr. Grimond's consistent line for some years now—and during his last year as leader of the party—has been the need for a new grouping of political forces to remedy the growing frustrations of the electors who feel themselves to be less and less able within the present political structure to control decisions that affect their daily lives. He wants to 'break the party mould' and secure a re-alignment of radical forces. But although he is at one with the Young Liberals in regarding the present party structure and the existing Parliamentary system as inadequate for modern needs, he does not accept all the more extreme positions occupied by some of the Young Liberals.

All these criticims leave untouched the stubborn core of Liberal party supporters for whom Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Russell Johnston, M.P. for Inverness and chairman of the Assembly Committee, and Lord Wade, formerly M.P. for Huddersfield West, are now the principal speakers. The central position of the party is that the Liberal witness is needed now more than ever because the forces of illiberalism are gaining strength everywhere; that the

existence of an independent, autonomous Liberal party is essential if the Liberal witness is to be declared faithfully; that strong representation in Parliament must be sought because only in such a forum can the priorities between competing social causes be fairly settled; and that community action is to be developed provided that Liberals take part as members of an independent party.

One of the dilemmas troubling the Liberals is the need to reconcile such virtues as there may be in a re-alignment of political forces with the imperative need of Liberal candidates at national and local level to fight *as independents* against Labour and Tory opponents.

Liberals are having better success in local elections than in Parliamentary elections. Since June, 1970, they have made gains in local seats. Anyone who knows the history of local politics between the two world wars must be surprised by re-entry of Liberals into city councils—Birmingham, Liverpool and Leeds—from which they were for a period virtually eliminated. Perhaps the dilemma of independence or radical co-operation may be solved by the Liberals in the approach of such a man as Mr. Michael Meadowcroft, a member of the Leeds City Council. His Liberalism is unassailable. (He was formerly local government officer at Liberal headquarters.) But, as he told the Eastbourne Assembly, he is eager, as an unrepentant Liberal, for community action. What the core of the party wants is an assurance that all 'Liberals' who advocate community action accept the basic Liberal position.

Mr. Thorpe expressed this central position when he wound up the Eastbourne Assembly:

> 'For people in a third party which has, over many years, maintained the loyalties of millions of voters "spite all discouragement" to play with alliances with freaks and splinters is foolishness. Indeed, nothing can do more to undermine the morale of hard-pressed workers in the constituencies. They at least know that the British electorate has, over generations, shown a healthy distrust and a distaste for the lunatic fringes of the Left and the mad skinheads of the Right. However faulty the judgment of the British voters may have been in other respects, this is a tradition which nobody who wishes to preserve a humane society, and who seeks to make radical reform practical, will wish to weaken.'

Whether particular groups who march under the Liberal banner like it or not, I believe Mr. Thorpe was in this passage expressing the views of the core of the party's constituency workers. And the Assembly ended in the hope that its decisions had established a common mind.

Mr. Thorpe said:

> 'The great value of our debate on strategy is that every section of the party has declared its support for the total independence of the party from Conservatism and Socialism, for building up the effectiveness of our local organisations, for community action, and for working to return Liberals to Parliament and local government. I regard the loyalty of every section of the party committed to these aims. How much more effective would have been our efforts had this always been so. I therefore regard this Assembly as a useful starting point for our efforts between now and the next election.'

Mr. Thorpe may have been over-optimistic in his assessment of party unity. As a party leader he could, of course, have said no less. But the compromise on which the Assembly agreed was an odd affair, and was regarded

by the Young Liberal activists as a triumph for them. The Assembly finally endorsed words submitted by the party organisation plus part of an amendment submitted by the Young Liberals. The delegates, on a vote, threw out a Young Liberals' proposal that Liberals should establish 'a power base among industrial workers which will often be in conflict with the industrial establishment both of management and labour', but they accepted the preamble of the Young Liberals that 'our role as political activists is to help organise people in communities to take and use power, to use our political skills to redress grievances, and to represent people at all levels of the political structure.'

Many delegates, including Lord Wade and Dr. Michael Winstanley, formerly M.P. for Cheadle, did not take kindly to the phrase 'take and use' power. This was a formula, commented Lord Wade, which any dictator could use. Mr. Thorpe's assumption of the Liberal commitment of 'every section of the party' was based partly on the statement of Mr. Tony Greaves, in moving the Young Liberals' amendment, that if delegates wanted the Liberal party to continue—'and I do'—this must be, not because the Liberal party had always existed, but because it had a useful and relevant role to play in politics.

With such unanimity as had emerged, the Eastbourne Assembly decided to work on as an independent party. The party's finances have been rescued largely as a result of a single gift (which I understand to have been £150,000). Reforms are promised at party headquarters. Mr. Thorpe told constituency parties that they must act as well as meet and talk. The next general election is to be fought on the broadest possible front, but a majority of delegates rejected North Cornwall's demand for 630 candidates in the field.

But this leaves unanswered the question whether enough people in this hustling, highly organised world will stop to notice the Liberal witness and will respond to it. Delegates to the Labour party conference at Blackpool which followed immediately after the Liberal Assembly are learning the Liberals' language: 'participation', and 'industrial democracy'. The growth of international corporations in industry, the cult of violence, racial tension, militant nationalism, all tend to muffle the voice of the individual who asks reasonably for his proper liberties. And it is not certain that the Parliamentary system, unless radically changed, will be restored in the public mind as the most effective instrument for change by consent. It is even possible that, if the Heath Government finds itself unable in the end to redeem the promises on which it was elected, the reputation of the Parliamentary system will sink still lower. Yet, despite present gloom and future uncertainty there will be found, to the end, a band of Liberals, small though it may be, who will apply Luther's declaration to their own political faith: *'Hier stehe Ich. Ich kann nicht anders.'*

[Francis Boyd has been the Political Correspondent of the *Guardian* since 1945.]

THE FUTURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE

by Arent van Beek

THE International Court of Justice is entering the most critical phase in its history since it was established as a principal organ of the United Nations at the San Francisco Conference in 1945, which conference created the United Nations. It became the successor of the Permanent Court of International Justice which had functioned from 1922 till it voted itself out of existence, together with the League of Nations, on April 18, 1946. The Statute of the old Court was, with minor variations, taken over by the new Court, but the relationship between the new Court and the United Nations differs substantially from the one between the old Court and the League. The old Court certainly owed its existence to the League, but was not part of it. Member States of the League could choose freely to become parties to the Statute of the Court, whereas the Members of the United Nations are *ipso facto* parties to the Statute of the new Court, which is an integral part of the Charter of the United Nations. This ambiguity, characteristic of the relations between the League and the Permanent Court, has now been clarified.

From the date the first case was referred to the Court in 1947, fifty-one cases have been submitted and the Court has given 30 judgments and 13 advisory opinions. There are, at present, no cases pending on the List.

To some this seems all the more surprising since the international problems which call for a solution are so numerous. But there are some serious misunderstandings concerning the real mission of the Court. It is a jurisdictional body which has competence to settle disputes on the basis of law and it should not be confused with a body like the Security Council, whose duty is to promote the establishment and maintenance of peace. The Court can only deal with disputes relating to the interpretation and application of a system of law as to the existence and validity of which the parties to a dispute are in agreement. A political conflict, on the contrary, arises when one of them denies the existence of a law or claims there is a gap in the legal order. Thus, a dispute that can be brought before the Court presupposes a common adherence to positive legality, whereas a political conflict is concerned with the definition of a right and comes within the sphere of operation not of a judge but of a legislator.

Further scrutiny of the cases which the Court has dealt with so far show a virtual consistency in the number of contentious cases but on the other hand a substantial decline in the matters referred to the Court for advisory opinion.

It is clear that in modern political organisations, such as the General Assembly and the Security Council, the political difficulties in securing a majority to support properly drafted legal questions are virtually insuperable owing to the lack of agreement between parties to the nature of the dispute in question.

An additional difficulty is the absence of any compulsion to refer disputes to the Court. Although Article 36 of the Statute opens up the possibility for States to accept compulsory arbitration, the majority of the 40 States which have accepted this have done so subject to innumerable reservations, which in most cases render their acceptance void of all practical substance; more particularly by excluding all disputes which come within the domestic jurisdiction of the State.

Today, States which refer disputes to the political organisations do so because they desire a political and not a judicial settlement, and the way these organs work affords them ample opportunity to concentrate their diplomatic endeavours to an exclusively political direction.

The reasons for this state of affairs are undoubtedly complex, but the impression is inescapable, that their origin lies in the relentless quest after 'security', which is the major preoccupation of all responsible statesmen today.

There is also prevalent in the world a widespread questioning of contemporary international law. This is probably based on the view that international law is mainly the product of European imperialism and colonialism, and does not take sufficient account of the completely changed pattern of international relations which now exists. What is perhaps not sufficiently known is that the International Court has shown itself sympathetic towards the psychological attitudes of the new small States. In this respect it has performed a major service to the international community as a whole.

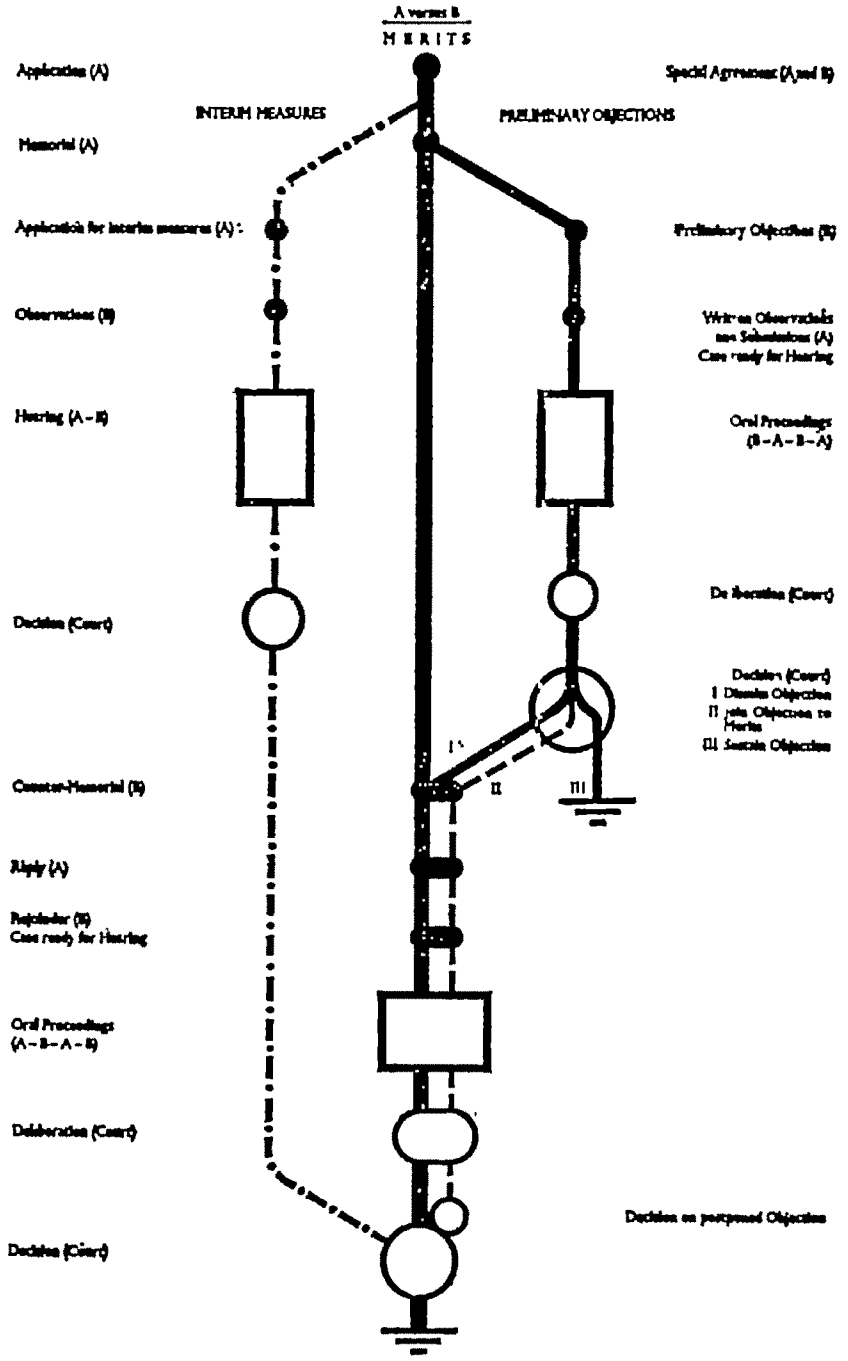
Above all, in considering the work of the Court and the role which it has been called upon to play, it must be remembered that, unlike the situation after the First World War when the illusion of a relaxation of tension became commonplace, the period since the Second World War has been marked by unceasing international strife and unrelieved anxiety. The development of this unfortunate state of affairs has been worsened by a continuous weakening of the authorities established to deal with the normal intercourse of States in time of peace.

Nevertheless, whether by delivering judgments in contentious cases or by giving advisory opinions, the International Court of Justice, continuing the work done by the Permanent Court of International Justice between the two wars, has made a very considerable contribution to the development of international law. Some of the principles propounded by it have been faithfully embodied in conventions which have subsequently codified the law in some specific field.

Such a function should not be allowed to decline and still less to come to an end. Already there can be seen the first signs of fresh credit being given to the Court. The United Nations Conference on the codification of the Law of Treaties provided, in the Convention it adopted in Vienna on May 24, 1970, for the jurisdiction of the International Court in settling disputes that might arise from the application of *jus cogens*. By this is meant an imperative principle of general international law from which no treaty can depart.

The United States Government has on several occasions expressed its

HOW A CASE IS TRIED



concern about the neglected 'World Court'. In a speech made on April 25, 1970 Mr. William Rogers, U.S. Secretary of State, referred to the scepticism which exists outside and within the legal community about the reality and value of international law possibly because there is no effective provision for its enforcement. Mr. Rogers went on to state that the Court is important because an international judicial system is required equally with treaties and agreements between peaceful co-existing nations.

According to Mr. Rogers, the basic problem is the reluctance of States to refer international disputes to the Court. States have not been willing to accept the idea of going to the Court on a regular basis, expecting to win some cases and lose others. If the legal adviser of the foreign ministry is not confident of victory, he will recommend against litigation. Refusal to submit a case to the Court unless it is virtually a sure win may have a short-term advantage from a national vantage point. But what nations so far have failed to grasp or to accept is the long-range gain of establishing a system of settling international disputes by accepted legal methods.

However, as Mr. Rogers continued, we should recognize that the Court is at least partly to blame for its own neglect. There is no doubt that its reputation was damaged by its decision in the South-west Africa case that the plaintiffs had no standing to present their claims, after more than five years of proceeding. A similar decision early this year in the Barcelona Traction case—after more than seven years—has further eroded confidence in the Court.

At the end of his speech, Mr. Rogers made some helpful proposals to revive the Court. He suggested that:

(a) Greater use might be made of the Chambers of the Court, (Chambers are composed of not less than three judges and their constitution is included in the Statute of the Court) in an effort to relieve apprehensions about submitting disputes to the 15 judges sitting 'en banc'.
(b) The Chambers could meet outside The Hague to make the Court visible in other regions of the world.
(c) Regional Chambers might be established, to encourage Latin-American, Asian and African States to submit their disputes with other States in the same region.
(d) Summary proceedings might be used more often, and the length of pleadings and oral argument could thus be appropriately limited.

On August 14, 1970 the United States Government requested the Secretary General of the United Nations to include in the agenda of the 25th session of the General Assembly an item entitled: 'Review of the Role of the International Court of Justice'.

In its explanatory memorandum the U.S. Government urged that a review of the Court was urgently needed. The lack of business before the Court is evidence of this fact. A study should be undertaken of obstacles to the satisfactory functioning of the Court and ways and means of removing them. Such a study should also include an exploration of additional possibilities for the use of the Court. It remains to be seen what reaction this point on the agenda of the General Assembly will receive. Some of the suggestions

made by Mr. Rogers should be acceptable to many Afro-Asian countries, but the reception it will get from the Socialist countries is difficult to predict.

One thing is certain. The Court finds itself in a difficult period, that of the emergence from a phase of contention to a stage in which. through the efforts of the United Nations to codify international law, there will emerge a juridically less heterogeneous society.

[Arent van Beek was a member of the Dutch Resistance Movement. He served several prison sentences and was condemned to death when he escaped to England in 1944. He was a Director of Conferences of the Federal Trust 1962-3.]

The December issue of the *Contemporary Review* will include articles by James Laver, Val Gielgud, Rowland Summerscales, George Soloveytchik and Frank Swinnerton.

A NEW PATTERN FOR LIVING: CECIL HOUSES INCORPORATED

by Eleanor Gordon Phillips

ONE of the most pressing problems today is the plight of the elderly and the lonely, for which reason it is heartening to learn of any scheme for its alleviation.

Recently, in a very pleasant part of Ealing, London, Cecil Court, a Residential Club, has been completed, where some forty women of pensionable age each has her own centrally-heated bed-sitting room, fitted with a modern kitchen unit comprising electric cooker, refrigerator, washing-up facilities, larder, etc., where she can prepare her own breakfast and evening meal; the necessary groceries being obtainable at a 'shop' on the premises with 'club currency', so that all food, including a good mid-day meal in the dining room, is covered by the weekly charge. Pull-over curtains, to match those at the windows, cover the kitchen unit and each room has a fitted carpet, wardrobe and divan bed. Most of the residents asked if they might bring some personal items with them, and this was welcomed. There is also a lounge with television, a lift, public telephone, utility rooms for washing and ironing personal laundry and a garden, among other amenities. A matron and staff take care of day-to-day administration.

Cecil Court was originally intended for those with only their State pension but who, as full board and lodging is provided, could obtain supplementary benefit towards the necessary weekly charge. From the many applications received as soon as the idea was promulgated, a primary reason as to why this type of residence was so urgently needed became apparent. Loneliness and the need for companionship are widespread. Women, both professional and otherwise, who have saved throughout their working lives, find on retirement that their resources can no longer maintain a small house or flat. Dividends from investments, or an annuity taken out some years ago, are now inadequate to meet the present day cost of living. Through all the letters received by Cecil Houses Inc., sponsors of the Club, ran the thread of anxiety as to the future. The thought of a 'one-roomed flatlet' was hailed with delight, and especially the provision of a cooked lunch, as so many living on their own succumb to a monotonous diet of chop, egg, or cheese. The added assurance that in case of accident there was no longer the fear of lying helpless and untended was also comforting, together with the knowledge that should some nursing be required for a few weeks this would be arranged at no extra expense at the Cecil Residential Club in North Kensington, with its sick wards and trained staff.

The social and welfare needs rather than the financial status of an applicant, it was decided, should be the main factor in acceptance; and so within the protective walls of the Club are those with differing incomes and backgrounds, while the financial resources of each is treated in the strictest confidence.

Cecil Houses Inc. were founded, over forty years ago, by Keith Chesterton (Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, sister-in-law of G.K.C. and herself a capable journalist). At that time she was deeply conscious of the conditions under which homeless, penniless and sick women were obliged to live. To discover for herself the hardships they faced she became, for a fortnight, a voluntary down-and-out in the slum areas of London. She found that any woman over the age of forty was considered too old for any permanent job, and only a very few places existed where she might obtain a decent, clean bed at a price she could afford to pay for it. Mrs. Chesterton slept in dirty lodging houses: spent a night in the casual ward of a workhouse—a humiliating experience—and to earn the pence for a night's shelter had to scrub door steps, wash up in the filthy basements of small restaurants or even beg in the street.

The conditions encountered she described not only in the Press but in a book entitled *In Darkest London*, and later in *I Lived in a Slum*. It is worth re-reading these books today. The prose is taut and economical, free from emotion or over-emphasis, yet Keith Chesterton's admiration for the courageous, often destitute women whose lives she shared during those fateful weeks shines out like a beacon. And what she had to say stirred the hearts of thousands of people. Letters of sympathy and offers of financial help began to arrive. Within a year the first Cecil House, so named in memory of her husband, Cecil Chesterton, who died during the first World War, was opened in Holborn. Her Majesty Queen Mary was gracious enough to send a gift after reading the books and later paid a private visit, not only to that first House prior to its official opening by the Lord Mayor of London, but to each subsequent Cecil House, and honoured the work done by an award of the O.B.E. to Mrs. Chesterton in 1938.

A strict rule at all Cecil Houses was that no woman should be questioned as to why she came for a bed. It was sufficient that she needed one. If she had not the money to pay for it this was provided from a small fund held by the Matron for that purpose and for the provision of a cup of tea and bread and butter on arrival and before departure a hot bath, and facilities for washing clothing. The charge was one shilling per night inclusive, and the House paid its way, as do all the establishments run by the Association.

Today two Cecil Houses still function, one on the original site now renamed Boswell Street, Holborn, and the other in Waterloo Road, S.E.1. They are full almost every night and the current charge is 6/- for bed, bath and washing facilities, with tea and snacks at just above cost price.

Being registered as common lodging houses, open to inspection by the local borough council, it is essential that the premises are closed during the day to enable the Matron to ensure that the rooms and beds are kept scrupulously clean; for this reason, applicants are admitted at 4 p.m. and leave at 10 a.m. next morning. If a woman is found to be verminous she is asked to go to the cleansing station and to bring back confirmation of this before re-admission, for the protection of the other lodgers—a proceeding thankfully only very rarely necessary in these days.

With five Cecil Houses running by 1934, Mrs. Chesterton found they were being used by a number of quite young girls who came from the provinces

to seek work in the capital city; and she came to feel that this did not afford the necessary incentive towards a more settled way of life. So she sought and purchased a site in Gower Street, Euston, where a centrally-heated modern building was erected to accommodate seventy-two girls, sleeping four to a room with curtained beds. There was a lounge, games room and roof garden, with breakfast, evening meal and full board provided at the week-end. Alas, just as the Club was completed war was declared and within a very short while practically all the large firms, with their young staffs, had left London. Had the formation of women's services been envisaged the Girls' Club would have been reserved for them, but a short war being optimistically anticipated, the premises were let to the Canadian Legion for their men on leave and so was occupied by the Canadian Forces 'for the duration'.

With the advent of peace, however, repairs and renovations were speedily put in hand and in May 1947 the Cecil Residential Club for Girls was opened for its original purpose by the Lord Mayor of London and once again Mrs. Chesterton had the honour of receiving Her Majesty Queen Mary on a private visit.

The Club was an immediate success, though the clientele had altered considerably since the scheme was first conceived. By this time girls were able easily to find good jobs at decent wages, and could pay £2 10s. per week for the amenities originally planned. But many of these young people had lost their families in the war, and for them the Club came to stand for 'home'. When Keith Chesterton learnt that one of the first residents was to be married, and that the ceremony would be at the registrar's office on a week-day to avoid the expense of inviting friends she suggested a wedding-breakfast at the Club, free of charge, for some fifty guests; the wedding cake, sandwiches, tea and soft drinks being provided by the Matron and her staff. The gratitude of the young girl and her bridegroom was very genuine, and a few days later they shyly informed Mrs. Chesterton that they had decided to get married at the parish church. The loan of a wedding dress, veil and bridemaid's outfit was arranged. This was the first of a number of such events, and though Cecil Houses Inc. are entirely non-sectarian and non-political Mrs. Chesterton was always happy if a girl chose to start her married life with a church ceremony. Nowadays, the girls usually leave before they get married, but still enjoy the same Club amenities at a weekly charge of four pounds ten shillings.

The end of the war presented a new problem for Cecil Houses. During the air raids on London many women were made homeless and came to Cecil Houses, which remained open day and night during the bombing. With the war over, and the great difficulty in finding more permanent accommodation, they clung to their beds at Cecil Houses. Increasing age, together with the hardships of winter, epidemics of influenza and other ailments, was a constant anxiety to Mrs. Chesterton and the Matrons. It was impossible to nurse these elderly and otherwise homeless women in the dormitories, and finally it became more than an isolated instance for a woman to collapse in the street or creep back to Cecil House to be found

dead in her bed the next morning.

To lessen this misery, an all-out drive was started to raise the money to buy more land adjoining the Cecil House in North Kensington which, during the war, had become very dilapidated, and to build there a place similar to the Girls' Club, but exclusively for elderly women. It was realised they would not be able to pay for the running costs from their old age pensions, but arrangements were made with borough and county councils to cover the difference between what they could contribute and the actual expenditure.

To complete construction of the centrally-heated building with four-bedded rooms, lift, lounges, and garden; all meals supplied and a special sick ward staffed by trained nurses, a loan had to be raised from the London County Council, but all was ready by 1953, when the Lord Mayor of London performed the opening ceremony.

Every bed was speedily filled and with good food and kindly care all the old ladies seemed to take on a new lease of life! But just before Mrs. Chesterton died, in January 1962, it became apparent that the sick ward was woefully inadequate to deal with the large proportion of residents now in their late eighties and early nineties. So more small adjoining premises were purchased to allow for the expansion of sick nursing which today consists of three wards; of fourteen, eight and three beds respectively, and when completed the block was named 'The Founder's Wing'.

By hard work and the continuing generosity of many friends the loan on the enlarged Club was repaid, but since then ideas on the housing of the 'older citizen' have changed considerably and today it is the rule rather than the exception to provide single rooms instead of shared accommodation. Those who are still able to dress and look after themselves are sometimes diffident about joining a community where most of their company will be very frail. Of the present elderly ladies at Cecil Residential Club in North Kensington, about 70 per cent require some assistance while a further 20 per cent need almost permanent care in the sick wards.

So that, while the Club continues to care for its present guests, the new Cecil Court in Ealing accepts only those who can be fully responsible for themselves and their bed-sitting rooms. In these days the question of years has little to do with physical activity, and there is no top age limit for admission, in fact a number of the guests are actually older than at the Residential Club in N. Kensington. As soon as a substantial reduction can be made in the outstanding loan from the Greater London Council, plans for some reconstruction work to bring the Wedlake Street Club more up-to-date will be put in hand.

In the early years, a popular money-raising event was the annual meeting in a London Theatre, lent free of charge on a non-matinée afternoon. Leading stage personalities, writers and politicians spoke about the valuable work being done by Cecil Houses. George Bernard Shaw at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, was a huge success and the full text of his speech was reprinted in *The New York Times*. He told Mrs. Chesterton it was the only time he had ever spoken on behalf of a charity. On another occasion Sir Thomas Beecham when appealing to the audience to give generously

declared that his ear was so keenly attuned he could distinguish between the sound of a ten shilling and one pound note being dropped into the collection-boxes!

On the death of the founder (who was also the first President of Cecil Houses Inc.) The Lady Cynthia Colville who, through her connection with Queen Mary took a close interest in the Clubs and Houses, accepted the Presidency which has now passed to her daughter-in-law The Lady Margaret Colville; supported by Vice-Presidents, The Hon. Margaret Bigge, Sir Edward Bligh, Lady Brunel Cohen, Sir Kenneth Grubb, C.M.G., LL.D., The Lord Ilford, M.C., T.D., Q.C., The Rt. Hon. Lord Molson, P.C., The Lord Moyne, Lady Tidbury-Beer and a Council of Management. It is gratifying to realise that the work which had its origins in such small beginnings is being carried on and enlarged upon. What Keith Chesterton strove so ceaselessly to do for the destitute and lonely is perhaps best epitomised in William Blake's immortal lines:

'Seek Love in the pity of others' woe,
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night, in the winter's snow,
In the naked and outcast, seek Love there.'

[Eleanor Gordon Phillips was a member of the staff of *The New Witness* (later known as *G.K.'s Weekly*) when she first met Keith Chesterton, who was at that time Assistant Editor. Mrs. Phillips is Secretary of Cecil Houses (Inc.) and has devoted many years to the management of the Clubs and Houses.]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ENGLAND SHAPED THEM

A.P.H. His Life and Times. Sir Alan Herbert, C.H. Heinemann, 63s. *Mary Stocks. My Common Place Book.* Peter Davies, 55s. *The Memoirs of Israel Sieff.* Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 50s.

What a man is A.P.H. and what a superb, rollicking birthday present for his many friends, known and unknown to him all over the world! I defy anyone to classify this book, this 'brazen hussy' of a book (a term actually applied by Winston Churchill to A.P.H.'s maiden speech). It contains something for everybody according to taste and interest, poets and playwrights, sailors and astronomers, politicians and reformers—and not surprisingly for lawyers. A.P.H. gained by hard work a brilliant First in Law at Oxford and his acute knowledge of the Law is not only revealed in numerous books and *Misleading Cases*, but quite obviously helped him in drafting scores of Bills and one famous Act for which he will be for ever remembered. I always envied lawyers in the House of Commons, because they could devour Acts of Parliament so quickly and expertly.

It was my privilege not only to be a University Member with A.P.H., but, as he generously admits, to take some part in the battle against Purchase Tax on books. It was a bloodless victory and poor Kingsley Wood told me we could burn our speeches, because the Government was giving way; but I prefer A.P.H.'s adjectives, 'the genial but granitic Kingsley Wood'. What a master of words!

However, I shared a few other joys with A.P.H.; for example, I was a regular member of J. C. Squire's 'Invalids' cricket team. Then, partly because my dear sister, Christine, appeared often in A.P.H.'s musicals at the Lyric Hammersmith, 'Derby Day' and 'Tantivy Towers', I can relive much of Chapter 7 entitled 'Creative Joy' right up to the great successes with C. B. Cochran, 'Big Ben' and 'Bless the Bride' in 1946 and 1947. Others will enjoy Chapter 9 entitled 'Water' or his many 'Battles for Britain', Chapter 12.

Many will remember his talented daughters; glorious days watching the Boat Race at Chiswick and evenings at the 'Black Lion'. But nobody will ever forget his gracious lady Gwen—'my dear wife for our 56th anniversary'—the lovely dedication of this cataract of memories.

Mary Stocks was born a year later in 1891 and like A.P.H. derived from what used to be called a stimulating, upper-middle class professional background in an age of security. She went to St. Paul's Girls School instead of Winchester and the London School of Economics instead of Oxford. But she married a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, Johnny Stocks, socialist and member of a large clerical family, previously at Rugby. Incidentally, he stood as Labour Candidate against A.P.H. in 1935 for the University of Oxford, though the agent for A.P.H. was none other than the Socialist Lord Longford. Such are English politics.

I remember Mary Stocks at Oxford, when I was an undergraduate and we fought together the Vice-Chancellor for the right of the Labour Club to exist; she records the incident in some detail (p. 136). Her friends were my heroes R. H. Tawney, Gilbert Murray and William Temple, later Archbishop of Canterbury, whose life was written by the Rev. F. A. Iremonger. We both

knew Sir Wyndham Deedes and scores of other social reformers. But then A.P.H. was also a life-long 'reformer' and both he and his prospective bride, Gwendolen Quilter, were not unknown at Oxford House, Bethnal Green. Indeed they were married by none other than the Rev. F. A Iremonger. The glory of England is individualism and but for a foolish mischance Mary Stocks would have succeeded her great friend Eleanor Rathbone as University Member and been my colleague and also A.P.H.'s colleague in the House of Commons. Such are the whims of English politics.

However, Mary Stocks much later was made a Life Peer, performed yeoman service on scores of government committees and has delighted millions in 'Any Questions?' by her sturdy commonsense and Christian charity.

Finally, I come to my old friend Israel Sieff, whose ancestors take us back to Kovno, at one time capital of Lithuania. He is now President of Marks and Spencer, and President Emeritus of P.E.P.

I am proud to say that he states in his memoirs: 'I personally came into the organisation through Kenneth Lindsay', which happens to be true, but it is relevant to add that it was through a suggestion of Sir Wyndham Deedes (mentioned above). I can now testify that, but for Israel Sieff's inspiration and leadership, it is doubtful whether P.E.P. would have survived the Thirties. In these memoirs he writes: 'Next to my service to Weizmann, I am prouder of being an original member of the Council of P.E.P. than of anything in my life'.

The romantic story of Marks and Spencer, the intermarriage of the Marks and Sieff families, the contribution of this firm to the happiness and history of Britain, are well-known. Less known to the general public is Lord Sieff's contribution to the making of Israel, the founding of the world-famous Weizmann Institute in memory of his son Daniel, and countless other constructive efforts made by him and his family for the social and intellectual welfare of Israel.

Lord Sieff is like A.P.H., a patriarch with children and grand-children; Mary Stocks is a matriarch with a great-grandchild called Rebecca, incidentally the name of Israel's beloved wife. Might not some of us, humbler ones, be proud that England shaped in its own way these three amazing people, patriarchs or matriarchs, A.P.H., Mary Stocks and Israel Sieff. Believe me, their lives intertwined in London, Oxford and Manchester, often unknown to each other. They were all concerned with 'the relief of man's estate and the Glory of God'.

The books are closed, but the memories linger on.

KENNETH LINDSAY

RURAL GREEK CULTURE

The Dangerous Hour: The Lore & Culture of Crisis and Mystery in Rural Greece. Richard & Eva Blum. Chatto & Windus, 84s.

This work sets out to reveal the thoughts, feelings, and the way of life of villagers in modern Greece. It is divided into three distinct sections, the first of which consists almost entirely of the statements of the Greek shepherds and peasants of the three Greek villages in which the authors carried out their research; in the second section, this narrative material is analysed; the final section contains a comparative study of the content of the narratives and any similar themes found in ancient Greek literature, and a discussion of the similarities between the culture of rural Greece and those of several other Mediterranean countries.

The authors employ a very scientific approach, typically trans-Atlantic—though one feels that for once it is not wholly out of place—and thoroughly explain this approach, and its limitations, in their helpful introduction.

There are nearly nine hundred narratives in the first section, many of which sound as if they have come from an ancient civilisation; one is struck all the more by them when reminded that they are all real enough to the peasants who related them. It is a fascinating, though somewhat exhausting, collection. Those not versed in anthropological controversies will be thankful to be spared the rather technical analysis which makes up the second section: the conclusions drawn from the statistics laid out there are summarised at the beginning of the chapter. Here again, the reader is reminded of the limitations of the authors' approach, especially the peasants' natural suspicion of the two American authors and their two Greek-city research assistants, an important factor to take into account when assessing the validity of the narratives. The final section contains much that will interest the classicist. There are numerous parallels between modern beliefs and those found throughout classical literature.

The material obtained from observation and narrative conforms with the findings of other great classicists and folklorists, but is limited to an examination of 'crisis and mystery', the supernatural phenomena that deal with the preservation of life and health, and the avoidance of pain and death. But this limitation to such important times in human life seems to allow a more detailed, and perhaps more realistic, comparison between ancient and modern.

Dr. and Mrs. Blum appear to have used their considerable talents to obtain truthful and relevant interviews, and are perhaps less than fair to themselves in qualifying their methods. Their wide experience will have helped them to surmount most of the traditional problems of such projects. They might have cut down the amount of narrative material in their first section, but this detracts little from an otherwise technically excellent examination of the beliefs and practices of the culture of rural Greece.

P. B. Sherr

DICKENS TO LAWRENCE

The English Novel from Dickens to Lawrence. Raymond Williams. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Raymond Williams, a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, has been lecturing for some years past on an unusual aspect of the English Novel, one that he describes as the 'novel of the knowable' community. Taking as a basis for this theme an extract from William Wordsworth's memorable poem in the seventh book of the 'Prelude':

> How often in the overflowing Streets,
> Have I gone forward with the Crowd, and said
> Unto myself, the face of every one
> That passes by me is a mystery . . . .
> . . . And all the ballast of familiar life,
> The present, and the past; hope, fear; all stays,
> All laws of acting, thinking, speaking man
> Went from me, neither knowing me, nor known . . . .

he writes: 'The problem of the knowable community, with its deep implication for the novelist, is clearly a part of the social history of early nineteenth-century England and of the imaginative penetration and recoil which was the creative response . . .'

He concentrates his evidence on a momentous twenty months during the years 1847-48 in which the following novels were published: Dombey and

Son, Wuthering Heights, Vanity Fair, Jane Eyre, Mary Barton, Tancred, Town and Country and the Tenant of Wildfell Hall, and continues with a close analysis of the authors of these novels. He regards them as having positively contributed to the record of the social life of these times; even to shaping the actual course of English nineteenth and twentieth century history by their perceptive responses to subtle changes. At the same time they have sought to convey personal emotion as experienced by the men and women involved.

That this generalisation is applicable to the first of his eight studies, Charles Dickens, is admittedly true only in part. For Dickens's characters, as Raymond Williams points out, are not gradually revealed by their moods and reactions but 'directly presented'. However this may be, Dickens's approach to the novel introduced a welcome vogue of 'authenticity' possibly due to the urban settings which provided a feeling of familiarity and involvement.

The three Bronte sisters could not have been more different from each other than they were from Charles Dickens, although each of them conveyed an acute intensity of feeling which for want of a better word was at the time called 'passion'. As illustrations Raymond Williams quotes from Cathy in 'Wuthering Heights': 'My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath; a source of little visible delight but necessary; my love for Linton is like the foliage of the woods . . .' and from Lucy Snowe in Villette; an agonising 'confession' in which deprivation is dissected with the precision of a surgeon's knife . . . 'See him before he goes? . . . will this day, will the next hour, bring him? . . . or must I again assay the corresponding pain of long attent . . .'

George Eliot once said that 'Villette' was more wonderful even than 'Jane Eyre' but although she corresponded with Charlotte Bronte neither lived long enough to assess the other's talents. In one of the essays on later nineteenth century novelists Raymond Williams suggests that the structure of George Eliot's novels is simpler and more satisfying when she casts her plots in the period prior to her own childhood. His contention is that in all her major novels she was obliged practically to create a new form for her remorseless 'working out' of profound philosophical ideas expressed through the tensions and conflicts of finely observed characters.

Perhaps the most interesting essay relates to Thomas Hardy? Despite rising popularity Hardy remains an enigma as a writer of genius caught in the cross-fire of a peasant or 'folk' community and the expanding mood of nineteenth century research and speculation. The close, sympathetic statement of his predicament has possibly never been bettered.

ROSALIND WADE

IMAGINATION IN AMERICA

Supergrow. Benjamin DeMott. Gollancz, 40s.

Subtitled 'Essays and Reports on Imagination in America', this collection of fifteen reprinted pieces ranges over a wide and varied territory. The essays are indeed, as the author declares, 'about everything under the sun—rock music, improving your sex, the Hollywood life, the uses of poetry, Marshall McLuhan, violence in Mississippi, group-grope theatre, student revolts'. To discover any thematic unity in so diverse an assemblage is difficult, but Professor DeMott obligingly supplies the suggestion that it is that 'people ought to use their imaginations more'. I think that he has most certainly used his in proffering this tenuous thread.

Professor DeMott, who is Professor of English at Amherst College, Massachusetts, and a well known critic and novelist, believes that the present plight of America—and he instances her foreign policy—is in large measure the consequence of obdurate refusal to harry private imagination into constructing the inerness of other lives—i.e. to see the other person's point of view. He further believes that 'the right use of the constructive imagination increases the effectiveness of our energies, enables people to anticipate moves and countermoves, prevents them from becoming frozen into postures of intransigence or martyrdom which, though possessing a "terrible beauty", have as their main consequence the stiffening of resistance and the slowing of change'.

And so, suiting the deed to the notion, Professor DeMott has taken a series of 'glances around the culture scene', and done his level best to imagine constructively what is going on in the minds of such people as a homosexual's neighbours and an adversary teacher in deepest Mississippi. His achievement is a succession of microcosmic penetrations into his contemporary contingent macrocosm, his imaginative forays recorded in lively, frequently unprofessorial, transatlantic semantics. As a specimen of the Sontag-style word-book that seems all the current rage in the United States, this is really splendid, and is to be thoroughly recommended for the confirmation it provides of one's most alarming imaginings about the direction of the American imagination.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

ART IN SOCIETY

Fears of Fragmentation. Arnold Wesker. Jonathan Cape, 21s.

If any doubt had been entertained about the nature of Arnold Wesker's vision of art in society, then this collection of polemical essays renders it crystal-clear. It is not particularly pleasant to witness the tilting of the incorrigible idealist against the wall of Philistinism and the windmills of reality. His letter to the architect, Rene Allio, briefing him on the ideological construction of Centre Forty-two, carries, however inspiring, a burden of failure—that this *cannot* be. 'Forty-two will be a great cry of joy and surprise and sometimes pain at being alive. It will also be a weapon. Now, go away and design us a home for that cry and a sheath for that weapon'.

Naturally, in his intense conviction that art should enrich the lives of the masses, he turns to William Morris and to Ruskin as exemplars, to Ruskin's haranguing of 'the Manufacturers of Bradford'—'If . . . you try to attract attention by singularities, novelties, and gaudiness—no good design will ever be possible to you, or perceived by you'. Funds, however, did not come up to scratch. Nor is he really surprised, feeling always that 'all the Centre Forty-twos we may build . . . can only be patchwork if that society remains at heart a capitalist society'. His disappointment leads him to such general statements as 'We live in a society that is either indifferent to art or merely pays lip service to it'. His 'fear of fragmentation'—separation of art from life, element from element, past from present, parts from the whole—is elusive in definition. His own ideas, and their implications, perplex him, yet drive him to a new plan for an experimental community in which workers and intellectuals should collaborate to make the neighbourhood 'rich with the noise of its artistic activity and debate.'

MOLLY TIBBS

ARTHUR WALEY

Madly Singing in the Mountains: An Appreciation and Anthology of Arthur Waley. Edited by Ivan Morris. George Allen & Unwin, 70s.

Great reputation and personal anonymity have rarely been so well combined as in Arthur Waley—poet, translator and scholar. His insubstantial figure stands in the shade at Bloomsbury garden parties, just a passing note from the pen of Lytton Strachey—'admirable, triumphant, talking away like anything and rather less remote than usual'. Although still not a full biography, this memoir and anthology is both pleasurable and a contribution to making the aquiline ascetic less 'remote'. His fearless childhood persona races on a kite-pulled bicycle across Wimbledon Common; his fearless adult persona soars over hedges on skis in Switzerland. From King's, he went, at the suggestion of Oswald Sickert, to the British Museum, where he learnt Chinese and Japanese, and published his first translations in 1916. Curiously, he never travelled to the Far East; he preferred his study. He was a confirmed non-joiner, and totally unworldly; when asked if he might accept the Chair in Chinese at Cambridge, he murmured, 'I would rather be dead'. And yet, although not interested in social trivialities, he had many friends, and inspired much loyalty. He is buried—although he abhorred the ornate—amongst the grassy catacombs of Highgate Cemetery.

In his translations, which, at their best, are not, as they cannot be, exact transliterations, he avoided the iambic line, and used 'sprung rhythm' with a varying number of beats. Hopkins' sprung rhythm poems post-dated Waley's first translations, but it is interesting that Waley had seen them before publication, because Roger Fry, his friend, was related to Bridges' wife. He was known to fly to Paris, to more reliable sources, for the meaning of a single word, surpassing Flaubert, but his taste was not necessarily rarefied —*Under Milk Wood* was a favourite, we learn with some surprise. The world around him, and all its rarities, never failed to interest him, although he refused to be 'placed', to be defined: he would demand, 'My world, my world—what do you mean, *my* world?'.

MOLLY TIBBS

A RUSSIAN GIRLHOOD

A Girl Grew Up in Russia. Elizaveta Fen. Deutsch, 55s.

I am often amazed at the detailed memories women retain of their childhood, usually much more acute than men's. This instalment of autobiography amounts to total recall. Miss Fen recounts her girlhood in a Bielorussian town and on a country estate from the age of eleven to seventeen over half a century ago. Sensitive, imaginative, impulsive, she loved riding, dancing, skating, climbing trees, going for solitary walks.

Her father, a provincial governor, seems to have been strangely indifferent to her young dreams, her mother not deeply understanding, her brother hostile, her elder sister—training at a St. Petersburg university to be a teacher—sympathetic. So first as boarder, then as day scholar, she was left much to her own resources both at school and home, experiencing tense emotional conflicts as well as friendships with teachers and fellow pupils.

'The emotions of childhood and adolescence', she writes, 'are infinitely more intense than those of later life'; and more intense in the Russian nature, presumably, than most others, for she was meltingly prone to tears.

What singled her out for distinction and eventual honours was an early aptitude for writing essays and verse that were read out to the class. Her first essay was about St. John's night in the country when peasant youths and girls would jump over bonfires holding hands, to see whom they would marry; and girls floated wreaths of wild flowers with lighted candles on them down woodland streams, to see who would die that year, who would prosper.

A love of poetry inspired her own first poem, written at the age of eight. 'I learnt pages of Pushkin and Lermontov by heart with ease; reading poetry aloud became a passion. To me it was music and painting combined and brought to a perfect art . . .'. Country beauty was no less evocative. 'Birds, gathering on roofs and telegraph wires—I stopped to listen to their excited twittering before they set off for warmer skies. Streams swelling with rain, snow melting, May-bugs buzzing in the branches of birch trees, dragonflies over the water, the red moon rising from lilac bushes, sunset and summer lightning—all the wealth of nature was mine'.

Particularly vivid are the recollection of traditional customs in a Russia now memoried—the Easter and Christmas church ceremonies, village weddings, country house entertaining—and of a visit to the Caucasus and Lermontov's Piatigorsk. When her home town became the Tsar's military H.Q. in the 1914 war she saw the young heir to the throne, the haemophilic Grand Duke Alexéy, in a nearby public garden, watching boys playing games he could never share. The book ends with her departure for Petersburg university as a gold medallist. Her 'real' life had begun. Ahead loomed her first real love and the Revolution that would shatter her background.

Possibly at times she is inclined to psychologise girlish situations and motives from maturer hindsight. But for a Russian she writes remarkably lucid English, having lived and worked here at child psychology most of her life; and this sequel to her earlier *A Russian Childhood* should delight all who relish sensitive memoirs of girlhood whether it be here and recent or in a bygone Russia so worth recalling.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

The Seasons (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 65s.). Mr. Anthony Smith has now turned from *The Body* to discuss the impact of the seasons upon man, animals and nature. It is a tremendous subject outlined in a superbly produced volume. 'Rhythms of life: cycles of change' is the theme, emanating from the planetary system and inbred in every living thing. After discussing the earth's place in the universe and the influences upon it, he goes on to deal with our climates and the rhythms and the seasons in different latitudes, polar, temperate and tropical. This is followed by discussions upon the sexual seasons, the wonders of migration, hibernation and the biological clock. Only man fights against the rhythms. 'The various biological clocks are being given greater and greater credit for their roles as pacemakers for life in general. It is strange that man himself is giving less and less thought to his own. To everything there is most positively a season. There are no exceptions, not even for him.' This is not intended as a study in original research or as providing new theories. It aims to bring together as a whole and in brief what is known in this vast field and to state views of researchers upon topics still veiled wholly or partly in mystery. The text is accompanied by many diagrams

and numerous photographs both in colour and black and white. They are quite outstanding and would make the volume worthwhile for their own sake alone.

William of Wykeham (Chatto & Windus, 42s.). This book is a personal tribute to this great fourteenth century patron of the arts by Sir William Hayter, who has been closely associated with William of Wykeham's foundations, as a former scholar of Winchester College and New College, Oxford, and Warden of the latter since 1958. After a short appreciation of Wykeham's life and character, Sir William describes mainly the three great buildings for which Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester 1366-1404, was responsible; New College, Winchester College and the nave of Winchester Cathedral. His narrative is accompanied by numerous photographs and will be greatly appreciated by those who want to know about these great structures, their place in the architecture of the period and how they have withstood the pressure of time and changes in taste.

Contemporary History (Bodley Head). Two books in this series should prove useful introductory volumes for 'new adults'. Ronald Hingley writes on the *Russian Revolution* (30s.). He covers the growth of revolutionary movement in Russia, the Revolution itself and ends with the death of Lenin. *Nazi Germany* is written by Richard Proctor who deals with the upsurge of the National Socialist movement in the thirties, life under Nazi rule, and terminating in Germany's collapse in 1945. Each volume has only a brief bibliography. In both the text is quite brief, contained in over 100 large pages, with illustrations.

Northrop Frye; The High Priest of Clerical Obscurantism by Pauline Kogan is the first of a series of pamphlets to be issued under the general title of 'Literature and Ideology' by Progressive Books and Periodicals Ltd., 1867 Amherst Street, Montreal 132, Quebec (price 4s.). This organisation is sponsored by the Necessity for Change Institute and exists to encourage progressive intellectuals in the discussion and analysis of political and social influences on literature and art. The pamphlet sets forth the unusual and controversial theories of Northrop Frye, who is professor of English at the University of Toronto. Among the subjects for his studies are Blake and Jung, the Class struggle as it affects the pursuit of culture, and modes, symbols and myths.

Pelican Biographies (Penguin Books). Recent additions to this series include the paperback reprints of established biographies of great writers. There is Henri Troyat's life of *Tolstoy* (16s.) first published in France in 1965, and later translated into English by Nancy Amphoux in an American edition in 1967. This is now reprinted in the Pelican edition. *Charles Dickens* (12s.) is Una Pope-Hennessy's life first published in 1945. Another reprint is Professor Charles Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* (12s.), which was written in 1955. The late Andrew Turnbull's study of *Scott Fitzgerald* (8s.) is included. Justin Kaplan won the Pulitzer Prize in 1967 for his work, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* (12s.), now usefully added in this series.

Funeral Games and the Good and Faithful Servant (Methuen, 22s. hardback, 7s. 6d. paperback). Peter Willes has written a brief introduction to the publication of these two television plays by his friend, Joe Orton, who died in 1967. *The Good and Faithful Servant* was first presented by Rediffusion in 1967 and 'may well come to be considered the best play Joe Orton wrote for television'. It is the pathetic story of a retired working man's search for happiness. Funeral Games, 'a great tease' was first produced by Yorkshire television in 1968.

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THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS

by William Kean Seymour

NO one needs reminding that the Event which the Christmas Festival celebrates is cardinal to the religious faith of a third of the world's population, besides being the most dramatic and appealing story in the annals of mankind.

On its festive side—the eating and drinking and merrymaking, the opening of the heart (and of the purse) — it is the Old Year's rallying point before the adventure into the New Year begins.

In its religious significance, the Nativity of Jesus Christ, Christmas is seen to be a vast territory, clustered and layered with meaning in legend and teaching and inspiring the greatest flowering of art and literature in the history of the Western world.

As to the date and general observance of Christmas, some early groups celebrated the Festival on the 1st or the 6th day of January; others on March 29, the time of the Jewish Passover; still others in May; or on September 29, the Feast of Tabernacles. But long before the fourth century A.D. the new calendar was adopted, and finally December 25 was fixed and promulgated by Pope Julius the First as the day of Christ's birth — a choice, it is thought, made probably to accord with the seasonal Roman festival marking the turning-point of the year. It is a curious fact that the actual year of Christ's birth in our modern reckoning was 4 B.C.

Sir Isaac Newton noted that the Feast of the Nativity and most of the principal Church anniversaries were fixed at cardinal points of the year, thus:

1. The Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, on March 25, near the Spring Equinox.
2. The Feast of St. Michael, on Septe[illegible]9, near the Autumn Equinox.
3. The Birth of Jesus Christ, on Decem[illegible]t the time of the Winter Solstice.

If we consider these festival dates [illegible]d that they are rooted and tangled in the pagan past. Our Christmas Day, accepted for sixteen centuries, derives from numerous traditional pagan observances: from the Roman

worship of Saturn (the Saturnalia), the Scandinavian worship of Woden father of Thor, the Persian worship of Mithras, god of light, and from the Phoenician and Carthaginian worship of Baal.

Thus the origins of our Christian festival are linked with the winter revelries of ancient Rome; with the Nordic firing of the Yule Log; the Druidic use of the mistletoe; the bacchanalian ivy of the Greeks—all mixed in with the traditional garlanding of the homes and temples of men and gods with whatever was left of greenery on the earth when the northern year was at its wintry lowest and about to turn again to light and hope, blossoming and fruitfulness. How the garlanding practice was maintained was noted by John Stow (1598) in his *Survey of London*: 'Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with Holme, ivy, bays, and whatever the season of the year afforded to be green. . . .' And fourteen years later the *Spectator* wrote: 'Our clerk, who was once a gardener, has this Christmas so overdeckt the church with greens that . . . the middle aisle is a very pretty shady walk, and the pews look like so many arbours on each side of it. The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly and rosemary about it that a light fellow in our pew took occasion to say that the congregation heard the Word out of a bush, like Moses.'

We should bear these origins in mind when we wake on dark winter mornings and count the days to Christmas and the coming New Year. As we check our stocks of fuel we shall remember the Yule Log. The resources of our larders and cellars might well be compared with requirements for ancient Christmas feasts. The Nordic *oel* (ale) survives in latter-day variations bottled or draught, but the boar's head has long-since been displaced by the turkey and the capon. So has the Christmas mince-pie which, in the seventeenth century, was stuffed chiefly with mutton (and later with neats-tongues, which we now call ox-tongues) together with plenty of spicy additions. It was baked in a crust shaped like a coffin or a manger; and so many pies were provided that a member of the household was deputed to sit up all night on Christmas Eve to guard them against thieves. Herrick described the custom and wrote how the guard:

> all alone sits there,
> Having his eyes still in his ear,
> And a deal of nightly fear
> To watch it.

Under the Puritans, however, the Christmas Dinner had more than thieves to reckon with. Praise-God-Barebones and other zealots prompted one satirist to write:

> All plums the prophet's sons deny,
> And spice-broths are too hot;
> Treason's in a December pie
> And death within the pot.

Charles Lamb wrote a notable letter on Christmas feasting to his friend Thomas Manning in China. Dated December 25, 1815, it reads:

> Dear old friend and absentee,—This is Christmas Day 1815 with us; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it.

> You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese Bantam, instead of the savoury grand Norfolcian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'Tis our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of 'Unto us a child was born,' faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery. I feel my bowels refreshed with the holy tide; my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the Pagodas—down with the idols—Ching-Chong-fo—and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come; and the child that is native, and the Proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left. . . . C. Lamb.

In the most homely and traditional celebrations of the Christmas Festival the animals are not forgotten. Robert Burns's Auld Farmer gave his horses and cattle an extra feed of corn on Christmas Day. Thomas Hardy's poem *The Oxen* is tender in association with the Stable in Bethlehem:

> If someone said on Christmas Eve,
> 'Come; see the oxen kneel
> In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
> Our childhood used to know.'
> I should go with him in the gloom,
> Hoping it might be so.

From the earliest communal expression of praise and devotion to the present time the popularity of Christmas carols remains unchallenged, from *I Sing of a Maiden* to *The Cherry-Tree Carol, The Seven Joys of Mary* and countless others. The last-named was sung by poor women 'going a gooding' from house to house on St. Thomas's Day, displaying two Advent Images of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary — and begging with a wassail-cup!

Nowadays Nativity plays and the mounting of elaborate cribs in churches and cathedrals are reverently accepted by Christians of all denominations. Amid all the commercialising and prettifying of the Bethlehem Story the essential dignity remains.

Finally, two twentieth century quotations come to mind. The first, from Walter de la Mare: 'Bells and firelight and candles and children, waits and the deep bassoon, and the bare English fields and woodlands, hooded with snow, night at the window, Sirius up aloft, and the fires of the frost smouldering under the moon.' Then Katherine Mansfield, in a letter written in December 1921: 'I love Christmas. . . . In that other world where wishes are laws, there would be a great shining of holly on the door knocker, lights at all the windows, and a real party going on inside. We meet in the hall and warmly re-clasp hands. Good Heavens! I'm not above a tree, coloured candles and crackers — are you? . . . I *love* Christmas; I shall always feel it is a holy time.'

VICTOR HUGO—MONARCHIST

by James Laver

THE mental picture which most people have of Victor Hugo shows him in exile in Guernsey, seated upon a rocky promontory and gazing in dignified sadness at the sea which separates him from his beloved France. He is the personification of incorruptible republicanism.

Fifty years earlier the situation was somewhat different. Hugo's father had been a general in the armies of Napoleon, but Victor himself, as a young man, professed himself a royalist. His early verses were all in honour of the restored Bourbons: one poem laments the assassination of the Duc de Berry, another celebrates the posthumous birth of his son:

O joie! o triomphe! o mystère!
Il est né l'enfant glorieux . . .
Salut à la flamme nouvelle
Qui ranime l'ancien flambeau!
Honneur a ta première aurore,
O jeune lis qui viens d'éclore,
Tendre fleur qui sors d'un tombeau.

Such tributes were very much to the taste of the Court. Hugo received a pension both from Louis XVIII and Charles X and was chosen by the latter to attend his coronation and write an ode to celebrate the occasion. Hugo willingly complied and his enthusiasm for the Bourbons remained unabated until the middle of the 1820s. He even felt able to speak, *à propos* of the war in Spain, of

Les cieux commettant à la France
La garde de la Royauté.

And then, in his third volume of odes, composed between 1825 and 1828, Hugo's readers must have noticed something rather strange. For while the book opens with verses in honour of Charles X, it concludes with a splendid poem in praise of Napoleon.

What had happened seems to have been this. On February 7, 1827, Victor Hugo was glancing over the newspapers on the bookseller's stall under the arches of the Odéon Theatre (this being his economical practice), and in the *Gazette* he read an account of a ball given at the Austrian embassy the previous night. Several of Napoleon's marshals had been invited, but when the first of them gave his name as Duc de Tarente, the announcer called out: 'Marshall Macdonald'. The Duc de Dalmatie was announced as 'Marshall Soult', the Duc de Reggio as 'Marshall Oudinot', the Duc de Trévise as 'Marshall Mortier'. The Ambassador had calmly shorn them of their foreign titles and wiped out the memory of Napoleon's victories. The Marshalls all called for their carriages and departed, and next day the affair was the sensation of Paris.

The son of General Hugo chose to consider himself insulted and he went home and wrote the first *Ode à la Colonne*, his first impassioned address to the great pillar in the Place Vendôme with Napoleon's statue on top.

Prenez garde! La France, ou grandit un autre age,

N'est pas si morte encor qu'elle souffre un outrage!
Les parties, pour un temps, volleront leur tableaux,
Contre une injure, ici, tout s'unit, tout se lève,
Tout s'arme, et la Vendée aiguisera sa glaive
Sur la pierre de Waterloo....

Naturally, Victor Hugo's father was delighted that his son had come round to his point of view. The Ultra Royalists, among whom Victor had been numbered, were outraged. He was accused of abjuring 'the sane tenets of the legitimate monarchy'. The Liberals on the whole were pleased, for, since Napoleon and the Duc de Reichstadt were both dead, there seemed no chance of a Bonaparte restoration. And then, in 1928, Hugo wrote another poem, in which, Napoleon for the time forgotten, he steps forward as the Poet-Laureate of Democracy:

Des revolutions j'ouvrais le gouffre immonde?
C'est qu'il faut un chaos à qui veut faire un monde!
C'est qu'une grande voix dans la nuit a parle,
C'est qu'enfin je voulais, ménant au but la foule,
Avec le siècle qui s'ecoule
Confronter le siecle écoulé.

Which might be somewhat lamely translated:

So, I unseal the abyss where all your thrones were hurled?
Yes; we require a chaos who would frame a world!
Yes; in the night a voice has spoken to my soul,
Bidding me rise and lead the people to their goal . . .

We do not know what Charles X thought of his lapsed laureate, but he didn't have very much longer to consider the matter. Apart from the Legitimist faction the French people had felt little enthusiasm for the return of the Bourbons. After all, they had come back, in the contemporary phrase, 'in the baggage waggons of the enemy'. The half-way officers of the Imperial armies remembered only the victories of Napoleon and forget that he had almost drained the country of manpower. It was this, however, which the bulk of the people *did* remember and they accepted the Bourbons out of lassitude.

Louis XVIII had had the wisdom to carry on the Imperial administrative system with as little change as possible, even of personnel. The *Code Napoléon* remained intact; and those who, under the Empire, had been given titles were allowed to keep them, however much the Faubourg St. Germain might continue to believe itself the only authentic *noblesse*. All that had really been restored of the *Ancien Régime* was the hereditary King and his Court which, however, no longer revolved round Versailles. The monarch might call himself 'Louis XVIII, King of France and Navarre by the Grace of God'. He might substitute for the tricolour the white flag with its golden lilies, and date his acts 'in the eighteenth year of Our Reign', expunging, as it were, the very memory, of the Revolution and the Empire — all these things were merely the trimmings of a régime which was in reality quite different. Louis steered a middle course and always refused to yield to the demands of the Ultras.

Charles X was himself an Ultra and when he succeeded his brother in 1820, he set himself to restore as much as possible of the *Ancien Régime*. He dissolved the elected Chamber before it had even had a chance to

assemble; he changed the electoral system in favour of the conservative elements; and he re-established the censorship. Although he had been dissolute himself in his youth, he had now become pious and, it was said, completely under the thumb of the Jesuits. He seemed determined to revive that alliance of Throne and Altar which had existed before the Revolution. The answer was the *Révolution de Juillet*, 1830.

While the storm was gathering Victor Hugo who, as we have seen, had already announced, in verse, his readiness to create a chaos out of which a new world might be born, was in a somewhat equivocal position. He had written his drama 'Marion de Lorme', had read it to a group of admiring friends, consisting of Balzac, Musset, Nodier, Vigny, Dumas, Merimée, Saint-Beuve and Delacroix, and had already arranged for it to be staged at the Théâtre Français. And then the censor intervened and forbade its production.

Hugo appealed to the King who received him with great courtesy, but refused to override the censor. As a compensation he offered the poet a third pension on the Civil List — a pension of 4,000 francs. Hugo refused it but was careful in his letter to express his willingness to receive the two pensions he enjoyed already. And undeterred by his failure he began work on another play, 'Hernani'.

The authorities did not interfere with 'Hernani' in spite of the fact that the hero was a brigand. It was duly produced and resulted in an epic battle between those who disliked the Romantic Movement and those who supported it. Hugo refused to employ a hired *claque*, but he mobilised his supporters in the Latin Quarter and at one o'clock in the afternoon, with seven hours to wait, they swarmed into the theatre and occupied everything except the boxes. They were clad in every variety of fancy dress, Théophile Gautier being especially conspicuous in what is usually described as a *'gilet rouge'*, a red waistcoat, but was in reality a *pourpoint* (a doublet) of scarlet satin. They had brought provisions with them, garlic sausage and beer and they feasted and caroused and sang to pass the time. When the occupants of the boxes arrived in evening dress the *parterre* was a shambles. The curtain went up and the play began, with the audience divided into hostile camps. But before the play was over there was no doubt of the final result. It was a tremendous success.

It has been called a 'rehearsal for revolution'; and so it proved. In March 1830 the King prorogued the Chamber and, relying on his chief Minister Polignac determined on extreme measures. Polignac told him that the Virgin had appeared to him in a vision and assured him that they would be successful. Paris rose. It was still mediaeval in character with a maze of narrow and tortuous streets in which it was very easy to erect barricades—Baron Haussmann's wide boulevards were still in the future. The tricolour flag was hoisted again all over the city. Charles tried to resist. He had 12,000 soldiers, badly armed and led, and of doubtful loyalty. He said to Talleyrand (the inevitable Talleyrand): 'I see no middle way between the Throne and the Scaffold'. The old cynic murmured: 'Your Majesty forgets the post-chaise'. And the legitimate King of France took his advice.

What made the Revolution of 1830 possible was the alliance between the proletariat and the intellectuals. The latter, especially the students almost to a man, had adopted with enthusiasm the doctrines of Romanticism. Charles Siegnobos speaks of 'the revolt of a young generation against both academic tradition and bourgeois morality. It manifested itself by an eccentric costume, a provocative attitude and free love. In literature it involved a contempt for classical models, and *le style noble*, and an admiration for the work of foreign authors'. Charles Seignobos's description of the French students of 1830 might apply equally well to those of 1968!

And, of course, they were all bearded. It is a curious fact of social history that there is always a tendency for those who wish to change the social structure to let their hair grow long and not to shave their faces. Presumably it has something to do with the idea of a return to Nature, a repudiation of artificiality of all kinds. In the 1830s it is safe to say that any bearded man was a revolutionary of some sort, and that every clean-shaven man was a reactionary. In the same way the clothes worn were deliberately different from those of the fashionable man. They were in a sense 'working clothes': the inevitable wear of a proletariat, but deliberately adopted by their student allies. They also discarded stiff collars and neckcloths, for to constrict the throat is to accept psychological and political restrictions, to strive for *tenue*, which means holding the head high. Such considerations are not as trivial as some serious historians would have us believe. Those who had fought in the Battle of the Barricades had won. But they had hoped for a Republic: what they got was Louis-Philippe.

Victor Hugo seems to have had no difficulty in accepting the new régime. Some years later he wrote a work entitled *Journal des Idées et des Opinions d'un Révolutionnaire de 1830*; but there was not much of the revolutionary in his attitude at the time. '*Il nous fait*,' he said, '*la chose republique et le mot monarchie*.' In literature he had already made his own revolution, but in politics he was still a moderate, in spite of Saint-Beuve's claim to have *deroyalised* him. He was content to watch and cultivate his own growing fame as a writer.

Louis-Philippe managed to hold on to the throne for 18 years. Then, in 1848, France got bored with him. He had done much for the economy ('Enrichissez-vous') but little or nothing for *la gloire*. He had even had the misguided idea of bringing back from St. Helena the remains of Napoleon in order to instal them with due ceremony at the Invalides. He thought this would increase his own popularity, but in fact it merely helped to encourage a new wave of Bonapartism.

To this Hugo himself had made no slight contribution. From the moment when he had penned his first *Ode à la Colonne* he seems to have been more and more obsessed with '*Lui, toujours Lui*'.

> Gloire à Napoléon? gloire au maître suprême!
> Dieu même sur son front a posé le diadème.

It might have been thought therefore that when Louis-Philippe was replaced by the short-lived Second Republic and when that in turn gave place to the Empire of Napoleon III, Hugo would have been delighted. The

new master of France had put him on the list of proscribed persons, but no action was taken against him in spite of the fact that he composed an account of the *coup d'état* (later to be called *L'Histoire d'un Crime*). It is true that both his sons had been arrested, but their detention seems to have been of the mildest kind. The memoirist Viel-Castel tells us that 'when his sons were in prison, before December 2 (1851), he went with his mistress, to dine with them and their mistresses. Then, poet, scribblers and women gave themselves up to such orgies that Prudhon, whose cell was next door, had to complain several times of the noise'.

It is true that Viel-Castel was a notorious *mauvaise langue*, but his information is generally recognized as being accurate enough. He recalls a conversation he had with the Duc de Morny, Louis-Napoleon's half-brother and all-powerful at Court.

'Morny told me yesterday, *à propos* of the publication of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables", that this writer inspired him with profound contempt.'

In the last days of the Presidency [of the Second Republic] the author of *Napoléon le Petit* sought out Morny and said to him:

'This can't last, power will soon be in the hands of Prince Louis-Napoleon. You know my devotion to the family . . . I ask you to tell the President that I think I could be useful to him if I were made Minister of Education. He has only to command me.'

Morny said to the President: 'Treat him carefully, but don't employ him.' The President replied: 'Oh, I know him too well to employ him. He is pride incarnate.'

As he did not obtain the Ministry, a little while after, in the Assembly, Hugo made an abominably demagogic speech.

So the great poet (for he was certainly that) having basked in the favour of the legitimate Bourbons, and accepted without demur the House of Orleans, failed to come to terms with the Second Empire and departed resolutely, but without due haste, to brood upon his rock, until the fall of Napoleon III restored him to France, where he now rests, in the heart of Paris, under the dome of the Panthéon.

LABOUR AND INFLATION

by Rowland Summerscales

WHATEVER effect Lord Balogh had on the result, Labour lost the general election in 1970. As chairman of a reinvigorated Fabian Society, Lord Balogh appeared at the October Labour party conference at Blackpool, as if to reassure Labour supporters that, having helped their Government in the past, he was not prepared to desert them in their days in the wilderness. Among those who were not exactly ecstatic at his re-emergence were Mr. Jack Jones, Mr. Hugh Scanlon, and Mr. Roy Mason.

From the Imperial Hotel, Blackpool, Lord Balogh launched a formidable economic tract of at least 35,000 words.* In it, he asserts that the last Labour Government's record in social advance, individual rights and the economic field was admirable, and its programme for the future impressive. It left office with a strong surplus in the balance of payments and an unmatched budgetary surplus.

Then why, despite those false prophets the public opinion polls, did Labour lose the election? The combination of circumstances, Lord Balogh suggests, was the Government's inability to get on top of the incessant rise in costs and prices, the thwarting of an accelerated expansion of real resources, the third Earl of Cromer (the 1970 Tory version of the 'Zinoviev letter'), the innocence (or honesty) of Mr. Roy Mason, then President of the Board of Trade, the erroneous interpretation by the Treasury of the current economic situation, and the style of the campaign—an implied criticism of Mr. Wilson.

Expansion is needed to satisfy increasing individual expectations and fulfil indispensable social aims. 'In the event', laments Lord Balogh, 'we were unable even to maintain the insufficient rate of progress achieved by the Tories, which we had derided and criticised in opposition.'

Who was to blame? The unions? 'We had become vulnerable on this vital flank mainly because we were unable to obtain trade union support for a balanced socio-economic policy'.

The 1970 parallel to the 'Zinoviev letter' was Lord Cromer's misleading telecast and Mr. Heath's alarmist statement on sterling. 'Why were the public not sufficiently alerted to the possibility, and likelihood, of a scare? We hardly ever had an election without one!'

What of Mr. Mason's responsibility? Lord Balogh recalls the painful impact of the May trade figures at a crucial stage in the campaign. After a run of extremely favourable balances, the inclusion of two Jumbo jets in the imports (at a cost of £18½ million) was partly responsible for a deficit

*Labour and Inflation, Fabian Tract 403, Thomas Balogh, 8s.

(Thomas Balogh, a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, who was educated at the universities of Budapest, Berlin and Harvard, became economic adviser to the Labour Cabinets between 1964 and 1967. In 1968 he was consultant to the Prime Minister. The same year Mr. Wilson conferred on him a life Peerage.)

on the month of £31 million. This is Lord Balogh's judgment on Mr. Mason:

'The Jumbos were imported despite the fact that they could not be used because of a wage dispute between B.O.A.C. and B.A.L.P.A. The relentlessly over-eager importer, moreover, was a nationalised industry under the *soi-disant* control of the Board of Trade. Any Labour President of the Board of Trade worth his salt could and should have seen to it that such unnecessary imports were postponed until the jets were needed and usable. The import of useless and immobilised Jumbos imperilled confidence and worsened the atmosphere.'

But, also from Blackpool, Mr. Mason made an eminently practical reply: the Jumbos were contracted for and the dates of their arrival known before the announcement of the June election; any attempt to delay them would have been easily detected as 'cooking the books' and lost Labour another fifty seats. Lord Balogh was phased out in 1968; was it not now time he *faded* out?

As for Mr. Wilson's deliberate choice of style of campaign, Lord Balogh comments that an election fought without positive pledges and Socialist conceptions could only have been successful if nothing had come between the Government and the success story.

Labour in opposition, the author argues, must not shirk discussing the basic problem which beset and fatally weakened the Labour Government —reconciling full employment with dynamic expansion and stability. The failure was due to the incomprehension and resistance of the trade unions. 'The crocodile tears shed by some for the fate of the low-paid workers, the unemployed, the sick and the old, are surely disingenuous. It is trade union action which, through wage-induced price movements, has created the basic problem.'

The unions now have to face a Tory Government whose whole philosophy —until it came under the influence of the Civil Service—rested on the belief that either unemployment or direct weakening of trade union bargaining power could, and would, produce stability. The confrontation could end in three ways. The T.U.C. and unions might accept a pattern of behaviour in wage bargains compatible with stability, an acceptance not vouchsafed to Labour. There might be a fierce clash of wills in which the unions would not come out victorious. Thirdly, the Tories might shrink from pursuing a diehard policy to the logical end: in this case the stop-go cycle could continue until either a devaluation, or some other spectacular break, gave an opening to more extreme policies.

What is the answer? Lord Balogh argues that a peaceful transition to a more balanced social system demands a 'policy package' of which an incomes and prices policy is one of the most essential basic elements. Nor is it possible to expect that without some statutory backing a voluntary policy could succeed.

Inflation, he claims, *can* be resolved through a profound alteration in the structural relationship between Government, management, and trade unions. Trade unions must realise that their altered status and strength, the immense

improvements that have been attained, necessitate an acceptance of duties and responsibilities to the community.

It was the fatal spiralling of costs and prices that gave small privileged minorities—Lord Balogh instances the doctors, pilots, petty managers, technicians, civil servants and the judges—as well as strong unions, the chance to snatch advantages from their less privileged fellow workers.

The new 'lunatic fringe on the Left' partly demands the maintenance of full employment while raucously asserting their faith in unrestricted collective bargaining in a free-for-all in the Labour market. It is this 'free' collective bargaining in the modern framework which creates inequalities and classes of ill-paid workers, not the other way round.

The first pre-condition for overcoming the tremendous obstacles which contributed to, or even brought about, the defeat of Mr. Wilson's Administration, is to find an equitable system for determining wage and other incomes, or rather income differentials. The second pre-condition is the devising of workable machinery.

Success would also seem to depend on being able to accelerate the rate of expansion of the domestic product and to secure its more equal distribution. Socialist measures aiming at a basic change in social power relationships are essential. A slow but steady rise in prices should not be combated. This is needed to reduce the claims of the rentier on the State and the entrepreneurs. It lightens the risk of bankruptcy and lubricates a system inevitably beset with risk and uncertainty.

The suggestion that the unions could deal with undue wage claims on a voluntary basis underrates the clash of interest between unions. Lord Balogh does not believe that the interests of the poorer and more defenceless citizens can be protected without some statutory fall-back against 'rogue elephants'. Past experience does not suggest that the T.U.C. as a vetting agency would work acceptably.

The achievement of full employment, writes Lord Balogh, necessitates a complete reconsideration of our attitude to economic and social policy. We need a new social contract; a deliberate agreement on economic and social policy.

He correctly supposed that during the Tory regime the Prices and Incomes Board would be abolished, weakened, or amalgamated with the Monopolies Commission, losing its power to investigate prices, profit margins and even wages. In opposition Labour should, with the help of the trade unions, work out in detail the constitution and functioning of a new organisation to help the T.U.C. and the Government in implementing a policy for stabilisation. It must be both independent and charged with *all* income and price surveys. Collective wage agreements should be registerable. If any one agreement exceeded a certain norm, the Commission should *automatically* be able to receive the submissions of both parties and the Government's economic advisers on the agreement's compatibility with price stability and the balance of payments.

Proposed price increases incompatible with the social interest should be phased. It would be foolish to aim at complete price stability, but the norm

should ensure that the inflationary pressure does not rise to a self-inflammatory level. There should be some direct deterrent against the frivolous or despairing wage increases granted by employers in the hope of being fully able to recoup themselves. The least unhopeful possibility was disallowance for tax purposes, or infliction of a differential increase in the pay-roll tax.

So, to Lord Balogh's appeal: 'I hope both the industrial and political wings of Labour will earnestly and, without an automatic defence stance, reconsider the problem . . . an effective incomes policy demands much more Government intervention than has been contemplated hitherto. . . .'

To a very large extent, the fate of the country depends upon the trade union leaders. Only if they use the time Labour has to spend in opposition to explain the need for close co-operation with a Government which is prepared to safeguard social justice and secure economic advance, can we hope for a new deal.

At Blackpool the Labour conference gave Lord Balogh a swift and uncompromising answer, rebuffing Roy Jenkins, the deputy-leader of the party, backing Mr. Jack Jones and Mr. Hugh Scanlon, and rejecting an incomes policy which implied some form of control over wages.

Lord Balogh pays much attention to the machinery of Government, which is not surprising in view of his enduring affection for the defunct Department of Economic Affairs. He rebukes George Brown for a 'fanciful' account of the department's conception in a taxi between St. Ermin's Hotel and the House of Commons, and takes his own share of the credit or blame for parenthood. '. . . A number of us were involved in discussing and planning Government reform over a long period. . . .'

Lord Balogh has no shortage of ideas for the future. A Department of Co-ordination could be created under the Prime Minister with a Cabinet Minister in charge. The department would need to be supported by a council of advisers, economists, political sociologists, and social service experts.

A second and hardly less important need is for an organ of mass communication, again under the Prime Minister with a Cabinet Minister in immediate charge. The most obvious failure of the Labour Government had been in explaining its measures and policies to a wider public, and so securing their co-operation.

But meantime, the Conservatives are in power and Lord Balogh has a few words to say about the 'unholy conjunction' between Enoch Powell and the Tory Right Wing on the one hand, and the Tribune 'Keep Left' M.P.s on the other.

The tactics of the former are 'quite comprehensible'. Under the guise of anti-inflation they want to destroy full employment as a policy. A 'free-for-all' in the Labour market is incompatible with full employment or a satisfactory rate of expansion. Thence, to the 'menace' of Enoch Powell; as Lord Balogh explains:

'If in Germany the annihilation of the currency had not, in 1931, been seen as a recurrent threat, the terrible deflationary policy would never have been pursued and we should have been spared Hitler and the Second World

War. It is on the despair of the not-so-prosperous lower middle classes that potential dictators can rely. It is from this viewpoint that Mr. Powell is an ominous portent.'

In America, too, the similarity to 1931 is only too apparent to those who do not wilfully close their eyes. Mr. Nixon's advisers, as much as Mr. Heath's, ought to realise the danger. On President Nixon, Lord Balogh passes summary judgment: 'What we have seen as yet is postponement, prevarication, and blunder. In violent policy somersaults, he has outdone anything as yet experienced.' The most likely circumstance in which a renewed devaluation might appear to be the least evil policy is not British inflation getting out of hand, but an American depression.

Lord Balogh shows considerably less than enthusiasm for Mr. Roy Jenkins' regime in later days. The policy of the last six months of Labour Government seemed to be based on the assumption, held by the Treasury and all its Chancellors, that action on the fiscal and monetary side could directly influence costs and prices. Hence, suggests Lord Balogh, the 'budget secrecy', the Chancellor's 'special relationship' with the Prime Minister. Without trust in his 'magic power', the Chancellor would have to share with important colleagues the basic economic decisions which would enable expansion, full employment, and stability. 'The mumbo-jumbo of the battered red box and bell, book and candle would disappear.'

Lord Balogh has other criticisms of the Treasury. He admits that its restored dominance may have been necessary to extract the resources needed to establish economic independence. But . . . 'its attitudes and advice have lately not been balanced by advisers sympathetic to the Labour Government or even by a major economic department in charge of forward planning. This inevitably meant a bias towards a finance-dominated system of priorities.'

In his duelling with Lord Cromer, Lord Balogh was led to a judgment on the former's capacity and attitude which he subsequently decided to censor. In a way, it seems a pity! A libel action by an ex-Governor of the Bank of England and British Ambassador to Washington against a former economic adviser to the British Government might have made a piquant epilogue to the general election of 1970.

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WHAT CAN WE DO FOR OUR AUTHORS?

by Frank Swinnerton

AUTHORS have never had an easy passage.

Nearly seventy years ago I discovered in a publishers' office a printed slip, dated 1880, giving as a reason for the return of any unsuitable manuscript 'the present parlous state of the publishing trade.' If the manuscript had been accepted, a single payment would have been made, in virtue of which copyright in the work, probably destined to become a three-volume novel, passed for ever from the author to the publisher.

The sum paid was often as little as twenty or twenty-five pounds. Thomas Hardy sold *Under the Greenwood Tree* to Tinsley for thirty; and Hall Caine's first three novels earned him a grand total of two hundred and thirty pounds. George Gissing, after vainly submitting his novel *Workers in the Dawn* to three publishers, paid a hundred pounds to a fourth to have it published at all; and after a long interval received sixteen shillings for his share of the proceeds. Forty-nine copies had been sold.

At that time the chief purchaser of three-volume novels was Mudie's Select Library, to which the subscription was one guinea per annum. Smaller libraries, at seaside towns and elsewhere, charging so much for the loan of each volume, announced that they were 'in connection with Mudie's.' They, too, were 'Select.'

Mudie, who established himself in 1842, was not the first man to realise that while readers were willing to buy volumes of poetry, philosophy, biology, and history (and even sermons) they preferred to borrow works of fiction which could be skimmed in a few hours and forgotten. It was for such fiction that Lydia Languish sent her maid Lucy to every circulating library in Bath with, unfortunately, meagre results.

'And you could not get *The Reward of Constancy*?' asks Lydia; 'nor *The Fatal Connexion*? nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*? . . . Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress*?'

None of these works has been available. Lucy has brought only *The Gordian Knot, Peregrine Pickle, The Tears of Sensibility, Humphrey Clinker, The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, and the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*. Poor Lydia is driven to her smelling salts; and when, a moment later, she learns that Sir Anthony Absolute is arriving Lucy's load of pruriency is hastily concealed. In its place are assembled *Mrs. Chapone* and an incomplete copy of *Fordyce's Sermons*.

Sheridan's scene, together with the cry of a father in Colman's *Polly Honeycombe* that 'a man might as well turn his daughter loose in Covent Garden as trust the cultivation of her mind to a Circulating Library,' explains why, in the mid-eighteenth century, books supplied by such libraries were regarded as 'no better than instruments of debauchery.'

Manners change, however. Within forty years Isabella Thorpe and Catherine Morland borrowed from those same Bath Circulating Libraries not immoral works but the delightfully 'horrid,' which thrilled by means

of ruined castles, groans, dungeons, and terrifying apparitions. Jane Austen, having borrowed them all from her own circulating library, called the books 'effusions of fancy,' and laughed at them. She certainly had not been debauched.

Jane was a product of the robust eighteenth century. She died two years before Queen Victoria was born, and a year before the birth of Charles Edward Mudie. She could never have realised that the lusty freedoms of the Georgian era were about to be replaced by the unamused strictness of the Victorian Court and the unassuming censorship of the Select Library. Yet, according to George Moore, this latter, intent on keeping middle-class young ladies harmlessly entertained, did a dreadful thing. 'English fiction,' said he, 'became pure, and the garlic and asafoetida with which Byron, Fielding, and Ben Jonson so liberally seasoned their works . . . disappeared from our literature.'

Hating the pure, and, naturally, a library system which did not circulate his own early work, Moore yet had the candour to admit that

> The circulating library lifts the writer out of the precariousness and noise of the wild street of popular fancy into a quiet place where passion is more restrained and there is more reflection. The young and unknown writer is placed at once in a place of comparative security, and he is not forced to employ vile and degrading methods of attracting attention: the known writer, having a certain market for his work, is enabled to think more of it and less of the immediate acclamation of the crowd.

Moore was a professional writer, not absolutely dependent on his craft for a living, but aware that from the days of Shakespeare onwards British writers, no longer aristocrats nor the holders of sinecures, had contrived to exist by a cunning use of the pen. They did not wish to be George Farquhars, dashing off *The Beaux-Stratagem* while starving and dying in a garret; they thought that those who produced what Miss Austen acclaimed as containing 'the most thorough knowledge of human nature, and the happiest delineation of its varieties' ought to be secure from want.

It is usually believed that authors make enormous incomes. This is not the case. Walter Besant, the founder of the Society of Authors, used to sell his copyrights for eight hundred pounds; and finding himself so much better off than the majority of his fellows he determined to protect as many of them as possible from exploitation by mushroom publishers by trying to secure a standard contract, which would bind all publishers. He did not succeed; but what he had begun was carried forward by a few men, two in particular, who styled themselves literary agents.

Publishers have never liked literary agents; but for some authors they did valuable work. For example, Joseph Conrad was almost subsidised by Pinker during the years of unpopularity, when his books (then published in single volumes at six shillings a time) sold no more than fifteen hundred copies; and he also stopped Arnold Bennett from selling his copyrights for seventy-five pounds apiece, making contracts instead by which publishers paid at first small, and then much larger, advances on account of royalties. Bennett, who was not really a business man, left his affairs in the hands of his agent; and although he once told me that on its first

publication *The Old Wives' Tale* sold fewer than six thousand copies the results following were such as to bring him celebrity as a money-maker.

These are only instances. Agents did no doubt come between authors and publishers; and thus spoil happy relationships. On the other hand, even in this century, publishers continued to buy novels outright for small sums, and to pay no more than a hundred pounds apiece for non-fiction books. Minor authors, whose skills were merely literary, could, as they still do, accept sums for a year's work which to a docker would seem derisory.

If I have spoken more particularly of novels, that is because the sales of fiction have been, until quite recently, sustained by the circulating libraries. Mudie's, having done admirable work for almost a century, found that the subscriptions their readers were ready to pay were not high enough to make libraries profitable; but two great firms, Boots and Smiths, who included book-lending among other and more remunerative activities, could support novelists by the purchase of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of copies of each new book. One publisher told me that he could 'see-himself-home' on one order for a highly admired author whose work otherwise he must have refused owing to its unpopularity. Sales of novels up to and immediately after the first World War were very high indeed. The books were not merely the sensational thrillers or sexual feasts acceptable today, but substantial, unbrilliant pieces of craftsmanship over which men and women readers spent days of sedate pleasure.

Occasionally one or several of these books ran away, and made a small fortune for the author. Others had more seemly success, and assured the author good prices for short stories in both British and American magazines. An author of normal standing could hope to receive a thousand dollars (then two hundred pounds) from America and fifty guineas from a high class British magazine. More famous authors, such as Maugham, earned far more; and Galsworthy, who had once complained to his publisher that *The Country House* had sold no more than the five thousand copies of *A Man of Property*, was said to have been paid ten thousand pounds for the serial rights in one of the later Forsyte stories. What with one thing and another, the most esteemed novelists of that day were prospering. In Harold Macmillan's immortal words, they had never had it so good.

The happy period lasted into the nineteen-thirties. Led by the enterprise of Lord Beaverbrook, who persuaded Arnold Bennett to write a weekly article for *The Evening Standard* about new books, English newspapers revised their attitude to literature. By employing other, lesser stars to rival Bennett, they made entertaining journalists of the stars and encouraged readers to pay attention to what was said of the current publications. This action was very nearly altruistic; for publishers could not afford to pay the advertising rates possible to manufacturers of cars, foodstuffs, or clothing. It had, nevertheless, a grand influence on book sales. At the outset of his new task, Bennett gave a good review to Feuchtwanger's *Jew Süss*, causing the sale to reach a hundred thousand copies. Though denounced by envious highbrows, he continued to write with his natural verve about what had interested him; and the public found him a most stimulating guide.

Bennett died. One by one the minor stars were superseded by even lesser stars, whose influence upon the book market was negligible. There remained, for novelists, only Gerald Gould in *The Observer* and Ralph Straus in *The Sunday Times*. Both could cause new novels to sell, because both had the gift of spotting the right books and commending them in articles which were religiously read by those who took their lists to the circulating libraries. Literary reputations were not made overnight, as they were by Bennett; but a good novel was sure to be noticed, with consequent satisfaction to its author.

With the coming of the second World War reading greatly increased. There was as yet no Television; streets were dark and dangerous; and as long as bombs were not falling a book by the fireside was something to be enjoyed. Writers of the younger generation were occupied in war service of importance; but those who were too old for such activity were not, as writers had been in the first war, discouraged by their publishers. A number of them increased in reputation. When the War ended, moreover, with great credit to the British, they reached a fine additional public through translation into foreign languages.

Unfortunately, that situation quickly changed. Bennett was gone; Gerald Gould and Ralph Straus were gone; the old newspapers were out of date; the old magazines were dying; and the new voices to be heard were either political or so highly cultured that they actively discouraged reading. True, there were fresh fields for adventure, Broadcasting, Television, and the composition of film scenarios; but these were not suitable to the gifts of all writers. For broadcasting, a voice is needed; for television a pleasing or highly displeasing appearance; and I have yet to meet an author whose experience of writing for the films has been altogether happy. Much to their sorrow, and indeed frequently much against their will, older writers in failing health, blindness, or deep trouble, have been forced to apply for help to the Royal Literary Fund or some other organization of good will.

A further blow, of the greatest effect, came when the two great circulating libraries were suspended. At once the chief supports of all novelists disappeared, because, as I mentioned earlier, men and women in Great Britain have always regarded all but the classic novels as ephemeral. They were willing to buy histories, or biographies, or even illustrated compilations, calling them 'serious'; but novels were always to be borrowed. The only places from which they could be borrowed were now the Public Libraries; and the Public Libraries, with their priority-lists, will sometimes keep an eager would-be reader waiting weeks or even months for the novel she most wishes to read. One copy has to do the work previously done by hundreds of copies.

Still another misfortune ensued. The costs of producing any book had become so great that publishers were driven to pass the increase on to book-buyers by raising the prices of all books. And unless the best books in the world, having been published, went on selling at a rate, say, of five hundred copies a year, it became unremunerative to reprint them. The books went out of print. They disappeared from the secondhand bookshops. Copies in the

Public Libraries became worn out, and could not be replaced. The only hope an author had of maintaining himself with credit was production in paperback; and paperbacks, necessarily, are most selectively chosen, because unless a rapid sale of twenty or thirty thousand can be expected the prospects are hopeless.

What can authors do? There is no Arnold Bennett to praise them into great demand; and supposing a Bennett were to arise there would still be the problem of cost. As one publisher confessed to me within the last six months, 'the market for fiction has frighteningly deteriorated'. If a new novel sells a couple of thousand copies it is almost a success, almost, that is, an outstanding success; and the majority of novelists today are back in the eighteenth century world of penury. They have no patrons, unless their publishers are exceptionally generous, and no friends among booksellers who cannot sell their works.

This is the reason for recent outcries on their behalf for some return on borrowings from the Public Libraries. It is objected that Public Libraries are run on limited budgets derived from ratepayers' money, that any system of calculation would be an intolerable addition to the librarians' already heavy burdens, and that the right of every man, woman, and child in the country to borrow books free is sacred. But these various arguments have lately been set aside by proposals for what in effect is a National subsidy for a class which has no immense Trade Union to threaten strike action.

Will the new plan be favoured? Is it workable? Is the novel doomed? Shall we see novelists begging in the streets? It is said that newspapers and television make the craft obsolete. But television, owing so much to brilliant photography, is obsessed by the documentary; and the unimaginative, who still regard novels as superfluous, will eventually long for something better than the literal. My information is that novels are still being widely read, and for the same reason as ever. It is because they are creative revelations of individual character and individual emotions and dilemmas which no newspaper, no photograph, and no documentary can approach for immediacy. To make it hard for novelists to live is no way to nourish a great need of mankind—the power to understand what other people are like, and why they act as they do act in spite of every attempt to regulate and dragoon them into uniformity.

COUNTRYSIDE CONSERVATION

by Norman L. Goodland

CONSERVATION is not a 'party' issue. In May, 1970, the Labour Government published a White Paper under the title 'The Protection of Environment'. At the same time, it accepted the report of the Preservation Policy Group under the chairmanship of Lord Kennet.

Both the White Paper and the Report contained the following courses of action.

The target date for clearance of derelict land should be 1980. Air pollution was to be brought 'under control'. There were to be new 'low tolerances' for emission of grit and dirt from industrial furnaces. Pollution-suppressing devices were to be fitted to all new cars. There was to be a new standard, the 'highest in Europe' for road diesel exhausts, with an annual instrument check to enforce it.

1980 was also the target date for halving present traffic noise. There was to be an annual noise check on heavy lorries. It was intended that new aircraft should be only half as noisy as existing aircraft of the same size. The possibility of existing aircraft being fitted with quieter engines was to be examined.

An immediate attack on pollution was to be made by strengthening existing laws on accidental pollution. Illegal pollution would result in penalties which would hurt, by increasing them to more economically realistic amounts.

In May last, on the advice of the Historic Buildings Council, the Government announced its intention to pay during the current financial year £700,000 for the preservation of buildings of architectural or historical interest. It intended to introduce a new type of General Conservation Scheme for historic towns and cities, to attract an Exchequer Grant of 50 per cent. Public expenditure on such schemes would rise to £3 millions a year by 1973/74, and pilot General Conservation Schemes were envisaged in Bath, Chester, Chichester, and York, in consultation with the local authorities. We do not yet know if the new Government will carry on with these schemes, or have some of its own, because at the time of writing it has only just returned from its post-Election 'disappearance'. However, the omens are encouraging. Peter Walker, in his speech at Blackpool and other pronouncements since he was appointed as Secretary of State for Environment, indicated that conservation and anti-pollution measures will be given high priority.

Effects of human activity, springing mainly from industry, are much more complex and widespread than those sometimes dramatically experienced by the close-packed, urban majority of Britain. Urban and industrial thought and practice are now spread across the wider, but more thinly populated country areas. Here, their effects are observed by people whose business is observation of Nature, and has been since the dawn of what was once an

integrated British rural civilisation.

These are the true 'country folk'. There are today a great many people living in the countryside who passionately regard themselves as such: but the definition of a true country person remains as it has always been. It is one who not only observes and understands Nature, but obtains his livelihood from her *within her laws.*

As can be seen, therefore, true country folk are members of an almost vanished race. They still existed in their hundreds and thousands in the writer's childhood, 50 years ago. They were mostly farmers, and people engaged in occupations and crafts dependent upon farming. Farmers, as they do today, exploited by far the largest part of the countryside and, as at the present time, some knew more about Nature than others, and benefited accordingly. Farming was then based mainly upon natural cycles and what we now call 'organic' principles — otherwise the 'dung-cart'. 'Organic' farmers still exist.

Few in number, they survive because they still hold to the old 'faith' which is that if you co-operate with Nature she will reward you within her limits. If she is driven beyond those limits, she will in time assert herself against you. But you can drive her even beyond that. You will then find you have created a complexity of problems, each of which, like the sowing of dragon's teeth, will create still more problems as fast as you try to solve them.

Generally speaking, the modern 'organic' farmer will use what he regards as 'artificial' aids such as chemicals; but only as a carefully calculated *interim* measure, until he has readjusted his system to do without them. That is to say, he 'cuts his cloth according to his means,' the 'means' set largely by Nature's limits. He cannot aspire to the fortunes of the barley barons, nor in quantitative production to farms of similar acreage where 'intensive' practices take place. But the quality of his produce is, the organic farmer maintains, immensely superior; if he has a good farm and it is large enough, he makes a comfortable living. His outlay is minimal, his disease problems are few, some of which he can generally rectify himself.

Of course 'artificial aids' to farming, as the Organic Farmer sees them, began over a century ago, and were gathering increasing momentum up to the last World War. They were increased during the war in the interests of rapid bulk production. Then, in the farming world, came a great social change. The businessman or industrialist began to turn to the land. Nor did he always do so with a view to making the land profitable. He came very often to offset tax problems resulting from his basic way of life. He brought his approach to this way of life with him. He regarded Nature as the raw material to use for his own ends. Her laws could be manipulated or bent to those ends by scientific know-how, provided there was sufficient capital.

So, in the view of the 'true countryman', did the men with the money and the power to command new scientific 'half-discoveries' set the pace on a large scale. His more 'enlightened' neighbour copied the intruder and sought to enter his orbit, right down to the small family farmer strug-

gling to send his children to the same private schools, in order that they might be ensured entry into his new social stratum. For today that is what the farming world is. Except for the fact that his fields abutt the village, the gentleman farmer today lives apart from it, in his own new world.

All this is very human; but it costs a great deal of money to engage in 'farming at a high level of technical efficiency'. You bring in your machines, you set up your plant; you spread your fertilizers, you juggle with your insecticides and your chemicals; fiddle with syringes, pills and additives. You accept the views of erudite and often highly salaried voices that all this is perfectly 'safe'. You cannot do otherwise — unless you are a scientist yourself. Occasionally, you see questions raised about practices which have become widespread, followed by soothing official reassurances.

Soon, you will be ready to abandon the old idea of farming at Nature's pace; herding your live-stock in tight proximity quite alien to their natural behaviour, stimulating them to respond to an artificial environ of your own devising. At the shocked outcry of the ignorant lay-man, you will rationalise these techniques by asserting that the animals are far better off than when farming was geared to suit their natural habits.

The true countryman looks upon these assertions as excuses rather than reasons. Intensive farming does not produce the quality of the old days, if you define 'quality' as flavour and nutritional value. Even so, as far as the world's teeming millions are concerned, quantity still presents an apparently insoluble problem. In the areas of highly technical farming there exists unmanageable overproduction of many types of food which cannot be obtained by the majority of those millions.

The true countryman would agree that in order to survive in present-day conditions it is difficult to avoid artificial farming methods. But he believes that these methods have resulted in a raped and unstable condition of our countryside and in almost irreparable damage to the environ.

The admission that things cannot go on as they are is evident in the fact that the then Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, addressed a National Conference early in this European Conservation Year, 1970, on the subject of Agriculture and Nature Conservation, and said that he would ask his Advisory Services to arrange regional conferences. It is apparent also that where these are taking place farmers attend in considerable numbers.

I attended one of these conferences last September at Burghclere Village Hall, near Newbury, under the title of 'Farming and Wild Life'. It was called by the National Agricultural Advisory Service and the Agricultural Land Service of the area.

The programme was intelligently planned. About three hundred acres of run-down farm land nearby were toured and inspected. Advisory Service officers discussed a 'normal' cropping plan likely to yield the maximum profit. Conservancy officers pointed out, in derelict areas of mixed woodlands and swamp, the richness of natural life. In the lecture hall the advisory team presented their plan for recovery of this land, describing the radical alterations to the existing natural habitat for wild life this would involve.

The conservation side estimated the resulting loss of wild life and presented a compromise plan 'to preserve the most interesting species.'

Most of the Conference consisted of discussion of this particular situation, and possible compromise in conservation interests which could be afforded; but it was widened to include the general picture of Farming and Wild Life. A number of speakers were notables from among the farmers' own community who were attempting conservation with 'farming at a high level of technical efficiency'.

A typical example came from Hew Watt of Orsett Heath, Essex, a farmer of very large mixed enterprises of international repute. He said his system of large-field farming did mean hedge removal. There was no point in preserving these boundaries as they would need to be narrow and windswept and provide little habitat for wild life. However, the corner-areas of these fields were rounded to admit easy use of large farm machinery and here new habitats had been planted.

He was judicious in the use of herbicides and other chemicals. He found the occasional weed seed in grain acceptable without harming quality or profit.

Near to the farm house, he had re-introduced the farm pond. He noticed at once the humanising effect. Men who hitherto met before work in one of the modern farm buildings now gathered regularly by the pond, because there was life there. They were even beginning to rescue wild life from the fields and attempting to establish it in the conservation area.

Nigel Gray, a delegate of the Game Conservation Association, produced his ideas upon how the inspected area could be run for profitable farming *and* profitable game conservation. He is well known for his very valid view that where game is reared and conserved for sport, new habitats are created for many forms of wild life which die out completely on farm land where this is not done.

Another delegate wrestled with the ever-present difficulty of impressing the validity of conservation on profit-minded farmers. It could not easily be expressed in economic terms, he said, but the cost of doing so *could* be estimated. In saying this he was aware that conservationists had to be 'practical', to understand the farmer's problems and outlook and something of modern farming economy.

The cynic might suggest that since the effect of modern farming on wild life has been disturbing for such a long time, the sudden Ministerial interest in Conservation Year may smack of image-projection. But, in fairness, it should be remembered that Government Agricultural Advisory Services are now expected to bear in mind conservation needs in all future advice or recommendations.

The argument seems to revolve round the amount of modification. Where a newcomer might pay anything from £250 to £400 per acre he would probably be unable financially to consider the case for modification in conservation interests. As far as actual farming is concerned, I came away from the conference with an impression of people eating their cake and wanting it, too!

THE MIDDLE EAST, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1970

by Gerald Seymour

September-October 1970 saw probably the greatest disaster to the Arab World since June 1967: the hi-jacking of four international airliners by the Palestinians, the Jordan Civil War, and the sudden death of President Nasser in Cairo. All three events were closely related, each following directly on the other. Three years ago the Arab catastrophe came at the hands of the traditional enemy, Israel: in the autumn of this year the wounds were self-inflicted.

Gerald Seymour, a reporter for the Independent Television News, was in the Middle East reporting from Amman, Beirut and Cairo, and has sent us this eye-witness account.—Ed.

ON the Sunday afternoon of September 6, the Amman Press corps was at its routine size—a handful of British and American television crews, and some London newspapermen—divided between those on permanent assignment and the 'visiting firemen' rushed in to cover the aftermath of the ninth assassination attempt on King Hussein five days earlier.

The main Jordan story centred round the periodic flare-ups between the army and the *fedayeen*—the Palestinian commandos who with their militia, road blocks, bunkers and dugouts controlled the centre of King Hussein's capital city. But there was nothing new in this, nor in the cease-fire agreements, the latest of which had been duly and doubtfully reported on the Saturday night.

It was generally agreed in the Intercontinental Hotel, in the heart of the diplomatic quarter, where the press gather, that pictures were getting harder to take, facts more difficult to check.

At 3.30 p.m. on the Sunday, in the middle of a lengthy telex message to London on future plans and movements, came the first word that I or any of the other journalists had in Amman of the hi-jacking—there had been a shooting on board an El Al Israeli airliner which was about to land at London's Heathrow airport. At the time it seemed of reasonable interest; there might be a follow-up story on whichever of the guerrilla organisations that specialised in hi-jacks had organised the attack. An hour later the I.T.N. Foreign News Desk telexed me again. They confirmed the unsuccessful El Al hi-jack attempt and then the machine clattered out the news of the taking over of the TWA 707 and the Swiss Air DC 8. The correspondents began to gather round the telex machine . . . and it was the turn of the old Middle East hands. Damascus, Cairo and Bagdhad were the favourites as the likely landing places—Jordan figured in no-body's plans, and why should it? Hi-jacked aircraft had never been flown by the Palestinians to the Hashemite kingdom.

Seventy-five minutes later the telex was working again from London. Did we know that the 707 and the DC 8 were flying east from Beirut? And, just to keep us informed, a Pan American 747 Jumbo was also moving east on the orders of Arab gunmen. Ten minutes later one of the hotel

telex operators, unable to find space in the tiny room, pushed his head round the door to ask if the red and white jet circling Amman in the dusk could be the TWA plane. Panic was gently settling in.

The time, it was decided, had come for a telephone call to the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The Front, led by the Marxist-Leninist Dr. George Habbash, was the leading exponent of aerial hi-jack attacks against Israel and those it considered to be its supporters, while most of the other guerrilla units reckoned more was achieved by crossing the Jordan valley and taking on Israeli troops at close quarters. The call, after much handing round of the 'phone, eventually produced a Front spokesman.

'Yes, we have taken the 707 and the DC 8. We are flying them to Jordan. Where to? To our own airstrip. The planes will land at "Revolution Airport". We have nothing more to add at this stage.'

The reference to 'Revolution Airport' only added to the confusion now rampant at the Intercontinental Hotel.

Was it possible that the Front had taken over a fully equipped airport? The reporters used to covering the Jordan scene and the activities of the *fedayeen* had learnt to expect the improbable, but this stretched credulity rather further than usual. Amman International was clearly and visibly still open to normal commercial flights. The army and the Royal Jordanian Air Force maintained that they were in control of the military base at Mafraq in the North. So, where were the planes?

It was not till late in the evening that the Western embassies were able to say that the aircraft had landed in the desert, on an unprepared emergency strip disused since the R.A.F. moved out of the area 25 years ago, and that it had never before been tested against the landing impact of a hundred-ton jet airliner.

The next morning at dawn three television crews set out for the desert—with little optimism about getting through the sensitive military area south of the remote airstrip, or negotiating a way past the Iraqi army bivouacs, let alone of finding the planes.

After wrong turnings, a drive through the sand dunes into the centre of an Iraqi artillery battery, we had well and truly lost ourselves at the end of a dirt track, proverbially and literally miles from anywhere. Then across the sand, throwing up a cloud of dust behind it, came a civilian jeep and a local engineer working on the track. The planes were five miles away, over two sets of hills, and he'd take us there. We bumped off across the sand, the scrub and the rocks, in the wake of the little jeep.

Fifteen minutes later we were looking at Dawson's Field—laid out like a contemporary war game. Brilliantly clear in the early morning sunlight, but as tiny as plastic toys, were the jet airliners—hemmed in on three sides by Jordanian army tanks, ambulances, fire engines and armoured personnel carriers.

Of all the sights of the month it was the most remarkable.

It was difficult to work with cameras that morning. The Front commandos didn't want us there, while the army stayed distant, unwilling to get in-

volved in the problems of the press. When we went close to the planes to try and brazen it out with the guerrilla commanders, our equipment was confiscated, film exposed, guns levelled and voices raised. Even the intervention of the Jordanian army chief of staff, on the airstrip to negotiate the release of women and children, failed to impress the nervous commandos.

The Front's men guarding the aircraft bristled with their familiar small arms: machine pistols, Klashnikov automatic rifles and hand grenades. They had dug shallow bunkers around the towering jets for their heavy machine guns and rocket launchers. Trailing from the aircraft were the escape chutes, and up against some of the doors were rickety, hastily constructed step-ladders. The Army told us the children had come down to them that morning for a pre-breakfast drive in the Front's own ambulances to see the tanks, climb over them, and talk to the drivers and crew, sent there the night before to see if it was possible to effect a rescue operation.

The air of unreality was total.

For a week little changed on Dawson's Field. The cameramen came and went with their stolen photographs, a VC10 made the only daylight landing of the three on the strip and the Front organised two formal, but chaotic and farcical news conferences.

The first news conference beside the planes, the day before the VC10 flew in from Bahrain and Beirut, was surely the most bizarre ever held in Jordan. The 50 or so journalists, cameramen, and sound recordists were hustled across the desert by the armed guerrillas, past the TWA plane, past the Swiss Air, and then lined up facing the open desert stretching away towards Iraq frontier. In front of the press, waiting a little awkwardly, certainly self-consciously, were the passengers and crew selected by the Front to talk to us. For a photo-call the little group, the victims of the hi-jacks, stood patiently as the multitude in front of them pushed, shoved and struggled amongst themselves for better positions from which to take pictures. Only slightly more astonished at this performance than the hi-jacked passengers and crew, were the high-jackers themselves. 'You must have discipline, you must have discipline', screamed a Front spokesman into a megaphone. 'You are supposed to be civilised'. The bellowing of the spokesman, coupled with the obvious jumpiness of the guerrillas as they began to brandish their firearms, restored order. The passengers and crew sat down, and the journalists and cameramen also, but 20 feet away from the people they were to question: the Front insisted on it, and there was little argument. So the reporters shouted their questions, which were answered for the benefit of the television microphones, through the spokesman's loudspeaker. The air was thick with the grumbling of sound engineers about the quality of the sound they were recording, and as the Front controlled the loudspeakers, and answers without it were pretty much inaudible, the questions were gentle. The TWA pilot spoke about the state of the toilets and the health risk if the passengers were kept on the aircraft much longer, the Jewish passengers said they were being treated the same as everybody else, the immaculate stewardess maintained that morale was good.

The young Front spokesman was called 'Sir' by veteran reporters, and

interviewers and interviewees fell over themselves to be polite. Only the setting, the incongruity of the situation, and the looming presence of the unshaven commandos made it a memorable news conference.

But in spite of the reassurances from the passengers and the crew that they were well treated on the aircraft, few of the reporters covering the story had any doubts about the dangers under which these hostages were living while the European governments made up their minds on what to do about the sky-jacker, Miss Leila Khaled in London, and her friends in Munich and Zurich. The way in which some of the guerrillas had raised their guns while a commando struggled with a French cameraman for possession of his equipment underlined the tension and edginess that had infected the hi-jackers.

In barely safer conditions than their husbands, fathers and sons left behind in the desert were the women and children released by the commandos twenty-four hours after the planes landed.

They had joined the growing press corps in a fight for accommodation in the Intercontinental Hotel in Amman, but in the event the hunt for rooms became irrelevant. For two of their first three nights in the hotel, the women slept with their children in the cellars and passageways, while the modern white cement and glass building shook and rocked under gunfire as new outbreaks of fighting between the *fedayeen* and the army got under way. Astonishingly, the women and children stayed calm as the glass fractured, there was hand to hand fighting for possession of a building that controlled the front of the hotel, and mortar bombs fell beside the swimming pool. For an afternoon and a night the fighting was at its pitch while the children sprawled on the floor with their toy cars; the grown-ups forming bridge schools, and the hotel staff struggling to prepare food in the underground kitchens.

Cases of hysteria were so rare as to stand out.

Communications with the outside world were cut off, and the women had no knowledge of what was happening at the airstrip as the hours of a guerrilla ultimatum ticked away.

For the press, the links with Beirut, London, Rome and New York also collapsed. A roof-top water tank, punctured by gun fire, brought down a stream of water through the telephone twitchboard. The telex went out of action when the technicians in Amman's post office abandoned their machines to take cover. Even trying to keep in touch with the BBC External Services became a hazardous business — to pick up transmissions one needed to have the radio with the aerial fully extended on an exposed balcony — a temptation to the *fedayeen* snipers whose aim was only slightly less firm than their intentions.

In the ferocity of the battle a new determination in the army was clear. The embarrassment of sitting on the sidelines at Dawson's Field showed itself in the barrage of fire put down on the commando headquarters in the city, in the relish with which the Bedouin troops around us kept their fingers down on the triggers of their automatic weapons.

During the fighting in Amman came a second major humiliation for

King Hussein, who had been in the Hummar Palace twelve miles outside the capital since the assassination attempt on him during September 1. The guerrillas had hi-jacked and flown to Dawson's Field the VC 10, and again the Jordanian troops in the desert were powerless to act.

Throughout the next few days the press corps visited the airstrip, talked to the Red Cross, talked to the Front, and photographed the stream of passengers as they were released by the guerrillas. But during that time the attention of the government and the main guerrilla organisations was hardly centred on the desert airfield. Outside Amman there were daily clashes between commandos and troops, and to many army officers the blowing up of the three airliners seven days after they had been forced down into the desert was the final evidence, if any was needed, that law and order no longer existed in the country.

On September 17, Amman awoke to its first military government. Within hours of a breakfast time broadcast by the King, the streets were emptying, the shops closed, and office workers were mingling with school children who'd been sent home in the search for buses. Convoys of packed taxis began to head for the Syrian border. The *fedayeen* were setting up new roadblocks, digging their bunkers deeper, filling new sandbags, checking their weapons and ammunition. To the press men who ventured down to the Popular Front headquarters there was a clear message: 'Get some food, get back to your hotel, and stay there'. In current Jordan politics a military government could only mean a final, once and for all, attempt by the King to crush the power of the guerrillas . . . and the only battlefield where he could win or lose would be in his own capital, the guerrilla stronghold.

With a carload of nervous, touchy journalists, I drove to the airport that evening at dusk for a flight to Beirut, duly thankful that a colleague had flown in to relieve me the day before. In Amman that night, by the very tension, it was apparent that everyone expected the showdown, and that everyone knew it would be brutal, vicious and very tough. It was.

But what seems to have surprised King Hussein, the Jordanian army, and the Amman diplomatic corps was the tenacity with which the Palestinians fought. For outright victory the king had to win fast, said the Beirut-watchers, and from the estimates of his intelligence advisers he was going to. Yet six days after the Jordanian armour had punched its way into Amman, the fighting was still going on, and the Arab leaders were gathering in Cairo for an Emergency summit meeting. Their short term priority was to get a cease-fire, the long term was what then seemed the impossible — a reconciliation between Yassir Arafat, the guerrilla leader, and King Hussein. Inside a week, after a series of exhausting day and night sessions, the impossible had been achieved . . . both sides had called a cease-fire, both leaders had signed a peace pact — and President Nasser, aged only 52, was lying dead, following a heart attack, in the medical clinic of the Kubbeh palace.

Each day we would be invited by the government public relations service to watch the heads of state and government who had come to Cairo for

the summit, pass down the corridor to the Hall of the Thousand and One Nights in the Nile Hilton Hotel where the meetings were held. On some occasions we were permitted to attend the photo-calls as cameramen photographed the Arab leaders in their ornate, embossed chairs as they sat making small talk before the sessions began. Some smiled, some were animated as they posed for the cameras; the Egyptian President was always grave. In the last days of his life, President Nasser looked tired and bowed down by the crisis. His enormous shoulders, which when thrown back made him such an impressive figure, were often slumped. The day before he died, the President was at Cairo International airport to meet King Hussein, when the Jordanian King, condemned by his fellow Arab leaders, flew in to present his own case to the summit. Twenty-four hours earlier the President had cabled the King about his 'broken promises' and the 'horrifying massacre' that was taking place in Jordan. The President's mediation team in Amman had spoken of the 'extermination and liquidation' of the Palestinian people.

In normal times the King's arrival in Cairo was an occasion for television cameras, flash bulbs, cheering crowds and ceremonial bands, but on this Sunday morning the foreign and local press, along with the Egyptian crowds, were gently shooed away from the airport viewing galleries by the police. We were not permitted to witness the embrace between the revolutionary leader who had ruled Egypt for eighteen years and the dynastic Hashemite monarch, whose relations were reported to be at an all-time low by the Egyptian press.

As if to emphasise the task that faced the President in arranging a peace settlement in Jordan both the King and the guerrilla leader came armed to the summit meeting. Arafat had his pistol hung jauntily from a low bullet studded belt, the King wore his attached to an immaculate, white blancoed British army belt.

By mid-evening the President was beaming. He sat between Arafat and King Hussein as they signed a fourteen point agreement. For the first time in ten days he looked relaxed. Twenty-one hours later, his doctors pronounced him dead. The tensions and strains of the day and night sessions in the Hall of the Thousand and One Nights had proved too much for his long-standing heart condition.

There were many bitter ironies in the Middle East in September and October 1970, not least the visit of Miss Leila Khaled carrying an enormous wreath to the grave of the President. The Palestinians, particularly the Popular Front to which Miss Khaled belonged, had always made it clear that it was totally opposed to the American peace plan accepted by President Nasser, and it was to demonstrate this opposition that the hi-jacks were staged. But Miss Khaled, flanked by Egyptian security men, still came unannounced to pay her final respects to the dead Egyptian leader.

Did she feel any responsibility, through her part in the hi-jackings, for the subsequent events in the Middle East?

'Of course not', she told a colleague as she walked away from the renamed Gamal Abdel Nasser mosque.

COULD THERE BE A SWING-BACK FROM TELEVISION?

by Val Gielgud

I FEEL that it is only fair, as in some sort a preface to this article, that I should 'declare my interest' as they say in the House of Commons. For 35 years I was the British Broadcasting Corporation's Head of Radio Drama. During 18 months of that time I was also the responsible Head of B.B.C. Television Drama and I have to confess that this latter period was not the happiest of my professional existence. I worked harder than I have ever done before or since. But I was not successful. I did not gain the confidence either of my TV superiors or of my colleagues in my Department. Inevitably therefore I write with a certain prejudice. What follows should be read with that qualification in mind. I found it hard to accept failure in one field, when I had been encouraged to believe that in another, and over a longer period, I had achieved a certain success. I neither wish nor mean to give an impression of 'sour grapes' but it would be dishonest not to admit that during my practical experience of Television Drama my teeth were frequently set on edge.

Not the least of my consolations since my retirement—the greatest has been the continuing cordial relations between my successor, Martin Esslin, his Department in Broadcasting House, and myself—has been a definite and to me encouraging indication of swing-back by the audience from Television to Sound Radio. This is not just a case of wishful-thinking. It is supported by Audience Research figures; by the mere fact that the output of Radio Drama (Sound) is greater today than it was seven years ago.

I am not pretending that there is now, nor is there any reasonable likelihood that there ever will be, a return to those halcyon days—Professor Asa Briggs has called them The Golden Days of Broadcasting—when Radio's Saturday Night Theatre recorded an audience of anything up to 12 million listeners; when the monthly World Theatre production on Monday nights was heard by between a million and a half and three million people. There were good reasons for these astonishing statistics. The War had simultaneously removed TV competition, and almost compelled people through circumstances—*blitz*, black-out, the absence of alternative entertainment—to take Radio, and particularly from my selfish point of view the Radio Play, seriously; to give it the attention, the genuine listener participation, which as a medium is needed if it is to be anything but a contemporary background to be achieved by the mere pressing of a switch, and as easily to be discarded.

With the end of the War and the re-birth of Television both picture and pattern of Broadcasting were automatically and radically changed. I must claim in justice to myself that I had foreseen this inevitability. In 1938 I had written what Professor Briggs has been kind enough to call 'a remarkably percipient memorandum' in which I had gone so far as to suggest that in general the future of Broadcasting lay with the medium which could operate

in sight as well as in sound; that this would affect particularly the Broadcasting of plays; and that the Corporation's set-up for Drama should be reconsidered accordingly. It was with this in mind that I applied for and was granted secondment to Television—at that time still in Alexandra Palace—so that I might at any rate learn the elements of the business as a mere individual producer. That secondment was interrupted by the outbreak of War. I was in fact engaged in rehearsals of a TV production on that historic September 3, 1939.

I had left out of account two factors of overwhelming importance: first that the eye is far more easily and quickly surfeited than the ear; secondly —as I was to discover when after the war I returned to Television as Head of the Drama Department then in the studios at Lime Grove, that people engaged in Television would seek guidance, precedents, and the knowledge gained from experience from any quarter other than Broadcasting House. To have been deeply engaged in the problems of Sound Radio—still worse to have solved some of those problems with reasonable success—implied that one was deeply suspect to the TV professionals. They forgot, and I am inclined to think that they have never remembered, that *fundamentally Television is illustrated Broadcasting*; most vital of all that the viewing and listening audiences are in essence the same. Both are composed of a complete cross-section of the nation, which makes planning and the choice of material extaordinarily complex. They are also composed of individuals and small groups, and accordingly differ widely from audiences in theatres and cinemas, which are subject to all the virtues and vices of mass-audience reaction, for which reason the production approach must be radically different from that traditional to stage or screen. Too often, when watching TV drama I am driven to the conclusion that the director is hankering after the gimmicks and extravagances of the film industry—*Hamlet at Elsinore* was an outstanding example. But not all the showing of old films 'on the box' can alter the fact that Television is Broadcasting not Cinema; and that a consequent sense of proportion must be maintained.

In my opinion, for what it may be worth, the tradition that came to be established of an automatic mutual hostility between Broadcasting House and B.B.C. Television did much to bedevil the efforts of the practical exponents of both media. I should add that Broadcasting House was by no means guiltless in the matter. During the years before the Second World War Television was regarded very much as an ugly duckling, and was treated accordingly. It was not surprising that people who had borne the heat of those comfortless and laborious days should have acquired a fierce pride in such independence as they had been able to win, and a possibly exaggerated notion of what Television was really capable of achieving. But there must surely have been a certain significance in the fact that, apart from myself, the combined talents of Laurence Gilliam and Geoffrey Bridson could not make them acceptable to Television high-ups, and that both were forced to accept my conclusion that the atmosphere of B.B.C. Television was disagreeably hostile to any characters who had made their reputation in Sound Radio.

However, if I am right in believing that this swing-back towards Radio from Television has begun, is proceeding, and ought to be encouraged, what have been the determining factors? I could, but will not, emphasise that curious inferiority complex, still reigning at Television Centre, which combines the lack of any consistent programme policy with the capacity to exploit, without acknowledgment, some of Radio's outstanding successes. I need only instance in this connection the fact that *The Forsyte Saga* won its broadcast spurs during the war; that hardly had the Radio serialisation of *War and Peace* achieved a triumphant close when it was announced that B.B.C. Television contemplated a new mammoth production of Tolstoy's masterpiece. Fair enough, there is not, and there should not be, any copyright in the use of other people's good ideas.

'Steam' Radio's come-back is due primarily to two things: to the vision of Sir William Haley, and his unfailing support of the Third Programme, which opened a remarkable field of opportunity to good taste, experiment, and so-called 'minority' programmes, especially in the sphere of Broadcast Drama. I take leave to assert that without that Third Programme we should have heard much less during the last few years of such writers as Pinter and Samuel Becket, and of the continental *avant-garde*.

Also there was the basic element, too often disregarded at Broadcasting House, and never recognised at TV Centre, that Television suffers from the fact that what is presented 'on the box' is *seen*. It is the business of TV to satisfy the eye, which is why it fails so lamentably when trying to offer the viewer such plays as *The Tempest* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which magic plays an essential part. Conviction and illusion perish together in such productions, no matter how ingeniously they may be contrived, while for Radio they are perfect material because it is the business of Radio not to satisfy by visual means but *to stimulate imaginatively*. For the intelligent listener it is this participation through his or her imagination—this ability to imagine Prospero's island or Oberon's forest, to clothe those voices 'melted into thin air' with such garments and physical attributes as seem most appropriate to the individual in the arm-chair, or to the family grouped about the fireside—which justifies the persisting value of Radio.

It is true that the vast 'majority' audience has been lost to Radio for ever. For most people it is easier to watch than to listen, and most people, alas, tend congenitally to be lazy! But it is also true that the lazier and less intelligent audience has been creamed off to the benefit of Radio. Before TV became established it was part of the business of the B.B.C. to satisfy the claims and demands of the majority and the moronic, as well as those of the intelligent and the aesthetically mature. The former once handed over not without some regrets to the delights of Television, Radio remained and remains for the latter. The perpetual and generally unsolved problems at the root of all Broadcasting, Radio *and* TV, is the standing fight between quantity and quality; and quantity has usually had the support of unthinking people who will not realise that there is a limit to what is available in the shape of artistic talent and creative writing.

The Third Programme may no longer exist in its original form, but 'its

soul goes marching on'. And while individual producers may lament comparatively small audiences, and the air-time and wave-lengths delivered over to the pap of Pop, they have been freed from any obligation to the crassly philistine, amply provided for elsewhere. The Radio professional can so much more easily concentrate on what can best be accomplished in a field comparatively limited. Quality has in fact been handed to him on a plate as the desirable standard, while quantity can be left to the disc-jockey and the *aficionados* of innumerable parlour-games, and to the admirers of that bastard hybrid, the dramatised-documentary which seems to be the principal and typical product of Television Drama.

In 1938 I committed myself in writing to the belief that the end of Radio Drama was in sight; that the future lay with Television. I am still not sure that, had certain responsible people behaved rather differently, I might have been justified in the event.

During three months of last year I had the privilege of lecturing on Drama to a State College in the Middle West of the United States. As is well known, Radio Drama has ceased to exist in the States; a sad declension from the days in the thirties when the Columbia Workshop, Corwin and Macleish contributed with such distinction to the medium. Today it is accepted that TV is firmly and for good in the grip of the advertisers, who have decided that in the U.S.A. there is no profit in the Radio Play, and little in Radio itself.

Nonetheless, I found that the students in my class were passionately interested in two things: first of all in Shakespeare; and secondly in Radio Drama of which they had heard, but only as a legend. I am convinced that on American *campuses*, however bedevilled they may be by other factors, there is a great potentially interested audience for Radio Drama. It is a thousand pities that no one seems to think it worth while to satisfy those hungry sheep who look up but are not fed.

In 1970 I am convinced that Radio Drama is still alive and kicking; that the effect of those kicks is greater and more widespread than is generally realised; and that a better-informed and more demanding audience of listeners is finding in Radio Drama an experience consistently rewarding, and certainly acceptable as an alternative to Television.

CHINESE FARMING IN THE SEVENTIES: NEW LEAP OR NEW LOOK?

by Kieran Broadbent

CHINA'S policy for rural areas has undergone sweeping changes in recent years and the rural population has been swept along by a series of campaigns, the main objective of which has been to give agriculture a greater share of resources sufficient to bring about big increases in production. Peasants have been castigated for 'spontaneous capitalism', wasting resources and black-marketing and, at the same time, country folk have had to absorb 25 million urban migrants over a two-year period as part of the policy to move human and material resources to rural areas.

Greater decentralisation has been reflected in attempts to encourage production of semi-mechanised tools and fertilisers in small, local factories near to the communes, and paid for by commune members themselves. The long-term objective is greater collectivisation and modernisation, whilst at the same time reducing the rural urban gap in incomes and living standards.

It appeared during the Cultural Revolution that agricultural performance was being totally disrupted by state and student interference; morale was reputed to be low but, since then, better weather and a greater share of resources seems to have balanced any disruption of farm products and inputs. 1969 was promised to be the year of the 'New Leap Forward', and a new 'commune system' was hailed, based on self-reliance in the fields of mechanisation and distribution of incomes and marketing. Prospects for success are now better than ever before. Reports from various sources suggest that agricultural production in 1969 surpassed 1968 levels and may have exceeded the 1966 peak.

Cereal production in 1969 was estimated to be about 200 million tons, including potatoes at ¼ grain value. The late rice crop, grown on an expanded area, may have equalled or surpassed 1968 levels of production. Output of potatoes, barley, wheat, sorghum and maize is reported to have increased over the 1968 level. Drought conditions in 1969, in N.E. and S.E. China, affected industrial crops such as cotton and tobacco. Vegetable oils suffered from flooding and cold spells, and yields were reported to be below average. But there were gains in output from lesser industrial crops, such as soybeans, groundnuts, tea and silkworms.

Official claims indicate an increase in livestock production in 1969. Improved fodder supply and roughage feed on pasture is reported, though not supported by government statistics. Efforts have been made to increase the numbers of pigs being kept by farmers. 'One pig for every household and one pig for every *mou* (1 *mou*=⅙ acre)' was the government slogan but, although incentives have included encouraging pig keeping on private plots and a greater share of grain distribution, all indications are that pig numbers are not substantially higher than pre-cultural revolution levels.

More effort has been devoted to sheep breeding in such areas as Sinkiang province where 30 per cent of all sheep are being raised to yield 11-15 kg. of wool per head annually. This area utilises two types of pasturing, the so-called 'three seasons' and 'four seasons'. The former uses both spring and autumn grazing, but flocks and herds are shifted to different areas for winter and summer. The latter system shifts herds to a different area each season. Thus, by careful application of water control and prudent utilisation of pasture, yields from livestock are improving sufficiently to experiment with beef cattle as well as horses, mules and goats, in previously barren and remote areas.

But during 1969 the administration of China's farm programme remained largely under the supervision of the army (P.L.A.), especially in areas where cadre discipline was weakest. But compared with previous years, there has been more flexibility in application of policy. Lack of rigid adherence to State planning was reflected to some extent in the difficulty the government experienced in some areas in collecting farm produce. Recently the peasant has been taking a more equitable share of food supplies and this is one of the reasons peasants have been exhorted to 'store grain and prepare for war'. Shortages still exist and some areas of China have gone through a period of acute shortage due to natural calamities and transport difficulties. Exceptional flooding affected Anhwei, Kiangsu, Hupeh, Chekiang, Liaoning, Hunan, Shensi and Shangtung. Crops, homes and equipment were swept away in many of the worst hit areas. Effective remedial measures, such as successive plantings of rice seedlings, were unsuccessful; alternative crops, such as sweet potatoes, were planted as a last resort. There have also been reports of land in some areas being flooded by sea water, which has raised soil salinity beyond cultivable levels. In Canton Province, 80 per cent of the rice seedlings were reported to have failed because of cold and drought. Replanting with seed from neighbouring Kwangsi also failed on account of the harsh weather conditions. In June there were reports of emergency measures in South China. Production on some of the higher slopes was curtailed for the current 1970 season. Added to all this, there have been reports of badly stored grain in some communes rotting and being ravaged by pests. The current slogan, then: 'Prepare for war, prepare for natural disasters and do everything for the people' must be set against this background.

Food consumption, *per caput*, when compared to some other Asian countries, is still low. Calorie intake does not appear to have regained the 2,200 to 2,300 calories estimated for the late fifties, and food consumption is still based on large amounts of carbohydrates, mainly in the form of rice. The military have been actively engaged on harvesting and distribution duties, thus ensuring, in areas where they are employed, strict compliance to government procurement quotas. Significant also has been curtailment of the 'free market economy' some peasants were said to be operating in 1968-69.

During 1967-68, peasant private-grain sales increased even though sales of rationed commodities by individuals are prohibited in China. For

instance, *People's Daily* (reporting on October 20, 1969) castigated one peasant-run supply and marketing co-operative in Ch'ienhsi *hsien*, Hopei province, for bad management following the cultural revolution. The report said there was 'considerable grafting and pilferage' and that it was being run by 'market manipulators' and 'speculators'. Another was criticised for being run 'purely for profit' and had to be closed. Material incentives have been criticised by the Party and the peasant tendency to 'distribute, consume and utilise everything'. The failure to retain the public accumulation fund, the public amenity fund, production fund and the grain reserve also has been deplored by the government.

The dictums 'making agriculture serve industry' and 'prepare for war by storing grain' symbolise the importance Chairman Mao is placing on agriculture within the whole economy. At a conference on agricultural work held in Chekiang province between February 20-26, 1970, the importance of 'scientific farming methods' and the success of small-scale farms was stressed. The call went out for the construction of small fertiliser plants in most counties of the province, to be built within the next 3-5 years. The conference also called for the establishment of machinery repair and servicing plants to do jobs that previously production brigades and teams found impossible without calling in the services of urban industry. Part of the work of these small-scale machinery plants was to turn out spare parts for farm machinery, since 'it was erroneous to emphasise production and neglect repair.' The communes were urged to step up cereal yields per hectare, whilst at the same time diversifying the commune economy by taking up forestry, livestock production and ancillary industries.

The question arises as to the future capability of private plots to contribute to peasant needs. The official policy has been to clamp down on private plots, whilst privately recognising their potential for increasing vital food supplies, particularly in view of the large resettlement programmes from urban to rural areas which were carried out with some vigour in 1968/69. There are indications that even greater demands will be made on private plots as a source of food in the seventies, though it is doubtful whether official acknowledgement will ever be made of their importance. Restoration of the private plot, the symbol of capitalism, is simply part of the price China has to pay to keep her economy moving.

The new policy of self-reliance is based on peasant support and the success of it relies to a significant extent on the peasants taking up the call with enthusiasm. Consequently, the Chinese press has come out strongly with stories of 'barefoot', semi-trained personnel who travel about the countryside teaching others the new techniques. According to *New China News Agency*, February 20, 1970. Chekiang Province had 13,000 such individuals, all from the poor and lower-middle peasant class, working as itinerant tradesmen in brigades and teams, installing and repairing machinery, processing fodder crops and generally assisting in farm work.

The Chinese have coined a new phrase—'popularisation'. These methods would be known in other countries as extension and advisory work. In China, 'popularisation' means simplification, explaining the new technology;

employing the research into new seed strains and plant protection measures in ways that will be easily grasped and utilised by the peasants. In its form it is way ahead of anything in many developed countries, and extension experts in Europe and U.S.A. acknowledge the difficulties of translating the new technology even to fairly advanced farmers, where the authorities have to battle with apathy, and farmers who display a pathological fear of interference in their affairs. This is not to say that Chinese farmers uniformly accept the so-called 'indigenous experts'; rather they appreciate the need for advice, especially where they are faced with water conservancy problems and irrigation and, just as in countries outside of China, the new rice strains are presenting problems for farmers, largely because of increased irrigation and heavy application of fertilisers.

The Central Government has called for more pig keeping, since the manure produced will enhance the supplies of chemical fertiliser for use with the new strains. As well as developing her own improved strains of rice to increase yields, some of the rice now in use is the IR-8 'miracle rice'. China's new 'short season' seed has enabled rice to be more widely grown in Manchuria and has also allowed double cropping to be carried out much further north than previously. The introduction of the *nan-ta 2419* high-yielding strain of wheat raised yields to 500 *Jin* per *mou* (1 *Jin*= ½ kg.; 1 *mou*=⅙ acre), though it is reported to be difficult to thresh.

The new varieties are being planted in low-yielding areas such as the Kuangchang Plain, Shensi Province, and the lower reaches of the Yellow River. It was reported on Radio Peking on April 4 that the Honan Provincial Research Institute for Agricultural Science had completed experiments with 70 major items, including eleven new strains of corn, millet and rice. The 1970 production programme in Fukien Province comprises double cropping of rice and replacement of low-yielding, long-stemmed varieties with short-stemmed, high yielding strains. In Yunnan Province, 70 per cent of land sown to rice, maize and buckweat is to be planted to new fine-grain seed.

China now claims to export more varieties and greater quantities of grain than previously, and there was some evidence of this at the Spring Fair in Canton last May. But China is still interested in importing large amounts of grain from the West at bargain prices. These have been growing during the sixties and the latest purchase of over 2,000,000 tons of wheat from Australia continues this trend.

In some areas, however, there are indications that the government has taken strong measures against those who are not so enthusiastic about the new look in rural areas, calling on the local 'masses' to punish them. In Amoy, for instance, a crowd of 30,000 witnessed a trial of 14 people found guilty of 'corruption, theft and speculation'. The committee of a production brigade in Huangchung county 'whipped up mass criticism' of its wrongdoers and blackmarketeers (*Sining Radio*, February 15, 1970) encouraging the people to 'settle accounts' with them.

Whilst 'self-reliance' and 'going it alone' are central objectives of the quest for economic self-sufficiency, China is still acutely aware of the

benefits to be gained from applying foreign technology. On April 4, 1970, *Hung Ch'i* (Red Flag) warned against 'isolationism', marking a clear retreat from the former exclusive devotion to indigenous methods. 'On no account should we rigidly adhere to traditional forms . . . China must learn the good points from all nationalities and must do everything in her power to possess all necessary data, including foreign data.' This change of policy should mitigate some of the effects of earlier rejection of foreign expertise, but it can do little to help the shortages of capital stock which have been made worse by lack of investment. In the countryside, the situation has been made worse by the influx of the urban population and some communes have had to refuse new recruits through lack of accommodation and food.

China is trying to combat all these difficulties by extensive reforms. Even educational reforms have had a significant effect on agriculture. Secondary education now consists almost entirely of manual labour and the study of farm work, with a small amount of general studies, confined to two years. The agro-technical course consists of studying crop and livestock production, machinery repair and servicing, plant protection techniques and, of course, politics, which in effect means studying the Chairman's 'thoughts'. Half the day is devoted to farm work and half to studying.

Finally, mention must be made of the changes in leadership policy in rural areas, in particular the programme known as the *Hsia fang* system. In China, the *Hsia fang* system, lit. downward transfer (of labour), provides for participation in manual labour by members of leadership and management groups as well as intellectuals. It is derived from Marx's vision of a society in which 'the division between mental and manual labour' has been eliminated. Since the cultural revolution, this policy has been effectively used. Needless to say, the system has not been universally popular. As an exercise in collective re-education and resettlement, it has been less than successful, since it puts even greater pressure on farmers to feed and absorb non-manual labour, but it does keep the intellectuals from getting any ideas of revisionism. Re-organisation of cadre leadership has centred on the 'three-shift regular rotation system' where one-third of the staff remain in the office, one-third go to villages and participate in manual labour, and one-third carry out inspections and criticism. Periodically, the roles are changed.

The movement of men and materials to the countryside has also focused on the medical profession. Mass movement of doctors, dentists and nurses to the countryside not only has medical objectives, but also broad political and economical implications. This reform is consistent with the current programme to disperse the urban population, to decentralise administrative responsibility and costs, and foster a higher degree of collectivisation. Whilst improved health of farmers is a definite goal, repercussions have been predicted for urban centres. The rising health standard in the countryside is based on the 'new co-operative medical services', financed by production brigades out of peasant contributions. Whether this is capable of raising peasant health and morale must depend on peasant acceptance

and this, in turn, hinges on the trick of maintaining costs at a level that does not materially reduce peasants' incomes any further. To make up for lack of trained medical practitioners, peasants are being trained in rudimentary practices. These peasants, known as 'barefoot doctors', are used to plug the gap where doctors are not available in remote rural areas. Although they are primarily farmers and spend about half their time in agricultural production, they are trained to treat a variety of ailments as well as pregnancies. To compensate for the time spent away from farming, commune members provide the 'doctor' with a small addition to his agricultural income, equating his earnings with that of a peasant with comparable labour power. For example, in 1968 the 'barefoot doctor' at Tung ping brigade had a total annual income of 300 *yuan* (£1=approx. 5.908 *yuan*). This comprised *Y*.100 from farming, plus *Y*.200 for medical services performed. Any agricultural worker may elect to undertake training which usually lasts two months under the direction of full-time medical staff at a major centre.

The outlook for the 'seventies now appears much brighter than ever before, and providing some programmes are fully implemented, co-ordinated, and gain peasant support, providing too the weather is favourable, agricultural production could substantially increase. As more state funds are put into rural infra-structure and industrialisation programmes directly of benefit to agriculture bear fruit, the rural-urban gap is closing and production is beginning to rise. China is now catching up.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION IN SCHOOLS

by Leonard Clark

IT is hardly surprising, in view of the nature of the age, that 'religion' is considered by many people to be associated with 'the Establishment', and with a Conservative Establishment at that. If these people are to be believed, 'religion' is not only right-wing, middle-class and nineteenth century public school, but also it belongs to the well-off, the privileged and the churches. They claim—and might well be able to prove their case by reference to public opinion polls—that it has little appeal for the masses, the working-class (whoever these are considered to be), or for those who form the government, whatever its colour and complexion. They argue that 'religion' is no longer popular, and so should not be 'forced' on children.

There is nothing very new about this. Works of literature and history are full of criticisms of religion and the churches, and are as old as books themselves. But the position has always been exaggerated by the agitators and critics who, of course, have their own axes to grind. They would merely substitute one religion for another, a material system for a spiritual one, and be as involved with vested interests, power and wealth, as any under a more feudal system. Envy and greed will always be the driving forces for those who do not hold any true religion. Think, in passing, of past and present Russia, Nazi Germany, eighteenth and nineteenth century Britain, and the domination of dictators in any age. In our day, the bad effects of political socialism and of 'big business' Toryism, particularly upon the Welfare State concept, are clearly observable.

Religion, as I see it, has little to do with materialism. To paraphrase a great theologian, 'Bread for myself is material. Bread for other people is spiritual'. We can make a religion of almost anything, though, in the final issue, all man-made religions are concerned with money (or what it can buy), or with power or status. Any over-organised society is bound to produce fashions in status-seeking, for the spirit of man must assert itself, either for good or evil, when attempts are made to chain it.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with wealth or power of themselves. Both can be used, as they have always been used, as influences for good, for the welfare and happiness of mankind. The trouble comes when they are regarded as ends in themselves, and as the means by which one gets the better of one's neighbours. Then, as always, they corrupt, leading to selfishness, oppression and envy.

For me, and for countless others, 'religion' means a firm belief in, and a constant reliance upon, 'something outside ourselves'. And, as a Christian, if not a very good one, the name I give to this 'something outside myself', is 'God'. I do not think I deceive myself, but I have abundant evidence that the pattern of my life has been governed and guided by this 'something outside myself', which men call God. I believe in God. And if I were a Jew, a Buddhist or a Moslem, I should give Him the same name. And if I were a member of any branch of the Christian church I should still recognize the

existence of God, of Jesus, God made man, and of the Spirit which, for me, warms and sustains the whole of my belief. I am no theologian, but it is this Spirit which requires of me that I should worship and pray. And I am of the opinion that there are many, especially among the young, who do not find it unnatural to do likewise, even though they may not know Whom they are worshipping, and to Whom, in their most ecstatic or miserable hours, they are praying. However much we might deny the presence of God, his Spirit moves in all of us, and the Kingdom of Heaven is that Spirit's domain. Because we are human beings we are limited beings. What is certain is that death will put an end to our existence on earth. If we did not believe in this 'something outside ourselves' we should invent it, as history has shown us over and over again, for it is a natural thing to believe and to be aware that earthly help fails, and that a condition of pure simplicity is only possible when mere materialism is abandoned.

So, for these reasons (and there is nothing very new about any of them) I am confident that religion has a future in schools. And further, that those who are seeking to banish it entirely from schools are bound to fail, for the simple reason that the spirit of man, which is the spirit of God, will not permit it to be so. The protesters and secular humanists, for all their logic and politics, are really pursuing their campaigns in blinkers. Many of them are sincere and dedicated people, who live lives which are ethically sound, and often far better than those who profess religion. But many of them are influenced too much by intellectualism, or by the memory of the 'failure' of their own religious education in childhood. In any case, we live in an age of protest.

This is not to deny an intellectual basis to religion. But 'apprehension' must always proceed 'comprehension'. Imagination, feelings and intellect work together, so that we may be aware of, and feed on, the mysteries of life. Without religion we cannot interpret these mysteries fully. They are often revealed to us through the arts, which are the expression of life, as well as through direct experience of them. These mysteries are mainly concerned with love and death, both on earth and when existence ceases. Mere existence, however temporarily satisfying and rewarding, must always be mainly associated with materialism. To 'live' to the full and to be deeply satisfied belong to the spiritual. The years of childhood are the freshest and most innocent years for spirituality, before the shades of the prison house begin to darken and corrupt. Blake, Traherne, Vaughan and Wordsworth had much to say about this in their writings.

If children are not given informed instructions in religious matters by sincere and good-living adults, how can they, when they come to greater maturity, be in a position to make decisions and to discard what they have learned in childhood if they find they can no longer believe what they have learned? How can the opponents of religion in schools deny children this opportunity, or expect them to grow up properly in the over-sentimental, apathetic, status-seeking and violent world of today? To deprive them of this, apart from being undemocratic, is to deny life itself. It is in childhood that we learn the true values of living. An educator of the past once defined

the aims of education as making people 'fit to live and fit to live with'.

But the content of religious education, especially in our multi-racial, over-populated technological society, has to be carefully thought out and re-assessed in the light of contemporary needs and social pressures. As we live in an age when the most urgent problems are those which are concerned with relationships between man and man, man and society, and man and God, no education in religious matters can ignore such topical matters as sex, drugs, the place of wealth, race, religious beliefs other than those which belong to Christianity, and responsibility to oneself and to one's neighbours. A proper religious education should be the basis for self-respect, patience, genuine feelings for others, and individual thought, strengthened by a belief in that power outside ourselves on Whom all of us have to rely, and into Whose merciful hands we must fall at the last.

But content, schemes and organization, however appropriate and comprehensive, are not enough. The climate and thought of schools should be such that religion is seen to be something that works in practice, that there is an absence of cruelty, self-seeking, dissimulation, triviality and archness with, in their place, honesty, shared responsibility and authority, serenity, good sense and tolerance. Above all, the characters and knowledge of the adults who work with children are of the greatest importance. There is no substitute for these. In spite of evidence to the contrary (which can always be produced to prove a point) many of the schools are fortunate in that they have numbers of teachers who believe in God, and whose influence on the children is of the highest. These are not going to be easily swayed by the arguments and actions of the factions who would like to remove religious education out of the schools.

The denominational schools, largely Church of England, Roman Catholic and Jewish in this country, are well aware that they have a special responsibility in the matter of religious education, because of their very nature. But they should be continually asking of themselves the following questions:—

1. Are our aims clear and in keeping with the needs of the children?
2. Are these aims being fulfilled to the best of our ability? And if not, why not?
3. Do our teachers set a good personal example to the children?
4. Are our teachers not only informed on religious matters but also able to impart them successfully to the children?
5. Do our teachers introduce the children to the wide range of religious art, drama, literature and music, which are the products of religious belief?
6. How far does religious work in our schools influence the homes, and vice versa?

As for the non-denominational schools, where there is often excellent religious teaching done by sincere and sensitive men and women, they should ask themselves the following additional questions:—

1. Does the religious work amount to something more than a 'subject' on the timetable?

2. Has the school a social conscience, and what does it do to show that it has?
3. Does the work amount to something more than the legal requirement to hold a daily religious assembly?
4. If the religious work does not appeal to some of the children, especially those in their adolescent years, why is this so?
5. Are the children involved as individuals in the work and are they genuinely helped with their personal difficulties?
6. Do the teachers keep their knowledge of religious matters up to date by regular reading, attendance at conferences, and as members of some religious body?

Recent publicity, like much other publicity which concentrates on the insignificant and topical, whether in the press or in broadcasting, suggests that religion is on the way out in schools. My belief is to the contrary. Content and emphasis are certainly changing, and will change more. But there is more honesty and less lip-service than there once was, and more groping by the young, however muddled it may be, for the truth. There is a growing distaste for precepts which are contradicted by practice.

The future, perhaps, lies less in the hands of the State and, indeed, of the churches, and more in the hearts of believing men and women of upright conduct, who have learned through hard experience, and through trial and error, that 'He serveth best who loveth best'.

A lack of bitterness, more sympathy, less apathy and indifference and a growth of understanding of, and help for, one another may well be the characteristics of religious education in the schools of tomorrow. We should look forward to a change in the hearts of men and to a growing recognition that God exists and is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. In Russia, religion is as water to thirsty souls; it may yet be so for the people of Britain; for one cannot have morals without it. Neither can the Kingdom of God, the one and final hope for mankind, be established by secular methods.

[Leonard Clark, poet, anthologist, critic, was recently created a Knight of the Order of St. Sylvester.]

A CHANGE OF MOOD IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

by George Soloveytchik

DURING 1969/1970 a great change of mood has come to the Scandinavian countries which for many years had been 'Europe's quiet corner'. Even at the best of times, however, Denmark, Norway and Sweden were by no means one solid entity. Despite many similarites in the handling of their domestic affairs, especially in social and cultural matters, there were many differences in economic policy; while in foreign affairs and national defence there was hardly a common denominator. The national character, the traditions, the wartime experiences and the postwar interests of the Nordic countries are not at all the same.

This is particularly striking in the case of Norway and Sweden today. Despite the unprecedented growth of trade between them, which began in 1960 but took an enormous leap forward after 1967, the present mood of these neighbouring nations could hardly be more dissimilar.

Whereas Sweden has turned 'sour', Norway is enjoying a most impressive period of expansion. Activity in every field seems suddenly to have replaced the usual atmosphere of tranquillity. Not only in Oslo but throughout the country the people are on the move, and their prosperity is visible to the naked eye. They spend freely, despite the credit squeeze, the 'added value' tax and the fact that the cost of living keeps on going up all the time. But though the prices are high, they are perhaps as yet nowhere near the Swedish or Danish level.

The principal cities, such as Bergen and Trondheim, are rapidly improving their amenities. Bergen, which has been celebrating its 900th jubilee throughout this year, has enjoyed every variety of musical festival. Tourists from all over the world flocked there in large numbers, overcrowding the excellent hotels and restaurants. A seat of learning and education, of shipping and fishing, of art and industry, Bergen is the starting point of the 'express route' by coastal steamer to the furthermost north. This service, which functions all year round despite fog and ice, is not only the principal link between the three northern provinces (whose combined population is now approaching 500,000) but it is also a social institution. In six days it covers a distance of 1,200 miles. Its steamers carry local residents from one village to another, bring animation to the small communities which are gradually growing into townships. The 'Express Route' is also a great international tourist attraction.

Nowadays commercial aviation also brings even the furthest districts into close contact with Oslo and other great cities. A few hours by comfortable jet plane, instead of one week by the fastest 'express' coastal steamer, makes a tremendous difference. Moreover, radio and television enable the most isolated fisherman or forest worker to communicate with the rest of the world.

Industrialisation in every corner of Norway is proceeding in a most promising way. At Kirkenes the Syd-Varanger Company (established in

1906, badly damaged by the Germans and completely rebuilt since) now produces 75 per cent of the country's iron ore. Further down the coast a copper mine is being developed and much research undertaken for the exploitation of other mineral wealth. The recent discovery of off-shore oil along the coast of Norway may well change the whole economy of the nation within the next few years.

Such rapid economic expansion presents many problems and one of them is labour shortage. There are not enough Norwegians to fill all the available jobs at home or abroad. The population grows slowly and is still under four million people. About one quarter of the sailors manning Norway's merchant fleet of nearly twenty million tons are foreigners. There is a shortage of industrial workers, of teachers and doctors, of expert officials, bank clerks, business or diplomatic representatives for service abroad and in fact in every field of activity.

Despite their constant complaints about the credit squeeze and other state intereferences, all big banks are doing well. And, largely thanks to the shipping boom of recent years, net foreign exchange freight earnings are so large that for the first time in history the reserves of the Bank of Norway are about twice as high as those of the Bank of Sweden.

One of Lenin's most quoted and silliest sayings, that 'communism is Soviet power plus electrification of the whole country,' is being disproved by Norway every day. The whole country has been electrified without the Soviet system of communism coming into the picture. Running water and electricity are available everywhere—even in forest huts; the sanitary amenities are excellent, and the standard of cleanliness high. There are plenty of good small hotels, while the large modern ones, like the 'Norge' and several others in Bergen can easily compete with the best in Europe. At Kirkenes all the chambermaids, waitresses and even the reception clerks are schoolgirls, earning some extra money during the holidays, resuming their classes when the season is over.

Building and construction material have jumped by as much as 13 per cent during the past year. This is not surprising since owing to the heavy destruction by the Germans entire towns and areas have had to be completely rebuilt. The new houses offer a picturesque variety of colours: red, white, green, blue, yellow and even mauve. Most of them are large wooden frame residences on solid stone or cement foundation and contain all the latest highly sophisticated gadgets. Offices, public buildings, hospitals, hotels and schools are much larger than formerly and usually built of stone. The abundance of schools and especially of colleges for professional training is striking. New, well equipped schools of fishery or navigation, laboratories, museums and aquariums spring up everywhere. After years of planning the government has recently decided to establish a university at Tromsö, latitude 69°45, or far above the Polar circle.

Perhaps Tromsö deserves to be described as a 'Gateway to the Arctic' or as Norway's largest fishing village; but one thing is certain: Tromsö is *not* 'the Paris of the North', and who ever invented this ridiculous label did not know what he was talking about.

A flourishing commercial city and tourist centre with a population of 13,000 in 1960 and 40,000 at the present time, Tromsö may soon become the academic magnet of the north for the university will attract professors, teachers, administrators and students from a wide area. The calculation is that during the next ten years the population may rise to 60,000. This will be a university with a definite social function and much attention is to be devoted to creating a new class of academically educated young technicians. The syllabus will include such subjects as the economics and technology of fishing, animal biology, veterinary studies and engineering—indeed, a combination of practical and theoretical training, as well as special attention to human relations. There is already a chief planner in Tromsö who has to prepare all this and he has a staff of only six. There will be one hundred staff members by the autumn of 1971, including teachers and administrators. The first two hundred students are expected in 1972 and by 1975 their number is estimated to reach five hundred. The students themselves are expected to take part in organising their new university.

Tromsö was lucky enough to escape total destruction by the Germans. Considering that the battleship Tirpitz was sunk nearby, this is really surprising. Thus, happily, many of the charming old buildings survived and have not been touched by the modern town planners, either.

While Oslo is still waiting for a concert hall and up to date railway station, excellent residential and office blocks have been built in recent years. Few of them are beautiful or original, but they are well designed to suit their purpose. The problems of urban congestion are growing daily, since the number of automobiles increases far too rapidly; the old tramways take up too much space, and the construction of an underground railway makes slow progress.

Despite the credit squeeze and other banking restrictions, the private citizen seems to have plenty of spare cash. Wages and salaries are high. It is possible to live comfortably with one wage earner in the family but, with more than one, life can be very pleasant indeed. The public has developed a great eagerness for travel abroad. The enormous import figures prove that expensive foreign goods have become extremely popular. Practically all watches and clocks are imported from Switzerland. In almost every town you see the familiar Swiss names advertised. The Swiss watchmakers must either have very active commercial travellers or admirable agents in Norway to obtain such excellent results.

The prophets of gloom insist that the issue of the Common Market will bring about a political crisis. It is true that in certain circles feelings on that subject are strong. It is also true that the non-socialist coalition government, which has been in office since the 1965 elections, is afflicted by many inner dissensions. What keeps it together is the determination of its members to concentrate on the things which unite them rather than allow disagreements to lead to collapse, thus reopening the door to socialism. Here it must be said that the socialists are not united either, and there is not any one individual in the country with a sufficiently strong personality to provide national leadership, although there are plenty of good competent people who are

serving the nation as best they can, with excellent results. Only the future can decide whether the Norwegians will know how to make best use of the progress now being achieved through a great investment in education, training and economic expansion.

In neighbouring Sweden, a totally different situation exists. On September 20 elections took place which were something new in the nation's political history. A unicameral parliament of 350 members is to replace as from January 1, 1971, the traditional two-chamber system. Simultaneously, the voters also had to choose 1,500 county and about 25,000 municipal councillors. All this was accompanied by a number of changes concerning the distribution of seats (any party receiving less than 4 per cent of the total vote being denied representation), and from now onwards elections are to take place every three years.

The results were hardly surprising. The Socialists, who lost some 4 per cent of the votes, will now have 163 members, which is 13 members short of the absolute majority, and means 45 per cent of the total vote. The Centrists (formerly 'Farmers') won 4.3 per cent or a total of 19.9 per cent and will have 71 members, which makes them the second largest party. The Liberals won 1 per cent and with 15.6 per cent or 58 seats will come third. The Moderate Union (formerly Conservatives) lost 3.3 per cent and with 11.5 per cent of the total and 41 seats will be number four. Together, these three 'bourgeois parties' will have 170 seats, or seven more than the Socialists, and just over 47 per cent of the exceptionally high total vote. But the Communists through the small gain of only 1.9 per cent came up to 4.9 per cent of the total with a disproportionate membership of 17 seats. They immediately announced that they will back the Socialist government which will thus be able to continue in office, perhaps with a reshuffle of individual ministers.

Thus the young aristocratic left-wing intellectual Prime Minister, Mr. Olof Palme, will have to achieve what his predecessor, the veteran Mr. Tage Erlander, had to do on a previous occasion; grudgingly accept Communist support which will give him a small majority if the whole group acts unanimously. He and at least part of his government will probably find this less trying than Mr. Erlander did. Besides, the future attitude of the Centre Party remains obscure. There is precedent for their joining the Socialists in an uneasy coalition.

Relations between the Swedish government, the business community and the labour organisations, which were friendly for several decades, deteriorated sharply in 1969. There have been many wildcat strikes; an open state of war between the Bank of Sweden and the commercial banks, and public figures and the press constantly speaking of 'a crisis of confidence'. These should not be over-dramatised. But it is undeniable that the human climate in Sweden is very different from that of the early and middle sixties.

Surprisingly, despite a record deficit in the balance of payments, and severe credit restrictions together with the highest of interest rates ever known, the 'boom' continues unabated. Inflation gallops forward and no-

body seems able to stop it. Prices are out of this world, yet theatres, restaurants and hotels are overfull. Everybody 'needs' a country residence, boat, car and plenty of drink. Expensive possessions are a 'status symbol'; while solid hard work is regarded as old-fashioned and unnecessary. Anything to do with 'service' seems to be particularly repellent to the present generation of Swedes. As in Norway, not only hotels and restaurants have to rely on foreign labour but also industry.

For many years a large number of Finns worked in Sweden's timber and woodgoods industry, but later they began moving into the towns. Refugees from the Baltic countries arrived in Sweden and easily found employment. Then came Hungarians who had managed to escape from their country and today there is hardly a town in Sweden without a Hungarian bank or restaurant. More recently there have been numerous refugees from Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. These mostly work in the hotels and restaurants, but some have also found jobs in the shops and factories. The leading mechanical engineering firms in Gothenburg have imported a few thousand Italians who turned out to be splendid workers. Of late in Stockholm there has also been a growing contingent of men from North Africa, who work in hotel kitchens and sometimes in the entertainment world. But the coloured boys from the U.S.A. and white deserters from the American forces do not appear to be work-minded. At first welcomed by the Swedes (especially by the girls) almost as national heroes, they are now giving the police a good deal of trouble, since many have become drug importers and distributors. Some have also been involved in the ugly scenes directed against the new American Ambassador, Dr. Jerome Holland, a most distinguished University President, who has borne these insults with great dignity and courage.

In the early sixties there was no serious problem of foreign labour in Sweden. The economy was expanding so rapidly that there seemed to be plenty of work for everybody. Between 8,000 and 11,500 a year was the total of foreign residents who obtained Swedish citizenship. And Sweden, with a total of some eight million inhabitants, could easily absorb these men and women — all the more so, in view of the number of mixed marriages. But all of a sudden the naturalisation statistics began to move upwards rapidly, reaching 85,000, among whom Germans and Yugoslavs represented the highest proportion.

Of course, there are still thousands of foreign workers in Sweden who are not applying for citizenship; many of whom intend to return home some day. The authorities have repeatedly emphasized the great contribution these non-Swedes make to Sweden's prosperity and cultural development. It is, however, significant that the leader of the metal workers' union recently declared that immigration on the present scale must halt. The bulk of the Trade Unions' central organisation, the Employers' Federation, the government and the principal political parties are against this agitation. Mr. Helén, the Liberal Leader, has even suggested a shortening of the pre-naturalisation waiting time; thus the speeding up of the new citizens' right to vote.

Rising prices and inflation remain the government's principal headaches. Meanwhile the public, irritated though it is about so many things, has

enjoyed a wonderful summer at home and abroad, it can now resume its traditional grousing. Tourists from everywhere, but especially from the U.S.A., continue to fill every hotel and restaurant. These would have to close if they could no longer secure foreign labour. Most of the chambermaids in the hotels and many restaurant workers are non-Swedes.

On August 27 the government suddenly imposed a price freeze for certain foods. This was the first such measure introduced in Sweden since 1947, when a general wage and price freeze was introduced. The present decision which is largely limited to flour and bread, pork and meat, dairy products and margarine, took the shops and the public by complete surprise. The two questions everybody is asking are: what good will this do? and what comes next?

A more serious issue is that of the Common Market. To Norway full membership presents mainly economic problems; the long term political implications of the Rome Treaty have been accepted nearly ten years ago. But neutral Sweden rejects the idea of full membership and would like to obtain some form of special status. The Communist Party is dead against any link with the Common Market. So Mr. Palme, who now depends on Communist support will find this complicated matter even more involved than before. The difference in political and personal attitudes of Norway and Sweden becomes even more striking when viewed from this angle.

The January issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes articles by Viscount Samuel, Margaret Lane, J. C. Trewin, Sir William Haley and Paul Rose, M.P., and the Quarterly Fiction Review by Rosalind Wade.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ROBERT SPEAIGHT AND J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Property Basket. Robert Speaight. Collins, 63s. *The Edwardians.* J. B. Priestley. Heinemann, £4.

Two men, says Robert Speaight in this gifted and absorbing autobiography, were overheard discussing whom among their acquaintances they envied most. 'One of them said that he principally envied me'. It is not a characteristic anecdote. Mr. Speaight's general tone is one of modesty, while he tells us of many successes on the stage, (where some of them were triumphs), the radio and the lecture platform, of highly variegated travels in America, Australia and elsewhere, of his novels and biographies.

Two of these last, Belloc and Teilhard de Chardin, were in my view masterpieces, though Mr. Speaight certainly does not say so. Nevertheless, there is a sense of gratitude for his talents and opportunities tending to satisfaction, though falling well short of complacency. It gives the book not a little of its appeal.

This is not an easy book to epitomise. The final chapter, full though it is of intrinsic interest, does not help with the process. Mr. Speaight pulls himself up sharply with the question: 'What have we given'?, and the still more searching one, 'What is life really for'? But whether or not he seriously contemplated a thorough self-assessment, he is soon absorbed in wider themes.

He is fascinated by the contrast between politics and Christianity, laying more stress on politics than one had somehow expected. Apart from a profound interest in Ireland, and a noble indignation at the shameful liquidation of Mihailovich, Mr. Speaight has not been much concerned with politics as politicians understand the term. Yet his sense of the great issues of his period are so all-embracing, that an element so essential as politics could never be ignored in his final reckoning.

His message at the end is cryptic. 'Politics', we are told, 'is concerned with telling other people what to do'. So far, at least, one can follow him. Hence it is in conflict, he considers, with the divine topsy-turveydom of Bethlehem. 'Our ideas of what other people should do are bound to be wrong, when we look at them through the telescope of a sanctified introspection. He would be the last to claim that his own thought had been in any way sanctified. But on page after page appears the dedication to religious values for over forty years at least—and who can say where dedication ends and sanctification begins?

Out of many delightful anecdotes, only one can be given here: Sacha Guitry once asked Gerald du Maurier, in his eyes our finest actor, how he came to be always so perfectly dressed on the stage. 'Because', replied du Maurier, 'I make a point of never appearing on a stage in a suit that has not been at least once to the cleaners'. One cannot resist a Cezanne quotation deriving from Father d'Arcy, a great friend who received Mr. Speaight into the Catholic Church in Farm Street in 1930:— 'In matters of religion, I rely on my sister, who relies on the Jesuits; those fellows are very able and they rely on Rome'. True in many respects of Mr. Speaight, yet always with the intense faith has gone an equally intense pursuit of veracity.

If it is difficult to give a fair summary of Mr. Speaight's book, it is impossible to perform the task for Mr. Priestley's. To begin with, no printed words alone can do justice to the dazzling array of illustrations, one or more

than one on each page, which tell an astonishing story of their own. Every one will have his favourite. For vivid contrasts one can hardly improve on the pictures on pages 55 and 56: 'Fashions seen at Ascot 1905', confront 'Waiting for parcels of food in Cheapside, London, 1901', and 'Waiting for lights out in a Salvation Army Shelter, Medland Hall', in the same year.

The text is just as attractive, revealing an astonishing range of interests. One cannot think of anyone who could have produced a more impressive collection of personal memories and acquired knowledge.

The old master is as skilful as ever, as he beguiles and lures the reader. 'Ah! — those wonderful parties in town, season after season, when we danced until dawn—those long summer afternoons, when we sauntered through the gardens of the great houses that entertained us in those days, those afternoons that somehow shrivelled, faded, then vanished from the world'. What days what nights! What nostalgia, what regrets! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! one says to oneself, Priestley has gone soft at last! Not a bit of it! He continues: 'But nobody must be deceived; I am merely being rhetorical: I never enjoyed such days, such nights, except in print, and it did not take me long to stop enjoying them even there. The truth is: not only was I far removed from Edwardian high society but *I never set eyes on a single member of it*—not, that is, until I became a soldier, when I had to take orders, often ridiculous, and reprimands from various specimens of the English ruling class, and listened to accents so extraordinary that they might as well have been foreigners'. Nothing could be better fun! Yet the passage quoted needs careful scrutiny.

At the end of the book, Mr. Priestley tries to restore a little of the romance of the period. 'Now when I am about leave it, I feel I must bring something gleaming out of the wreck. Some gold can be found in there, and not simply the fairy gold of childhood and youth', but when he tries to define the gold, for the first time he becomes a trifle incoherent. As a member of the lost generation, (he himself served gallantly in the 1914 war), he bemoans the loss 'of the better part of a fine generation of young men' . . . 'During the earlier time of voluntary enlistment our young men of greatest promise, the future leaders in everything, except making money quickly, became junior officers and it was the junior officers who were mown down'. It is not, I hope, unworthy to point out that the junior officers, whom he rightly bewails, included a large element of the effete aristocrats on whom he had poured scorn 200 pages earlier.

'Something', he says finally, '*did* go, something *was* lost'. A smaller something survived in those, like himself, who grew up as Edwardians and went into the war and came out of it. He tries to define this something in terms of a special kind of optimism. To put it mildly, one is not convinced. But there is much else in the book that one will always value. Much of the sociological analysis of the middle classes of the period is not only original, but rings very true. The bits and pieces of recollection and historical impression are unforgettable. So are the pictures.

LONGFORD

PABLO NERUDA: CHILEAN POET

Pablo Neruda: *Selected Poems*. Edited by Nathaniel Tarn. Translated by Anthony Kerrigan, W. S. Merwin, Alastair Reid and Nathaniel Tarn. Jonathan Cape, 65s.

How often readers of *avant garde* literary reviews and 'little magazines' find references to 'the greatest Latin-American poet of our time' and make a mental note to become acquainted with translations of his poems. In *Pablo Neruda*:

Selected Poems all difficulties of access are removed, for in one handsome volume more than a hundred carefully chosen pieces are presented, the Spanish originals on the left-hand pages facing English translations by Mr. Tarn and three other enthusiasts. The scheme was mooted in a conversation between Senor Neruda and Mr. Tarn during a P.E.N. Conference in Bled, Yugoslavia, in 1964, and the Chilean poet and his wife agreed to compile a list of his poems for rendering into English. At first, the idea was that Mr. Tarn should be the sole translator, but he contacted three other poets working in the same field who agreed to work with him: hence the present collection.

Neruda, born in Chile in 1904 and now living in his homeland near the Pacific Coast, is probably the most productive of the world's contemporary poets, his complete works (1962) numbering 1,800 pages. He has had a rich, various, adventurous and challenging life. He served as Chilean Consul in several capitals, fought in the Spanish Civil War, became a Senator in 1945, and, after being prosecuted as a Communist, went underground and travelled extensively in Russia, Eastern Europe and China. In 1950, in Moscow, he shared the World Peace Prize with Paul Robeson and Picasso. It is well to bear in mind the spontaneous and colourful activity of this man when estimating his poetry.

In Neruda's earliest poems, as in his latest, one has the sense of a fierce exultance of mood matching the moment, whether in the contemplation of a forest of pines or the beauty of a beloved woman. In *A Vastness of Pines* he cries:

> In you the rivers sing and my soul flees in them
> As you desire, and you send it where you will.
> Aim my road on your bow of hope
> And in a frenzy I will free my flock of arrows.

And in *I Have Gone Marking* . . . he writes:

> I have gone marking the atlas of your body
> With crosses of fire.
> My mouth went across: a spider, trying to hide.
> In you, behind you, timid, driven by thirst.

Even in translation one feels the impact of imagination at full creative pressure. In *Autumn Testament,* written in his mid-fifties, his verse is less poetically self-conscious; it is a poem looking back on life and savouring experience, and in a marginal note he says 'The poet ends his book by talking about his varied metamorphoses and by confirming his faith in poetry':

> I've had a good experience
> Of all the times I have been born
> Like creatures of the sea
> Who've known sky-changes
> And earthly destinations.
> And thus I go, and cannot know
> To which earth I shall return
> Or if I'll go on living.
> While things make up their minds for me,
> I leave my will and testament,
> My shipshape box of tricks,
> In order that, with many readings,
> No one can ever learn too much
> If not the never-ending motion
> Of a man clear and confused,
> A man of rain and happiness,
> Energetic and autumn-bound . . . .

The variety of his thought, their profundity and spontaneity, are apparent in almost every poem. We owe a debt to the translators and the publishers for the opportunity of considering the work of a truly remarkable poet.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE TAROT

A Complete Guide to the Tarot. Eden Gray. Studio Vista, £3 12s.

The Tarot, with its multiplicity of symbols and meanings, has understandably held, both in the past and today, a considerable lure. Quite apart from the writings of the magician Aleister Crowley, it has influenced the work of Charles Williams, T. S. Eliot and Yeats. In recent years it has been used as a framework in fiction such as Ellin's 'House of Cards', and its keys are visible in Fowles' 'The Magus'. The difficulty for the man in the street is in finding out what the Tarot is all about. Of course, one knows certain of the cards, The Fool, The Hanged Man, Death and one or two of the others but one has no idea of the meanings, either standing alone, or in relation to one another. The origin of the Tarot is difficult to establish and the packs themselves are hard to discover. Such books as are available, and these are mostly in second hand book shops, assume a knowledge of the subject which make them almost totally unreadable for the neophyte.

Miss Eden Gray's new book goes a long way to fill the missing step. She deals quickly, and perhaps too lightly, with the Tarot's history, examines the suggestions of its origin—from the name of the scribe to the Egyptian Gods, and then turns to the meanings behind each of the cards.

She deals first with the Major Arcana and each of the 22 cards which go to make up the set. Each card from the Fool to The World is illustrated and examined, both in connection with the allegory of the Fool's journey (one closely resembling Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*) and with the card's divinatory and representative meanings. Miss Gray considers, again in detail, the four suits of the Minor Arcana, which are so clearly the forerunners of the modern pack of cards. These too are illustrated, and as with the major arcana she deals with the various details of the illustration.

The least successful part is perhaps her sample readings. Miss Gray takes three methods of reading the pack, and explains the method of divination. In a relatively short space full justice cannot be done to these and they tend to look to be only surface readings.

The strongest point is, however, the fact that having covered so luckily the basic groundwork of the Tarot she is able to provide the stepping stone to a better and fuller use of the Tarot. In the last two chapters of the book she considers the systems of occult through that illuminate the Tarot, dealing, in turn, with Numerology, the Kabalah and Astrology. This is the link which has been missing. The beginner now has a book which will take him to the time when he can consider some of the more advanced studies. In a subject of great complexity Miss Gray has provided a series of simple but invaluable guidelines.

JAMES MORTON

GERMAN ROMANTICISM

The Romantic Period in Germany. Edited by Siegbert Prawer. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 80s.

In this symposium, twelve members of the London University Institute of Germanic Studies essay, under the editorship of Professor Siegbert Prawer, an examination of German Romanticism, tracing internal cause and effect, and

identifying its influence upon cultural developments in European art and culture generally.

Although, strictly, the German Romantic impetus harks back to the *Sturm und Drang* of the 1770s, the Romantic Movement proper is held to have begun in the last decade of the 18th Century. From Berlin and Jena, the movement spread, between 1804 and 1815, to Heidelberg, Dresden, Vienna, and many other regions of Germany, and by 1830 there was no area of German art, thought and life which Romanticism had failed to touch. The climate of post-Kantian idealism was particularly suited to the nurturing of the concept of a 'physical' world 'pervaded or surrounded by mysteries which man might sense and art adumbrate'. This 'other world', this world beyond mere sensory apprehension, transcending that of the rationalists and empiricists, was the one which Ludwig Tieck, Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg), Heinrich von Kleist, E. T. A. Hoffman and Joseph von Eichendorff strove to capture. And each believed that certain states of mind existed which brought the percipient closer to the mysteries. For Novalis, love and the death of the love-object seemed to be the passport to insights. For Tieck and Hoffman, madness, or what the crowd mistook for madness, could breach the frontier between the visible and the invisible.

The Romantics were obsessed with such phenomena as hypnosis, cataleptic states, somnambulism and 'the visions of stigmatised nuns'—aspects of the unconscious. The step from these quasi-mystical manifestations to a revival of the religious consciousness was a short and natural one. And the consequent search for meaning led to the need for centrality of reference, which resulted in the creation of a new system of mythology. So the quest for the Blue Flower was initiated. So came Night, the mother of all creation and harbinger of terror; and the Mountain of Venus, Tannhäuser and the Lorelei; and the *Doppelgänger;* Barbarossa, the slumbering Emperor; and that Wandering Jew of the sea, the Flying Dutchman.

It was the ambition of the Romantics to 'synthesize antinomies, to experience life in terms of polarities that are to be resolved in a higher unity'. It was their declared aim to hold opposites in balance, to make poetry and the arts include more and more of them until they should all be held in a final synthesis.

It was a glorious, but impossible, dream, but in their efforts to make it flesh the Romantics achieved many other things. They devised new approaches to aesthetics and criticism, brought novel insights to the workings of the unconscious mind, enriched the German present through a re-discovery of the past, produced great religious poetry, and transformed German philosophy, political thought, music and painting. They shaped German culture more decisively than any movement since the Reformation, and exercised enormous direct and indirect influence on the whole of Europe. The story of the how and why is told in these lucid studies of the literature, drama, visual arts, music, language, philosophy and historico-social background of the Romantic Period in Germany.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

PRISONER OF THE JAPS

The Will to Live: the Story of Dame Margot Turner, D.B.E., R.R.C. Sir John Smyth. Cassell, 42s.

For sheer inhumanity the Japanese treatment of prisoners in the last war probably ranks next to the Nazi death-camps. Dame Margot Turner, a Sister of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service, escaped from Singapore in a

small ship, the *Kuala*, packed with 400 women and children, 300 P.W.D. officers and nursing Sisters. When it was bombed and sunk she took to a raft, and says of her lone ordeal on it: 'I managed to collect a few drops of rain-water in the lid of my powder compact and also ate some seaweed which floated near the raft. Night came and I watched the stars and soaked up the rain that beat down on me. I thought of home and my family and the happy things in my life'.

Picked up by a Jap ship on the fourth day, she was taken to Muntok internment camp on Banka Island off Sumatra, where 600 to 700 British seamen and civilians were housed in huts. There she learned from the sole survivor, a wounded nursing Sister, the appalling fate of Australian servicemen and Sisters who were landed nearby off the sunk *Vyner Brooke*: 'The Japanese separated from the Sisters all the men who could walk and took them along the beach round a promontory. After a little while the Japanese came back, wiping the blood off their bayonets. They then formed the wounded and the nurses into lines, told them to walk into the sea, and machine-gunned them from the back!'

She spent 3½ years in different camps and a jail, among native murderers and thieves, where many beaten and tortured prisoners died. At Palembang 600 people were crammed into a camp 100 yards long by 40 wide—27 inches per person. They slept 'like sardines' in filthy verminous huts, plagued by rats and spiders. One day the Japs brought in a dead monkey as meat ration for the 600: 'it made a very tasty stew'. Doing heavy manual labour on little food, the women lost weight, few were over seven stone. When there was an air raid nearby in August '44 'the Japs went mad, all the lights went out and all hell was let loose'.

By October she was back at Muntok. Here an Australian Sister, made to stand for hours in the blazing sun for some trivial offence, later died. By January '45 77 bodies had been carried to the Chinese cemetery. Death from ill-treatment and privation, in fact, haunts the whole narrative.

Dame Margot's Aberdonian grit, her resolute will to live, pulled her through, enabling her to continue her work after the war and achieve the rank of Matron-in-Chief, Army Nursing Service. Brigadier Sir John Smythe relates her story with factual skill, acute sympathy. One is left wondering why a people with many admirable qualities treated prisoners so inhumanly, if an economically booming Japan today has any conscience about it, or if those who condemn the retributive Hiroshima and Nagasaki raids are sufficiently mindful of it. Probably not. It was just war: a reversion to barbarity that justifies anything.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

In Quest of Justice (Pall Mall Press, 70s.). This volume of 'protest and dissent in the Soviet Union today', edited by Abraham Brumberg, includes mainly essays and documents which appeared in issues of the American *Problems of Communism* in 1968. Also included are some documents which subsequently reached the U.S.A. The book falls into three parts. In Part One, there are articles on dissent by the Editor and Sidney Monas. Stephen M. Weiner writes on socialist legality, George Luckyi on turmoil in the Ukraine, and Paul Reddaway on freedom of worship. Part Two contains some ninety published documents of protest, including the

reports of the Moscow Trials of 1967 and the Ginzburg-Galanskov trial held in 1968. The sections pertaining to these trials, says the Editor, 'represent, to my knowledge, the most comprehensive compendium available of Soviet writings on the violation of constitutional and legal rights of Soviet citizens'. Part Three is devoted to 'literature of the underground. While the 'movement' of dissent is inspired by 'one central idea—an overriding concern for justice and liberty', Mr. Brumberg finds that 'there is no evidence that the majority of Soviet dissenters have ever attempted to organise themselves or to work out any concrete guides to political action'. Nonetheless 'they have confronted the régime with its most serious moral and ideological challenge to date'. This book should fulfill an important role in bringing before the public the nature and extent of the struggle for freedom in Russia today.

Modern Chinese Stories (Oxford University Press. 12s.). This Oxford Paperback contains translations of twenty short stories written and published in China over the past fifty years. They have been selected and edited by W. J. F. Jenner who has worked in China and who is now Lecturer in Chinese Studies at Leeds University. In his Introduction, he points out the influence of the vast social and economic changes, of revolution and counter-revolution, both upon the style and content of the Chinese short story. It is remarkable that the recent Cultural Revolution appears to have had a stultifying effect as yet upon constructive literary output. 'Very little creative writing has been published since 1966'. In the half-century covering the stories in this volume, 'the story has moved from the coastal cities back into the countryside; foreign styles have been absorbed into the Chinese literary form and have influenced the traditional short story; and only in the past decade or two has this new Chinese story been produced'. In choosing the stories, Mr. Jenner has followed the criteria of his own background and of the Chinese revolution. It is certainly a collection of great interest. The translations are by Gladys Yang and Mr. Jenner. The stories are preceded by short assessments of the authors concerned.

The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs (Oxford University Press, £5). This well established work was first published in 1935. A second revised edition was issued in 1948. Two years later, M. P. Tilley's *Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* was published. With the generous permission of the University of Michigan the late F. P. Wilson was enabled to collate Tilley's dictionary with the second edition of the Oxford Dictionary. The result is the new third edition, with other new material added by Mr. Wilson before his death in 1963. This new edition has 'a more liberal entry of cross-references to words'. Joanna Wilson has contributed a short Introduction.

The Israel-Arab Reader (Penguin Books, 12s.). This 'documentary history of the Middle East conflict', edited by Professor Walter Laqueur and first published in 1969, has now been revised and published in this paperback edition. It contains a selection of the main documents relative to the emergence, parallel growth and conflict of Jewish colonisation and sovereignty in Israel and Arab nationalism. The documents extend to speeches in 1969 of President Nasser and Abba Eban. There is also the statement by Al Fatah of its aims in January 1969. This selection is intended primarily for the general reader; and inevitably many documents are not printed in full. The Editor stresses that the aim is 'to present pertinent documents, viewpoints and opinions; it is not a legal source book'.

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